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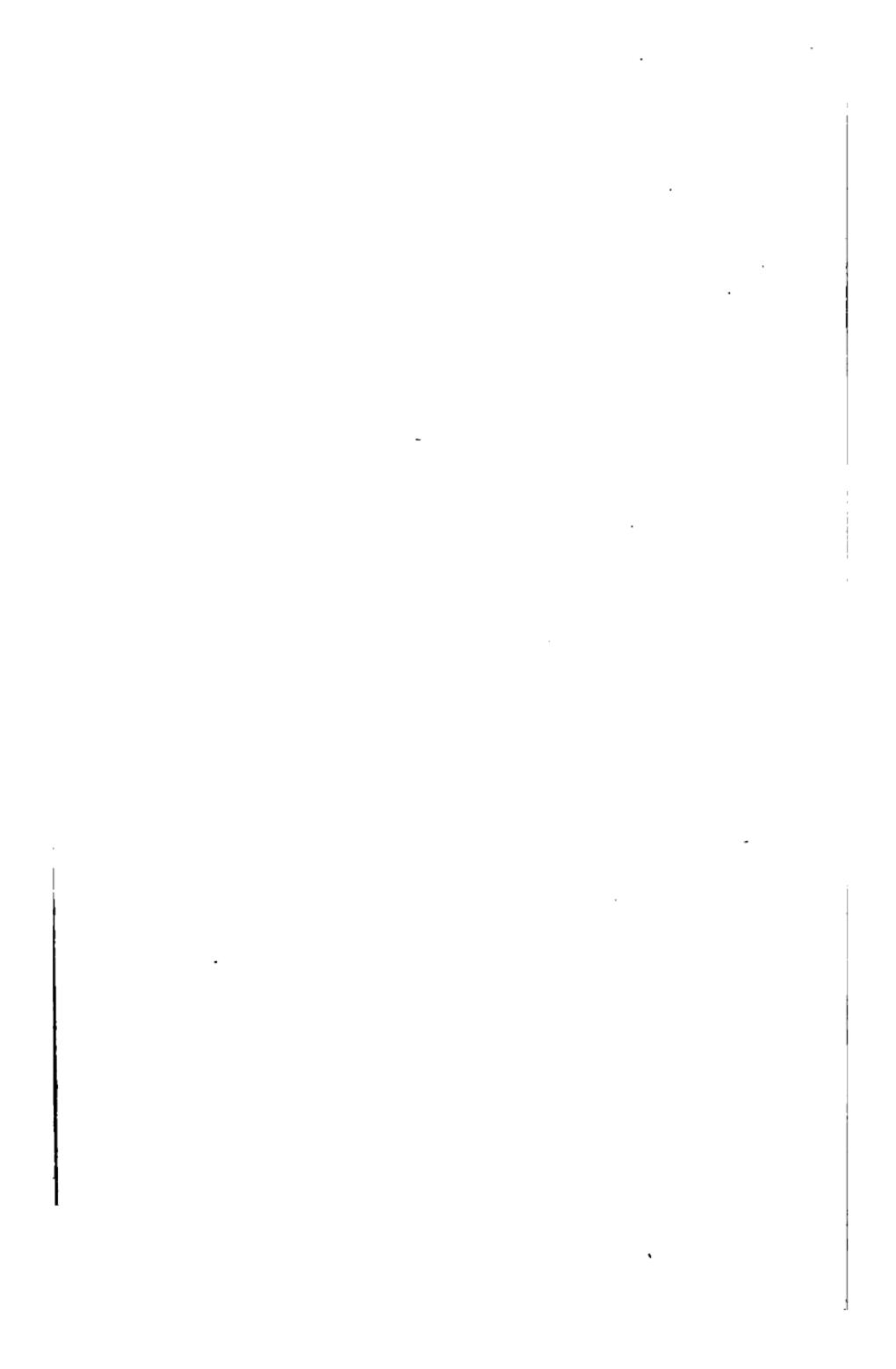
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HEART AND HOME SONGS.



HEART AND HOME SONGS.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

ARRANGED BY

M. E. TOWNSEND

LONDON: 
HATCHARDS, PICCADILLY.

1876.

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TO OUR
WORKING MEN, WOMEN, AND CHILDREN,
THIS BOOK IS INSCRIBED.

**'WHEREFORE I PRAY YOU TO CONSIDER WHAT A
MAGNIFICENT MISSION THE SINGER'S IS—TO HARMONISE
YOUR LIFE WITH YOUR SONG, AND TOSS YOUR FLOWERS,
AS YOUR CHILD DOES, HEAVENWARD, WITH HEAVENWARD
EYES.'**

LORD LYTTON.

**'GOD SENT HIS SINGERS UPON EARTH
WITH SONGS OF SADNESS AND OF MIRTH,
THAT THEY MIGHT TOUCH THE HEARTS OF MEN,
AND BRING THEM BACK TO HEAVEN AGAIN.'**

LONGFELLOW.

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P R E F A C E.

THIS Collection of Songs has been made in the hope that it may prove acceptable to the Workers of England, to those who cannot themselves spend much time in searching out books, or much money in buying them. Work is a beautiful and noble thing, but yet it needs much strength and much patience; and you who toil day after day in one ceaseless round, in field or mine, in shop or factory, on cab or engine, with spade or shuttle, with pen or needle, with the mind or the machine,—you know well how the dust of life will cling to you, how heat and cold alike assail you, how sickness and weariness often hinder you, or the monotony of your calling oppresses you. And so to help you through all this, you want all the happy and good and pure thoughts put into your minds that can possibly be—you want books to read, in your hours of recreation, that will fill them with these kind of thoughts, and pleasant songs that will echo in your hearts when you are tired and weary or toiling hard at your daily task. You want this kind of music to cheer you on in the battle of life, just as the soldiers need their drums and fifes and bugle-call to cheer them on to the deadly combat and the field of glory.

As regards the arrangement of this little work I would say a few words. Naturally the 'Songs of Love and Home' have the first place and are linked together, for we speak here only of the love that lasts, of love that is brave and pure—dwelling enshrined in the sweet sanctuaries of heart and home. After 'Songs for the Children' we come to 'Sacred Songs,' and by no unnatural transition, for 'out of the mouth of babes' has been perfected the praise of many lives, and many a home has been purified by the presence or the memory of a little child. Next come 'Working Songs,' for the best and truest work will ever spring from the happiest and most Christian home—and it has been my object to show that every occupation, even though merely manual, has a poetry and beauty all its own. After 'Songs of Town and Country,' I have placed 'Flower Songs,' the love of flowers being so wide and universal, whether in country cottage or stifling London court. Next we have songs

concerning sailors and soldiers, and songs expressive of loyalty and patriotism both in those who leave their native shores and those who stay. In the Ballads I have not sought to dissever the heroic and the domestic, knowing well that the courage of the true hero is often best displayed in the simple discharge of duty, and in the unconscious heroism of daily life.

In conclusion I would hope that these songs, chosen from many sources, may bring some brightness to English homes, may encourage some in love of home and country, in love of work and duty, and in all those feelings and actions which should make our nation brave and simple, and pure and free.

I have here to acknowledge—and I do so gratefully—much kind help, both from authors and publishers. I am specially indebted to Mr. Charles Mackay, whose kind liberality placed at my disposal so many of his beautiful and spirited poems; to the author of 'John Halifax,' to Miss C. Rossetti; to the Hon. Mrs. Norton; to Mrs. Dobell, for three poems by the late Mr. Dobell, and for extracts from 'Home Wounded'; to the Rev. G. Moultrie, for the poem at p. 41 ('Moultrie's Poems,' 2 vols. Macmillan); to Mrs. Monsell, for the use of several touching songs by the late Rev. J. B. Monsell; and to the author of 'Lays for the Little Ones' (A. Marryat), for several children's songs from that charming little collection, and for three unpublished poems. My cordial thanks are also due to others who have kindly given me original poems for this work; of such there are twenty-five, including translations. I have also to thank Messrs. Parker for three poems by Bishop Cleveland Coxe, two verses of Keble's, and a poem from 'The Inner Life'; Mr. W. Hamilton, of Glasgow, for several pieces from his delightful 'Union School-Song Garland'; the Ladies' Sanitary Association (Messrs. Jarrold & Sons), for permission to use some of the 'Household Verses on Health and Happiness,' a book which should be in every English home; Messrs. Novello, Chappell, Knott, and many others; and the Compilers of 'Hymns Ancient and Modern.' for the use of Hymn 370.

If I have unwittingly infringed any copyright I trust that the object of the work may plead my excuse; and that whatever mistake I may have made, I may be informed of it, that it may be apologised for and rectified.

M. E. T.

HONINGTON HALL, SHIPSTON-ON-STOUR.

fr

Songs of Love and Home.

True love is but a humble thing,
And hath its food served up in earthen ware ;
It is a thing to walk with, hand in hand,
Through the every-dayness of this work-day world,
A simple, fireside thing, whose quiet smile
Can warm earth's poorest hovel to a home.'—LOWELL.

SONGS OF LOVE AND HOME.

MY TRUE-LOVE.

MY true-love hath my heart, and I have his,
By just exchange one to the other given :
I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss,
There never was a better bargain driven :
My true-love hath my heart, and I have his.

His heart in me keeps him and me in one,
My heart in him his thoughts and senses guides :
He loves my heart, for once it was his own,
I cherish his because in me it bides :
My true-love hath my heart, and I have his.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

WHAT IS LOVE?

My heart, I would enquire,
What then is Love? Say on!
'Two souls that flow together,
Two hearts that beat in one!'

And say, from whence Love cometh?
'She comes, and she is there.'
And say, how Love departeth?
'True Love departeth ne'er.'

And when is Love the purest?
'When least of self she knows.'
And when is Love the deepest?
'When she in stillness grows.'

And when is Love the richest ?
 'Giving—her wealth improves.'
 And say what tongue she speaketh ?
 'She speaketh not—she loves.'

My heart, I would enquire,
 What then is Love ? Say on !
 'Two souls that flow together,
 Two hearts that beat in one !'

Transl. from the German by M. E. TOWNSEND.

MY LOVE.

NOT as all other women are
 Is she that to my soul is dear ;
 Her glorious fancies come from far,
 Beneath the silver evening-star,
 And yet her heart is ever near.

Great feelings hath she of her own,
 Which lesser souls may never know ;
 God giveth them to her alone,
 And sweet they are as any tone
 Wherewith the wind may choose to blow.

Yet in herself she dwelleth not,
 Although no home were half so fair ;
 No simplest duty is forgot,
 Life hath no dim and lowly spot
 That doth not in her sunshine share.

She doeth little kindnesses,
 Which most leave undone or despise ;
 For nought which sets one heart at ease,
 And giveth happiness or peace,
 Is low esteemed in her eyes.

She hath no scorn of common things,
 And, though she seem of other birth,
 Round us her heart entwines and clings,
 And patiently she folds her wings
 To tread the humble paths of earth.

Blessing she is : God made her so,
And deeds of week-day holiness
Fall from her noiseless as the snow,
Nor hath she ever chanced to know
That aught were easier than to bless.

She is most fair, and thereunto
Her life doth rightly harmonize ;
Feeling or thought that was not true
Ne'er made less beautiful the blue
Unclouded heaven of her eyes.

She is a woman : one in whom
The spring-time of her childish years
Hath never lost its fresh perfume,
Though knowing well that life hath room
For many blights and many tears.

I love her with a love as still
As a broad river's peaceful might,
Which, by high tower and lowly mill,
Goes wandering at its own will,
And yet doth ever flow aright.

And on its full, deep breast serene,
Like quiet isles my duties lie ;
It flows around them and between,
And makes them fresh and fair and green,
Sweet homes wherein to live and die.

LOWELL.

SILVIA.

WHO is Silvia ? What is she,
That all our swains commend her ?
Holy, fair, and wise is she ;
The heavens such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.

Is she kind as she is fair ?
For beauty lives with kindness :
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness ;
And, being helped, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
 That Silvia is excelling ;
 She excels each mortal thing
 Upon the dull earth dwelling.
 To her let us garlands bring.

SHAKESPEARE.

MY NANNIE, O !

BEHIND yon hills where Lugar flows
 'Mang muirs and mosses many, O !
 The wintry sun the day has closed,
 And I'll awa' to Nannie, O ;
 The westlin* wind blaws loud and shrill,
 The night's baith mirk and rainy, O !
 But I'll get my plaid, and out I'll steal,
 And o'er the hills to Nannie, O !

My Nannie's charmin', sweet, and young ;
 Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O !
 May ill befa' the flattering tongue
 That wad beguile my Nannie, O !
 Her face is fair, her heart is true,
 As spotless as she's bonnie, O !
 The openin' gowan,† wet wi' dew,
 Nae purer is than Nannie, O !

A country lad is my degree,
 And few there be that ken me, O !
 But what care I how few there be?
 I'm welcome aye to Nannie, O !
 My riches a's my penny fee,
 And I maun guide it cannie, O !
 But the warl's gear † ne'er troubles me,—
 My thochts are a'—my Nannie, O !

Our auld gude man delights to view
 His sheep and kye thrive bonnie, O !
 But I'm as blythe, that hauds his plow',
 And hae nae care but Nannie, O !

* Westerly.

† Daisy.

‡ World's wealth.

Come weel, come woe, I care na by ;
I'll tak' what Heaven will send me, O !
Nae other care in life hae I,
But live and love my Nannie, O !

BURNS.

OH, THE SUNNY MORNING !

DOWN the mountain came the stream,
Leaping in the glowing beam
From the daylight's brightening gleam,
On the sunny morning.

Crimson foxglove, tall and high,
Bowed as though a king went by ;
Heather stood up, proud and shy,
On the sunny morning.

By the streamlet sat we two,
Throned among wild heartsease blue,
While he said, ' Dear, I love you.'
Oh, the sunny morning !

SADIE.

GOOD-MORROW TO MY LOVE.

PACK, clouds, away, and welcome day,
With night we banish sorrow ;
Sweet air, blow soft, mount, larks, aloft,
To give my Love good-morrow !
Wings from the wind to please her mind,
Notes from the lark I'll borrow ;
Bird, prune thy wing, nightingale, sing,
To give my Love good-morrow ;
To give my Love good-morrow
Notes from them both I'll borrow.

Wake from thy nest, robin redbreast,
Sing birds in every furrow ;
And from each hill let music shrill
Give my fair Love good-morrow.
Blackbird and thrush in every bush,
Stare,* linnet, and cock-sparrow !

* Starling.

You pretty elves, amongst yourselves
 Sing my fair Love good-morrow.
 To give my Love good-morrow,
 Sing birds in every furrow.

THOMAS HEYWOOD.

GOOD NIGHT.

GOOD night ! Good night, beloved !
 I come to watch o'er thee !
 To be near thee,—to be near thee,
 Alone is peace for me.

Thine eyes are stars of morning,
 Thy lips are crimson flowers !
 Good night ! Good night, beloved,
 While I count the weary hours.

LONGFELLOW.

A QUESTION.

WHEN ye're my ain gudewife, lassie,
 What'll ye bring to me ?
 A hantle o' siller, a stockin' o' gowd ?—
 'I haena ae bawbee.'

When ye are my ain gudewife, lassie,
 And sit at my fireside,
 Will the red and white meet in your face ?—
 'Na ! ye'll no get a bonnie bride !'

But gin ye're my ain gudewife, lassie,
 Mine for gude and ill,
 Will ye bring me three things, lassie,
 My toom, toom house to fill ?

A temper sweet, a silent tongue,
 A heart baith warm and free ?
 Then I'll marry ye the morn, lassie,
 And loe ye till I dee.

The Author of 'John Halifax.'

BRIDAL SONG.

SHE.

WHERE thou goest I will go,
Gladly following e'en till death :
Nought shall sever us below
From first kiss to latest breath ;
From the altar's holy 'yes'
To the 'farewell's' bitterness,
But one path on earth we'll know.

HE.

Where thou stayest, I will stay,
There, till life shall end, abide ;
Step by step, along its way
Be thy shelter, friend, and guide.
I for joy was wont to roam,
Now my world shall be my home,
Sunshine ever by my side !

SHE.

All thy people shall be mine.
To thy parents lead—that they
Hands of blessing, love's sweet sign,
On their children's heads may lay :
To thy child the world seems cold,
Be my staff—my hero bold,
All along life's winding way.

HE.

Thy God my God now shall be ;
Lead me, pious soul, above :
Bid my stormy spirit see,
'Mid earth's brawls, that rest of love :
Star of peace and blessing, dear,
Be my guardian angel near,
'Mong men's sinful company !

SHE.

Thy joy, mine ; oh ! let me share ;
 Care I but to live for thee ?
 O that I an angel were,
 With white wings thy shield to be !
 Roses should thy path adorn,
 From rough stone and wounding thorn
 Evermore I'd keep it free !

HE.

Thy woe, my woe—in our grief,
 As in joy, we will not part ;
 For thy slightest pang's relief,
 Lay thy head upon my heart !
 Joy that's shared is double joy,
 Sorrow shared we half destroy ;
 Of all balsams love is chief.

SHE.

Thy grave, my grave evermore,
 Let them lay me by thy side ;
 With thy death my life is o'er,
 Nor can longer joy abide !
 Both within one tomb's still breast
 Close together we will rest,
 When we leave life's troubled shore !

HE.

So thy heaven my heaven shall be ;
 Painful 'tis earth's bands to break ;
 Yet look up, beloved, for me,
 When thou weepest for my sake :
 Whom God joins no death can sever,
 They shall rise to light for ever,
 And to heavenly bridals wake !

BOTH.

Father great, as Love adored,
Hear thy loving creatures' prayer !
King of hearts, O Christ our Lord,
Do Thou in our union share !
Spirit of all peace, descend !
O'er our home in mercy bend,
Dove-like, with the peace of God !

'Palm Leaves'—KARL GEROK.

THE WEDDING MORNING.

Two hands together clasped to-day
In holy place shall meet,
In faithful union shall they
Confirm their pledges sweet ;
Yet, to ensure this loving band,
There needs must be another hand :
God's hand must be in blessing laid
On these two hands which one are made !

Two tongues shall with one voice to-day
Pronounce a holy 'Yes ;'
A little word—oh ! that it may
A life-long thought express !
Yet that a blessing crown the word,
Another also must be heard :
God's mouth your solemn vow must bless,
And add thereto His sacred 'Yes !'

Two hearts to-day with gladness burn
In one love's holy flame ;
Hereafter each to each to turn,
In joy and grief the same :
Yet that you may for ever be
Bound heart to heart, take heed that ye
Unto the *Father's heart* above
For ever raise your human love !

Two names this morning into one
 For ever shall unite ;
 The bride the bridegroom's name hath won
 Yielding her separate right :
 Yet that a blessing may attend,
 Another name therewith must blend :
 Unto the solemn service, then,
 Do ye, in *God's name*, say, Amen !

Two houses watch with loving gaze
 A third house newly dressed ;
 The parents' tender care doth raise
 For these two hearts a nest,
 All fair and fresh : yet, would ye well
 Within this beauteous mansion dwell,
 Let not the church bells vainly call
 Unto *God's house*, who giveth all.

Go to God's temple then, O *twain* !
 With loving friends to guide ;
 Made one by Him, return again,
 While He, too, walks beside :
 Pass gladly to your door—may ye
 One in true love for ever be ;
 God's voice amid your voices heard,
 God in your home the blessed *Third* !

'Palm Leaves'—KARL GEROK.

THE HOMES OF ENGLAND.

THE stately homes of England !
 How beautiful they stand,
 Amidst their tall ancestral trees
 O'er all the pleasant land !
 The deer across their greensward bound,
 Through shade and sunny gleam ;
 And the swan glides past them with the sound
 Of some rejoicing stream.
 The merry homes of England !
 Around their hearths by night,
 What gladsome looks of household love
 Meet in the ruddy light !

There woman's voice flows forth in song,
Or childhood's tale is told,
Or lips move tunefully along
Some glorious page of old.

The blessed homes of England !
How softly on their bowers
Is laid the holy quietness
That breathes from sabbath hours !
Solemn, yet sweet, the church-bell chime
Floats through their woods at morn :
All other sounds in that still time
Of breeze and leaf are born.

The cottage homes of England !
By thousands on her plains,
They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks,
And round the hamlet fanes.
Through glowing orchards forth they peep,
Each from its nook of leaves ;
And fearless there the lowly sleep
As the bird beneath their eaves.

The free fair homes of England !
Long, long, in hut and hall,
May hearts of native proof be reared
To guard each hallowed wall !
And green for ever be the groves,
And bright the flowery sod,
Where first the child's glad spirit loves
Its country and its God.

MRS. HEMANS.

HOME.

Two birds within one nest ;
Two hearts within one breast ;
Two spirits in one fair
Firm league of love and prayer,
Together bound for aye, together blest.

An ear that waits to catch
A hand upon the latch ;

A step that hastens its sweet rest to win,
 A world of care without,
 A world of strife shut out,
 A world of love shut in.

DORA GREENWELL.

A GOOD WIFE.

IT may be under palace roof,
 Princely and wide ;
 No pomp foregone, no pleasure lost,
 No wish denied ;
 But if beneath the diamond's flash
 Sweet, kind eyes hide,
 A pleasant place, a happy place,
 Is our fireside.

It may be 'twixt four lowly walls,
 No show, no pride ;
 Where sorrows oftentimes enter in,
 But ne'er abide.
 Yet if she sits beside the hearth,
 Help, comfort, guide,
 A blessed place, a heavenly place,
 Is our fireside.

*The Author of 'John Halifax.'***BONNIE WEE WIFE.**

SHE is a winsome wee thing,
 She is a handsome wee thing,
 She is a bonnie wee thing,
 This sweet wee wife o' mine.

I never saw a fairer,
 I never lo'ed a dearer,
 And neist my heart I'll wear her,
 For fear my jewel tine.

She is a winsome wee thing,
 She is a handsome wee thmg,
 She is a bonnie wee thing,
 This sweet wee wife o' mine.

The warld's wrack we share it.
The warstle and the care o't :
Wi' her I'll blithely bear it,
And think my lot divine.

BURNS.

‘WILLIE, WE HAVE MISSED YOU.’

O WILLIE ! is it you, dear, safe, safe at home ?
They did not tell me true, dear, they said you would
not come.
I heard you at the gate, and it made my heart rejoice,
For I knew that welcome footstep, and that dear
familiar voice,
Making music on my ear in the lonely midnight gloom :
O Willie ! we have missed you,—welcome, welcome
home !

We've longed to see you nightly, but this night of all,
The fire was blazing brightly, and lights were in the
hall ;
The little ones were up till 'twas ten o'clock or past,
Then their eyes began to twinkle, and they are gone
to sleep at last ;
But they listened for your voice till they thought you'd
never come :
O Willie ! we have missed you,—welcome, welcome
home !

The days were sad without you, the nights were long
and drear,
My dreams have been about you,—oh ! welcome Willie
dear.
Last night I wept and watched by the moonlight's
cheerless ray,
Till I thought I heard your footstep, then I wiped my
tears away ;
But my heart grew sad again when I found you had
not come :
O Willie ! we have missed you,—welcome, welcome
home !

FATHER IS COMING.

THE clock is on the stroke of six,
 The father's work is done ;
 Sweep up the hearth and mend the fire,
 And put the kettle on.
 The wild night-wind is blowing cold,
 'Tis dreary crossing o'er the wold.

He's crossing o'er the wold apace,
 He's stronger than the storm ;
 He does not feel the cold—not he,
 His heart it is so warm.
 For father's heart is stout and true,
 As ever human bosom knew.

He makes all toil, all hardship light :
 Would all men were the same !
 So ready to be pleased, so kind,
 So very slow to blame !
 Folks need not be unkind, austere,
 For love hath readier will than fear.

Nay, do not close the shutters, child ;
 For far along the lane
 The little window looks, and he
 Can see it shining plain.
 I've heard him say he loves to mark
 The cheerful fire-light through the dark.

And we'll do all that father likes ;
 His wishes are so few.
 Would they were more !—that every hour
 Some wish of his I knew !
 I'm sure it makes a happy day
 When I can please him any way.

I know he's coming by this sign,
 That baby's almost wild ;
 See how he laughs, and crows, and stares !
 Heaven bless the merry child !
 He's father's self in face and limb,
 And father's heart is strong in him.

Hark ! hark ! I hear his footsteps now ;
He's through the garden-gate.
Run, little Bess, and ope the door,
And do not let him wait.
Shout, baby, shout, and clap thy hands,
For father on the threshold stands !

MARY HOWITT.

THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE.

AND are ye sure the news is true ?
And are ye sure he's weel ?
Is this a time to talk o' wark ?
Mak' haste, set by your wheel !
Is this a time to talk o' wark,
When Colin's at the door ?
Gie me my cloak, I'll to the quay,
And see him come ashore.
For there's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck ava ;
There's little pleasure in the house,
When our gudeman's awa'.

Rise up and mak' a clean fireside,
Put on the meikle pot ;
Gie little Kate her cotton gown,
And Jock his Sunday's coat ;
And mak' their shoon as black as slaes,
Their hose as white as snaw ;
It's a' to please my ain gudeman,
For he's been lang awa.
For there's nae luck, &c.

There are twa hens upon the bank,
They've fed this month and mair ;
Mak' haste and throw their necks about,
That Colin weel may fare ;
And spread the table neat and clean,
Gar ilka thing look braw ;
It's a' for love o' my gudeman,
For he's been lang awa.

For there's nae luck, &c.

O gie me down my bigonets,
 My bishop-satin gown ;
 For I maun tell the bailie's wife
 That Colin's come to town ;
 My Sunday shoon they maun gae on,
 My hose o' pearl blue ;
 It's a' to please my ain gudeman,
 For he's both leal and true.
 For there's nae luck, &c.

Sae true's his word, sae smooth's his speech,
 His breath's like caller air ;
 His very foot has music in't,
 When he comes up the stair.
 And will I see his face again ?
 And will I hear him speak ?
 I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought ;
 In troth, I'm like to greet.
 For there's nae luck, &c.

The cauld blasts o' the winter wind
 That thrilled a' thro' my heart,
 They're a' blawn by—I have him safe—
 Till death we'll never part !
 But what pits parting in my head ?—
 It may be far awa' ;
 The present moment is our ain,
 The neist we never saw.
 For there's nae luck, &c.

Since Colin's weel, I'm weel content—
 I ha' nae mair to crave ;
 Could I but live to mak' him blest,
 I'm blest aboon the lave.
 And will I see his face again ?
 And will I hear him speak ?
 I'm downright dizzy with the thought ;
 In troth, I'm like to greet.
 For there's nae luck, &c.

MICKLE.

KINDRED HEARTS.

OH ! ask not, hope not thou too much
Of sympathy below !
Few are the hearts whence one same touch
Bids the sweet fountains flow—
Few—and by still conflicting powers
Forbidden here to meet :
Such ties would make this life of ours
Too fair for aught so fleet.

It may be that thy brother's eye
Sees not as thine, which turns
In such deep reverence to the sky,
Where the rich sunset burns :
It may be that the breath of spring
Born amidst violets lone,
A rapture o'er thy soul can bring—
A dream, to his unknown.

The tune that speaks of other times—
A sorrowful delight !
The melody of distant chimes,
The sound of waves by night,
The wind that with so many a tone
Some chord within can thrill,—
These may have language all thine own,
To *him* a mystery still.

Yet scorn thou not, for this, the true
And steadfast love of years ;
The kindly, that from childhood grew,
The faithful to thy tears !
If there be one that o'er the dead
Hath in thy grief borne part,
And watched through sickness by thy bed,—
Call *his* a kindred heart !

But for those bonds all perfect made
Wherein bright spirits blend,
Like sister flowers of one sweet shade,
With the same breeze that bend—

For that full bliss of thought allied
 Never to mortals given,
 Oh ! lay thy lovely dreams aside,
 Or lift them unto heaven.

MRS. HEMANS.

THE WIFE'S HOLIDAY.

FAIR May unveils her ruddy cheek,
 And decks her brow with daisies ;
 And scatters blossoms as she goes
 Through fields and forest mazes.
 The fragrant hawthorn, white with bloom,
 Fills all the uplands airy ;
 The grass is dry, the sky is clear—
 Let's go a-maying, Mary !

I dearly love, in days like this,
 When birds make music o'er us,
 To roam with thee through wild-wood paths
 And listen to the chorus ;
 To help thee over crags and stiles,
 And take thy hand in leaping,
 And out and in to see thy face
 Through leaves and branches peeping.

Ten years have passed since first I saw
 Thy fresh and budding beauty ;
 And love has ripened with the years,
 And linked itself with duty.
 In life's young spring I swore to thee
 A truth that should not vary ;
 And now, in summer of my days,
 I love thee better, Mary !

Time lays his finger light on thee ;
 Thy cheeks are red as peaches ;
 Thine eyes are bright as first they glowed
 To hear my youthful speeches.
 Thine eldest boy is nine years old,
 Thy youngest babe two summers ;
 And thou art blooming like a girl,
 'Mid all the little comers.

Bring all the four into the woods—
We'll set them gathering posies
Of harebells blue and pimpernels,
Instead of garden roses.
Beneath the trees we'll have one day
Of frolicsome employment ;
And birds shall sing and winds shall blow,
To help us to enjoyment.

Leave home affairs to shift awhile—
Leave work, and care, and sorrow ;
We'll be the merrier to-day,
And happier to-morrow.
I would not greatly care for life,
If Fate and Toil contrary,
Could not afford me now and then
A holiday with Mary.

And Fate is kind to those who strive
To make existence pleasant,
With harmless joys and simple tastes,
And kindness ever present.
We'll not complain ; so come away,
And when we want a treasure,
We'll use these May-day memories
To buy forgotten pleasure.

CHARLES MACKAY.

'GIRLS AND BOYS, COME OUT TO PLAY.'

'GIRLS and boys, come out to play,'
And play as long as ye can ;
For the lad and the lass see greener grass
Than grows for the woman and man.
The tuffets of golden palm are born ;
The spice-wreath crowns the knotted thorn ;
The lark and the leveret trample the corn ;
And the month is merrie young May.
The moth is full drest, and the bee is about ;
The lambs chase each other with scampering rout ;
All nature is crying, ' Come out ! come out !
Come out in the sun to play !'

‘ Girls and boys,’ come out in your glee,
 And leap in the glorious light ;
 Come, dance in the bloom-kissing wind, and be
 As fresh, and as free, and as bright.
 The daisies have speckled the upland plain ;
 The rooks in the dark elms are cawing again ;
 The bluebell and cowslip are scenting the lane ;
 The swallows are flying this way.
 The brook ripples faster—all earth tells its joys
 In one loud-swelling echo of jubilant noise,
 Breathing forth the old chorus of ‘ Girls and boys,
 Come out in the sun to play ! ’

‘ Girls and boys, come out to play ; ’
 And come with a right good will ;
 Away to the thickening woods—away ;
 Go, race on the breezy hill.
 The blackbird is piping—go, rival his throat ;
 The cuckoo is talking—go, mimic his note ;
 There’s the field for your bat, and the stream for
 your boat,
 ‘ Neath the flash of the spring-tide ray.
 The primrose is mingling its odorous breath
 With the luscious, young violet, hiding beneath ;
 And the song of the mountain, the valley, and heath,
 Is ‘ Come out in the sun to play ! ’

Sweet season of promise, of mirth and love !
 Oh ! shed on our wisdom and age,
 A glimpse of the time when we carolled this rhyme,
 And the world was a fairy-tale page.
 For blessed it is when the heart can bring
 The memories back of childhood’s spring ;
 When our spirit went forth on butterfly wing,
 And life was one merrie young May.
 Oh ! dear is the vision of music and flowers
 That carries our thoughts to the bygone hours,
 And whispers again in Fancy’s bowers,
 ‘ Come out in the sun to play ! ’

ELIZA COOK.

CHRISTMAS SONG.

COME all you weary wanderers
Beneath the wintry sky,
This day forget your worldly cares,
And lay your sorrows by :
Awake and sing,
The church bells ring,
For this is Christmas morning !

With grateful hearts salute the morn,
And swell the streams of song,
That laden with great joy are borne,
The willing air along :
The tidings thrill
With right good will,
For this is Christmas morning !

We'll twine the fresh green holly wreath,
And make the yule-log glow ;
And gather gaily underneath
The winking mistletoe ;
All blithe and bright
By the glad fire-light,
For this is Christmas morning !

Come, sing the carols old and true,
That mind us of good cheer,
And, like a heavenly fall of dew,
Revive the drooping year ;
And fill us up
A wassail-cup,
For this is Christmas morning !

To all poor souls we'll strew the feast,
With kindly heart, and free :
One Father owns us, and, at least,
To-day we'll brothers be.
Away with pride
This holy tide ;
For it is Christmas morning !

So now, God bless us one and all,
 With hearts and hearthstones warm
 And may He prosper great and small,
 And keep us out of harm ;
 And teach us still,
 His sweet good-will,
 This merry Christmas morning !

EDWIN WAUGH.

MORNING SONG.

O ! HOW sweet the opening day,
 Every sense delighting,
 Charming every care away,
 To labour while inviting.
 Labour, source of joy and health ;
 Labour, all the peasant's wealth.
 O ! how blithe the bosom grows,
 When the lark is singing,
 While to Him who all bestows,
 Sweet gratitude is springing.
 Grateful notes our song employ,
 Grateful hearts alone enjoy.

EVENING SONG.

'TIS come at length, the hour of rest :
 May one and all by God be blest !
 Fathers, mothers, and children dear,
 Sleep soft and warm till morn appear.

But, ere we all to bed retire,
 We'll guard with care the kitchen fire,
 We'll bar the doors, put out the light :
 May God protect each one to-night !

And for the suffering we will pray
 That God will be their help and stay,
 Will comfort them in sickness sore,
 Then grant them joy for evermore.

Transl. from the Romaunsch by M. E. TOWNSEND.

DREAMLAND'S FLOWERS.

DREAMLAND'S flowers ! dreamland's flowers !
Ah, how fair they grow !
Nought can fade them, nought can touch them,
Neither sun nor snow.

Dreamland's flowers ! dreamland's flowers !
Ah, how sweet they blow !
Blooming in the shadow-country,
Land that none may know.

Dreamland's flowers ! dreamland's flowers !
Bright with dewy sleep :
With closed eyes we mortals see them—
Eyes that fain would weep.

Dreamland's flowers ! dreamland's flowers !
Calm their rest and deep ;
But their tender fragrance ever
Haunts our wak'ng sleep.

Dreamland's flowers ! dreamland's flowers !
Still they lure us on ;
And their fairy forms still whisper
Tales of visions gone.

Dreamland's flowers ! dreamland's flowers !
We who dream alone,
Soon shall wake to light unfading
When earth's sleep is done.

M. E. TOWNSEND.

SLEEP SONG.

SING, sing a song to me,
Sing me to sleep.
Some legend low and long,
Slow as the summer song
Of the dull Deep.

Some legend long and low,
 Whose equal ebb and flow
 To and fro creep
 On the dim marge of grey
 'Tween the soul's night and day
 Washing 'awake' away
 Into 'asleep.'

Some legend low and long,
 Never so weak or strong
 As to let go
 While it can hold this heart
 Withouten sigh or smart,
 Or as to hold this heart
 When it sighs 'No.'

Some long low-swaying song,
 As the swayed shadow long
 Sways to and fro
 Where, through the crowing cocks,
 And by the swinging clocks,
 Some weary mother rocks
 Some weary woe.

Sing up and down to me
 Like a dream-boat at sea,
 So, and still so,
 Float through the 'then' and 'when,'
 Rising from when to then,
 Sinking from then to when
 While the waves go.

Low and high, high and low,
 Now and then, then and now,
 Now, now ;
 And when the now is then and when the then is now,
 And when the low is high and when the high is low,
 Low, low ;

Let me float, let the boat
 Go, go ;
 Let me glide, let me slide
 Slow, slow ;

Gliding boat, sliding boat,
Slow, slow ;
Glide away, slide away
So, so.

SYDNEY DOBELL.

THE COTTAGE GARDEN.

AH, yes, the poor man's garden !
It is great joy to me,
This little, precious piece of ground
Before his door to see.

All day upon some weary task
He toileth with good will ;
And back he comes, at set of sun,
His garden-plot to till.

He knows where grow his wallflowers,
And when they will be out ;
His moss-rose, and convolvulus
That twines his pales about.

He knows his red sweet-williams,
And the stocks that cost him dear,—
That well-set row of crimson stocks,—
For he bought the seed last year.

Around the rich man's trellised bower
Gay, costly creepers run ;
The poor man has his scarlet beans
To screen him from the sun.

And there, before the little bench,
O'ershadow'd by the bower,
Grow southernwood and lemon-thyme,
Sweet-pea and gillyflower ;

And pinks and clove carnations,
Rich scented, side by side ;
And at each end a hollyhock,
With an edge of London-pride.

And here the good old grandmother comes,
 When her day's work is done ;
 And here they bring the sickly babe,
 To cheer it in the sun.

And here, on Sabbath mornings,
 The good man comes to get
 His Sunday nosegay—moss-rose bud,
 White pink, and mignonette.

And here on Sabbath evenings,
 Until the stars are out,
 With a little one in either hand,
 He walketh all about.

For though his garden-plot is small,
 Him doth it satisfy ;
 And every inch within its bound
 Comes underneath his eye.

It is not with the rich man thus ;
 For though his grounds are wide,
 He looks beyond, and yet beyond,
 With soul unsatisfied.

Yes ! in the poor man's garden grow
 Far more than herbs and flowers,—
 Kind thoughts, contentment, peace of mind,
 And joy for weary hours.

MARY HOWITT.

THE SONG OF THE BEES.

WILT thou hear a song to charm thee ?
 List the bees with busy wing !
 Evermore they buzz and sing,—
 'We must labour while 'tis spring.'
 That's the song the bees are singing,
 All so gay to labour springing,
 Ever cheerful, ever singing.

Come and see the busy dwelling,
Airy chambers neat and fine ;
How the waxen arches shine !
Honeyed stores the white walls line.
There not one his time is wasting,
Young and old to labour hastening,
Ever cheerful, ever singing.

List thou to the airy music,
Listen to them while they sing,
Evermore with busy wing,—
'We must labour while 'tis spring.'
That's the song the bees are singing !
Up ! like them to labour springing !
Ever cheerful, ever singing.

From THE UNION SCHOOL-SONG GARLAND.

A WARM HEARTH.

A WARM hearth, and a bright hearth, and a hearth
swept clean,
Where the tongs don't raise a dust, and the broom
isn't seen ;
Where the coals never fly abroad, and the soot doesn't
fall,
Oh, that's the fire for a man like me, in cottage or in
hall.

The Author of 'John Halifax.'

THE VOICE OF MUSIC.

VOICE of Music sweetly falling,
Oh, how deep and true thy spell !
Songs of welcome, songs of triumph,
Tender lays of fond farewell !
Manhood loves thy martial measure,
Age would fain thy notes prolong,
And the child's first sense of pleasure,
Is the mother's cradle song !

Soldiers worn, and weak, and weary,
 Marching on a foreign foe,—
 Exiles, faint and lone and dreary,
 Bending 'neath a weight of woe,—
 Would you rouse those hearts desponding ?
 Touch the harp with friendly hand ;
 Sound the airs they knew in boyhood,
 Music of their native land !

At the rich man's dazzling banquet,
 In the poor man's cottage dim,
 In the church, whose solemn stillness,
 Echoes back the chanted hymn ;
 Where the blind, with sweet notes waken
 One joy in their life of pain,—
 And in Heaven, 'mid choirs of angels,
 Voice of Music, sound again !

HON. MRS. NORTON.

THE CHURCH BELL.

SWEET church bell sounding solemnly !
 What warnings thou dost give !
 The living,—they must surely die,
 The dying,—they may live.
 Thou to the meditative mind
 A memory dost prove,
 Of pleasant scenes we leave behind
 And solemn scenes above.

Thy voice doth tell of tearfulness,
 Of partings, and farewells,—
 And yet a chime of cheerfulness
 In all its music dwells :
 The knell of dying joys it tolls
 To dying mortals given,
 It rings its welcome peal for souls
 Into the gates of Heaven.

We hear thee in the busy mart,
We hear thee in the field,
We hear thee when the human heart
To tenderness doth yield :
When life is fresh, and home is fair,
And young eyes beam around,
Thou comest through the evening air
A profitable sound.

Thou bidd'st us use the pleasures which
God gives us to enjoy,
As most uncertain treasures, which
A moment may destroy ;
And Christians do not love thee less,
Because thy homeward sigh
Calls them from dreams which seem to bless
To bliss itself on high.

MONSELL.

THE OLD FAMILY BIBLE.

WITHIN the casement's deep recess
The large old Bible stands unstirred,
Where through the morning hours God's light
Shines reverently on God's Word,—
The ancient household Book revered,
With rusty clasp and antique board.

Warm breezes through the casement straying,
Turn lightly o'er the sacred page,
Leaving a pleasant meadow smell
Among the leaves grown dim with age,
While flit across the blessed words,
Shadows of sunny foliage.

But sweeter memories the old man greet,
Reading with bowed uncovered head ;
Old voices from the silent page,
And tender breathings from the dead,
And evening hopes of going home,
Till his old heart is comforted.

The mother reads in joy which way
 Those two were borne in other years,
 Whom angels stole away one night,
 Leaving, of all her hopes and fears,
 Nought but a little clay-cold garment,
 To wash with bitter mother's tears.

No more she hears their blessed voices—
 Sweet Sabbath bells she deemèd them,
 That called her heart to thankful prayer ;
 But now she trusts, through Christ's dear Name,
 They ring in the City of her God,
 In the glad heavenly Jerusalem.

She readeth how the tender Shepherd
 His lambs within His bosom bears,
 And thinking of the ones still left, |
 That life is full of many snares,
 Reverently wipes some quiet tears
 That on the page fell unawares.

And from its wondrous page the child
 His letters learns, and through the gate,
 The Beautiful gate of God's own temple, }
 With faltering feet he passeth straight
 Into the mystic land of books,
 Into that silent land and great.

And when the weary day is done,
 And fades away the last red gleam,
 Prayerfully, tired hands are folded,
 And like the dew at even dim,
 On tired hearts its words descend,
 Remounting in the evening hymn.

Some wander far, some ne'er return,
 Some feet in death no more may rove,
 But still its words of mercy, warning,
 Descend unheeded from above,
 Fall like the blessed sun and rain,
 Unfailing as the Father's love.

JANE ELICE.

THE OLD KITCHEN CLOCK.

LISTEN to the kitchen clock !
To itself it ever talks,
From its place it never walks ;
'Tick-tock—tick-tock.'
Tell me what it says.

'I'm a very patient clock,
Never moved by hope or fear,
Though I've stood for many a year ;
Tick-tock—tick-tock.'

That is what it says.

I'm a very truthful clock :
People say, about the place,
Truth is written on my face ;
Tick-tock—tick-tock.'

That is what it says.

'I'm a very active clock,
For I go while you're asleep,
Though you never take a peep ;
Tick-tock—tick-tock.'

That is what it says.

'I'm a most obliging clock :
If you wish to hear me strike,
You may do it when you like ;
Tick-tock—tick-tock.'

That is what it says.

What a talkative old clock !
Let us see what it will do
When the pointer reaches two :
'Ding—ding—tick-tock.'

That is what it says.

Aunt Effie's RHYMES.

THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH.

LITTLE inmate, full of mirth,
 Chirping on my kitchen hearth,
 Wheresoe'er be thine abode,
 Always harbinger of good ;
 Pay me for thy warm retreat,
 With a song more soft and sweet ;
 In return thou shalt receive
 Such a strain as I can give.

Though in voice and shape they be
 Formed as if akin to thee,
 Thou surpassest, happier far,
 Happiest grasshoppers that are.
 Theirs is but a summer's song.
 Thine endures the winter long,
 Unimpaired, and shrill, and clear,
 Melody throughout the year.

COWPER.

THE VILLAGE WELL.

IT lies some paces from the road,
 A time-worn bucket o'er it hung,
 The grass is greener round about,
 Where year by year its wave has sprung.

Still bubbling upward silently,
 Without a murmur, or a sound,
 You just can see the waters shine,
 Down many feet below the ground.

The wood-work round its margin set,
 Is grown with moss, and lichen grey ;
 The frame whereon the bucket hangs,
 Has mouldered many times away.

And still the wave that springs below,
 Is cool, and clear, and changeth not ;
 The weary traveller knows it well,
 And there will rest at noontime hot.

The village maids at eventide,
Come there, the pitcher in their hand ;
And round about the village well,
In lingering converse love to stand.

Still deep below, its quiet breast,
Doth never change, doth never move ;
But from its lowly earthen bed
Reflecteth clear the sky above.

The bucket when it breaks the wave,
Mars for a while the picture fair,
It rises up ; the shadow flies,
And heaven again is mirrored there.

The image of a holy man,
Who doeth well his earthly part,
Still yielding freely of his store
To nerve the limb, and cheer the heart ;
Whose days in some calm lonely place,
Their quiet course in silence run,
Who never murmurs on his way,
Nor boasts of righteous actions done :
Whose peaceful mind is sometimes vexed,
By care, or strife, or sorrow riven,
But as it settles into calm,
Is full of thoughts, and hopes of heaven.

C. F. ALEXANDER.

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood !
When fond recollection presents them to view ;
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wild wood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew ;
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill which stood
by it,
The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell ;
The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well.
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hung in the well

That moss-covered vessel I hail as a treasure,
 For often at noon, when returned from the field,
 I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
 The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
 How ardent I seized it with hands that were glowing,
 And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell,
 Then soon with the emblem of truth overflowing,
 And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well !
 The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
 The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
 As poised on the curb it inclined to my lips !
 Not a full-blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
 Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
 And now, far removed from the loved situation,
 The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
 As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
 And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well.
 The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
 The moss-covered bucket which hangs in the well.

S. WOODWORTH.

BABY'S LULLABY.

HUSH, my babe, lie still and slumber ;
 Holy angels guard thy bed.
 Heavenly blessings without number,
 Gently falling on thy head.
 Oh ! may bliss through life attend thee,
 No sad care e'er reach thy breast,
 May the shield of grace defend thee,
 Guide thee to thy heavenly rest.

Soft, my child, I did not chide thee,
 Though my song might sound too hard ;
 'Tis thy mother sits beside thee,
 And her arms shall be thy guard.
 I could give thee thousand kisses,
 Hoping what I most desire ;
 Not a mother's fondest wishes
 Can to greater joy aspire.

A LESSON.

My fairest child, I have no song to give you ;
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and grey :
Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
For every day.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever ;
Do noble things, not dream them all day long :
And so make life, death, and that vast for-ever,
One rand, sweet song.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

MAIDENHOOD.

MAIDEN ! with the meek, brown eyes,
In whose orbs a shadow lies,
Like the dusk in evening skies !

Thou whose locks outshine the sun,
Golden tresses wreathed in one,
As the braided streamlets run !

Standing, with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet !

Gazing, with a timid glance,
On the brooklet's swift advance,
On the river's broad expanse !

Deep and still, that gliding stream
Beautiful to thee must seem,
As the river of a dream.

Then why pause with indecision,
When bright angels in thy vision
Beckon thee to fields Elysian ?

Seest thou shadows sailing by,
As the dove, with startled eye,
Sees the falcon's shadows fly ?

Hearest thou voices on the shore,
That our ears perceive no more,
Deafened by the cataract's roar ?

O thou child of many prayers !
 Life hath quicksands—life hath snares !
 Care and age come unawares !

Like the swell in some sweet tune,
 Morning rises into noon,
 May glides onward into June.

Childhood is the bough where slumbered
 Birds and blossoms many-numbered :
 Age, that bough with snows encumbered.

Gather, then, each flower that grows,
 When the young heart overflows,
 To embalm that tent of snows.

Bear a lily in thy hand :
 Gates of brass cannot withstand
 One touch of that magic wand.

Bear, through sorrow, wrong, and ruth,
 In thy heart the dew of youth,
 On thy lips the smile of truth.

Oh, that dew, like balm shall steal
 Into wounds that cannot heal,
 Even as sleep our eyes doth seal ;

And that smile, like sunshine, dart
 Into many a sunless heart,
 For a smile of God thou art.

LONGFELLOW.

TO A YOUNG GIRL.

THOU bloomest like a flower,
 So pure and fair and sweet ;
 Sad thoughts are stealing o'er me,
 As thine open gaze I meet.

I would my hands might gently
 Rest on thy sunny hair ;
 Praying that God would keep thee
 So pure, and sweet, and fair.

From the German of HEINE.

SONG FOR THE BOYS.

STRIVE to learn, strive to learn,
Time is marching on, boys ;
Summer days will pass away,
Youth will soon be gone, boys.
Seize the moments as they fly,
Make the most of time, boys ;
Onward ! onward ! be your cry,
Bravely labour till you die.
Don't despair, don't despair,
'Tis a glorious way, boys ;
Make the highest point your aim,
And you'll win the day, boys.

Don't you know, don't you know,
Honours crown the wise, boys ?
And if you work with all your might
You will gain the prize, boys.
Lives of great and noble men
Examples are for you, boys ;
You can make your lives the same,
And renown and glory gain.
Don't despair, don't despair, &c.

Persevere, persevere,
In the path of truth, boys ;
Labour hard to store your minds
In the days of youth, boys.
There are spirits great and true,
Join the noble band, boys ;
Let not trifles conquer you,
Ever keep the goal in view.
Don't despair, don't despair, &c.

From NEW TUNES TO CHOICE WORDS.

HOW'S MY BOY ?

Ho, sailor of the sea !
How's my boy—my boy ?'
'What's your boy's name, good wife,
And in what good ship sailed he ?'



‘ My boy, John,
He that went to sea—
What care I for the ship, sailor ?
My boy’s my boy to me.

You come back from sea,
And not know my John ?
I might as well have asked some landsman
Yonder down in the town,
There’s not an ass in all the parish
But he knows my John.

How’s my boy—my boy ?
And, unless you let me know,
I’ll swear you are no sailor,
Blue jacket or no,
Brass buttons or no, sailor,
Anchor and crown, or no !
Sure his ship was the *Jolly Briton*,—
‘ Speak low, woman ; speak low !’
‘ And why should I speak low, sailor,
About my own boy John ?
If I was loud as I am proud,
I’d sing him over the town !
Why should I speak low, sailor ?’—
‘ That good ship went down.’

‘ How’s my boy—my boy ?
What care I for the ship, sailor ?
I was never aboard her ?
Be she afloat, or be she aground,
Sinking or swimming, I’ll be bound,
Her owners can afford her !
I say, how’s my John ?’—
‘ Every man on board went down,
Every man aboard her.’
‘ How’s my boy—my boy ?
What care I for the men, sailor ?
I’m not their mother—
How’s my boy—my boy ?
Tell me of him, and no other !
How’s my boy—my boy ?’

SYDNEY DOBELL.

THE THREE SONS.

I HAVE a son, a little son, a boy just five years old,
With eyes of thoughtful earnestness, and mind of
gentle mould.

They tell me that unusual grace in all his ways appears,
That my child is grave and wise of heart beyond his
childish years.

I cannot say how this may be, I know his face is fair,
And yet his chiefest comeliness is his sweet and serious
air.

I know his heart is kind and fond, I know he loveth me,
But loveth yet his mother more with grateful fervency :
But that which others most admire is the thought
which fills his mind,

The food for grave enquiring speech he everywhere
doth find.

Strange questions doth he ask of me when we together
walk ;

He scarcely thinks as children think, or talks as
children talk.

Nor cares he much for childish sports, dotes not on
bat or ball,

But looks on manhood's ways and works, and aptly
mimics all.

His little heart is busy still, and oftentimes perplexed
With thoughts about this world of ours, and thoughts
about the next ;

He kneels at his dear mother's knee ; she teacheth him
to pray,

And strange and sweet and solemn then are the words
which he will say.

Oh, should my gentle child be spared to manhood's
years like me,

A holier and a wiser man I trust that he will be :
And when I look into his eyes, and stroke his thought-
ful brow,

I dare not think what I should feel were I to lose
him now.

I have a son, a second son, a simple child of three ;
I'll not declare how bright and fair his little features be,

How silver-sweet those tones of his when he prattles
on my knee :
I do not think his light blue eye is, like his brother's,
keen,
Nor his brow so full of childish thought as his hath
ever been ;
But his little heart's a fountain pure of kind and
tender feeling,
And his every look's a gleam of light, rich depths of
love revealing.
When he walks with me, the country folk, who pass
us in the street,
Will shout for joy, and bless my boy, he looks so
mild and sweet.
A playfellow is he to all, and yet, with cheerful tone,
Will sing his little song of love, when left to sport
alone.
His presence is like sunshine sent to gladden home
and hearth,
To comfort us in all our griefs, and sweeten all our
mirth.
Should *he* grow up to riper years, God grant his heart
may prove
As sweet a home for heavenly grace as now for
earthly love :
And if, beside his grave, the tears our aching eyes
must dim,
God comfort us for all the love which we shall lose in
him.

I have a son, a third sweet son ; his age I cannot
tell,
For they reckon not by years and months where he is
gone to dwell.
To us for fourteen anxious months his infant smiles
were given,
And then he bade farewell to earth, and went to live
in heaven.
I cannot tell what form is his, what looks he weareth
now,
Nor guess how bright a glory crowns his shining
seraph brow.

The thoughts that fill his sinless soul, the bliss which
he doth feel,
Are numbered with the secret things which God will
not reveal.
But I know (for God hath told me this) that he is now
at rest,
Where other blessed infants be, on their Saviour's
loving breast.
I know his spirit feels no more this weary load of flesh,
But his sleep is blessed with endless dreams of joy for
ever fresh.
I know the angels fold him close beneath their glit-
tering wings,
And soothe him with a song that breathes of heaven's
divinest things.
I know that we shall meet our babe, (his mother dear
and I,)
Where God for aye shall wipe away all tears from
every eye.
Whate'er befalls his brethren twain, *his* bliss can
never cease ;
Their lot may here be grief and fear, but *his* is certain
peace.
It may be that the tempter's wiles their souls from
bliss may sever,
But, if our poor faith fail not, *he* must be ours for ever.
When we think of what our darling is, and what we
still must be,—
When we muse on that world's perfect bliss, and this
world's misery,—
When we groan beneath this load of sin, and feel this
grief and pain,—
Oh ! we'd rather lose our other two, than have him
here again.

MOULTRIE.

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

JOHN ANDERSON, my jo,* John,
 When we were first acquaint,
 Your locks were like the raven,
 Your bonny brow was brent.†
 But now your brow is beld, John,
 Your locks are like the snaw ;
 But blessings on your frosty pow,‡
 John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
 We clamb the hill thegither ;
 And mony a canty§ day, John,
 We've had wi' ane anither :
 Now we maun totter down, John,
 But hand-in-hand we'll go ;
 And sleep thegither at the foot,
 John Anderson, my jo.

BURNS.

YEAR AFTER YEAR.**A LOVE SONG.**

YEAR after year the cowslips fill the meadow,
 Year after year the skylarks thrill the air,
 Year after year, in sunshine or in shadow,
 Rolls the world round, love, and finds us as we
 were.

Year after year, as sure as birds' returning,
 Or field flowers' blossoming above the wintry mould,
 Year after year, in work, or mirth, or mourning,
 Love we with Love's own youth, that never can grow
 old.

Sweetheart and ladye-love, queen of boyish passion,
 Strong hope of manhood, content of age begun ;
 Loved in a hundred ways, each in a different fashion,
 Yet loved supremely, solely, as we never love but
 one.

* Love ; dear. † Smooth. ‡ Head. § Happy.

Dearest and bonniest ! though blanched those curling
tresses,

Though loose clings the wedding-ring to that thin
hand of thine,

Brightest of all eyes the eye that love expresses !

Sweetest of all lips the lips long since kissed mine !

So let the world go round with its sighs and sinning,
Its mad shout o'er fancied bliss, its howl o'er
pleasures past ;

That which it calls Love's end to us was Love's
beginning :—

I clasp my arms about thy neck and love thee to
the last.

The Author of 'John Halifax.'

FLOWERS IN THE SICK-ROOM.

BRING to the sick man flowers,—

Flowers that are fresh and gay,
And set them down where the light shines in,
To look glad in the sunny ray.

Bright-coloured varied forms,

There let them glance and glow ;
The weary eyes will oft unclose,
And the smile will come and go.

They bring back scenes gone by,

Youth and its hopeful spring ;

They tell of loving-kindnesses

To the sick man suffering :

They bring him thoughts of God,

Thoughts of His love and grace,

That come like gifts of light and flowers

To a fallen and sinful race.

In quiet on his bed

Their presence pure and calm

Is felt, inhaled by heart and breath

As a blessing and a balm.

Bring to the sick man flowers,
 Flowers that are sweet and fair,
 With fragrance light as the summer breeze,
 And fresh as the morning air.

From HOUSEHOLD VERSES ON HEALTH AND HAPPINESS.
 (By permission.)

THE LAND OF THE LEAL.

I'M wearing awa', John,
 Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, John ;
 I'm wearing awa', John,
 To the Land of the Leal.
 There's nae sorrow there, John,
 There's neither cauld nor care, John ;
 The day is aye fair, John,
 In the Land of the Leal.

Our bonnie bairn is there, John,
 She was both good and fair, John ;
 And oh ! we grudged her sair, John,
 To the Land of the Leal.
 But sorrow's sel wears past, John,
 And joy's a comin' fast, John,
 The joy that's aye to last
 In the Land of the Leal.

Oh ! haud ye leal and true, John,
 Your day it's wearin' thro', John,
 And I'll welcome you
 To the Land of the Leal.
 Now fare ye well, my ain John,
 This world's cares are vain, John,
 We'll meet, and we'll be fain,
 In the Land of the Leal.

BARONESS NAIRNE.

THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.

THEY grew in beauty side by side,
They filled our home with glee ;
Their graves are severed far and wide,
By mount, and stream, and sea.

The same fond mother bent at night
O'er each fair sleeping brow ;
She had each folded flower in sight :
Where are those dreamers now ?

One, midst the forest of the West,
By a dark stream is laid ;
The Indians know his place of rest,
Far in the cedar shade.

The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one—
He lies where pearls lie deep ;
He was the loved of all, yet none
O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are drest,
Above the noble slain :
He wrapt his colours round his breast
On a blood-red field of Spain.

And one—o'er *her* the myrtle showers
Its leaves by soft winds fanned ;
She faded midst Italian flowers—
The last of that bright band.

And parted thus they rest, who played
Beneath the same green tree ;
Whose voices mingled as they prayed
Around one parent knee !

They that with smiles lit up the hall,
And cheered with song the hearth !—
Alas, for Love ! if *thou* wert all,
And nought beyond, O Earth !

MRS. HEMANS.

THE LAST CRADLE.

LAY him in his last soft cradle,
 For Death's night has come ;
 There his body rests,—his spirit
 Finds another home.

Robed once more in earthly garments,
 Raiment white and fair,
 Flowers drooping on his bosom,
 Nestling everywhere.

Little hands as pure as marble
 Lying at his side,
 Never now to breast the billows
 Of Life's stormy tide.

Little feet that never needed
 Walk in rugged ways,
 Little lips that never uttered
 Even prayer or praise.

Every trace of mortal anguish
 Faded from his brow,
 Everlastings crown him—telling
 Peace his portion now.

Lay him softly in his cradle,
 For Death's night has come ;
 Yet forget not that his spirit
 Finds another home.

Give his mortal body sadly
 To the earth again ;
 Give his soul to God right gladly,
 Free from earthly stain.

A. MARRYAT.

THE LITTLE GOLDEN CURL.

You wonder why that tiny curl should be so dear to
me,
For a little golden ringlet is all that you can see.
But oh ! to me more precious, than pearl or ruby fair,
Is the faint, flick'ring sunlight of that wee, soft lock of
hair.

You cannot tell what memories are twined amidst its
gold,
What thoughts of bright and happy hours in far-off
days of old ;
You know not how that tiny curl brings back my child
to me,
Whose little, loving, wistful face, I ne'er again shall see.

Whene'er I gaze upon it, I seem to hear again
The sounds of pattering baby-feet, like falling drops of
rain.
Once more that curly golden head is pillow'd on my
breast,
Once more those warm and clinging arms around my
neck are pressed.

And those plump, dimpled fingers, that in old time
used to stray
Around my neck so lovingly, in merry childish play,
I see them now before me ; I can fancy that I hear
That silvery ringing laughter, like to music in my ear.

Ah, no ! you never felt the power that lies in thoughts
like these,
You hold not in your heart of hearts such sad, sweet
memories :
Then chide me not if still I keep, with loving, reveren
care,
Amongst my dearest treasures still, that tiny lock of
hair.

A. MARRYAT.

E

THE DEATH-BED.

WE watched her breathing through the night,
 Her breathing soft and low,
 As in her breast the wave of life
 Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seemed to speak,
 So slowly moved about,
 As we had lent her half our powers
 To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
 Our fears our hopes belied—
 We thought her dying when she slept,
 And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came dim and sad,
 And chill with early showers,
 Her quiet eyelids closed—she had
 Another morn than ours.

HOOD.

THY GRAVE.

SLEEP well, sleep well in thy cool bed !
 Thy tired limbs, they cannot feel
 The sand and flints that are so hard.
 Sleep soft and well !

Heavy thy coverlid and thick !
 The earth is heaped upon thy heart ;
 Yet sleep in peace, it hurts thee not.
 Sleep soft and well !

‘God keep thee !’—Ah ! thou hearest not,
 Nor wakest for my yearning cries ;
 Would it be better couldst thou hear ?
 Nay ! surely nay !

Dear heart ! with thee ‘tis well, ‘tis well !
 And if I could but be with thee,
 Ah ! then it would be well with me—
 I could endure.

Thou sleepest, and thou canst not hear
The murmur'ring in the old church tower ;
Nor when the watchman calleth twelve,
In the still night.

And when it lightens in the sky,
And crash on crash the thunder rolls—
The storm drives wildly o'er thy grave
And wakes thee not.

And all the things that troubled thee,
From early dawn to midnight deep,
Thank God ! they trouble thee no more,
In thy still grave.

'Tis well with thee ! Oh, it is well !
And all that wounded thee so sore,
Thank God ! it hurts thee now no more,
In thy cool bed.

If I could only be with thee,
Ah ! then with me it would be well ;
But now I wait, and find no balm
For my deep pain.

But when God wills, the day shall come,
The day of rest shall come for me,
And they will make my bed at last,
By thy dear side.

And I shall lie as still as thou,
And they will sing my lullaby,
And heap the earth upon my heart,
And say—'Farewell !'

And I shall sleep as soft as thou,
Nor hear the murmur'ring in the tower ;
I shall not wake till Sunday's dawn
Shall bring the dew.

And when that Sunday's dawn shall come,
And angels sing their matin song,
Then we shall both together rise,
Refreshed and whole.

And a new church will glisten there,
 Bathed in the rosy morning light,
 And we shall enter in and sing
 The praise of God.

Transl. from the German of Hebel by M. E. TOWNSEND.

GOD'S ACRE.

I LIKE that ancient Saxon phrase, which calls
 The burial-ground God's Acre ! It is just ;
 It consecrates each grave within its walls,
 And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust.

God's Acre ! Yes, that blessed name imparts
 Comfort to those who in the grave have sown
 The seed that they had garnered in their hearts
 Their bread of life, alas ! no more their own.

Into its furrows shall we all be cast,
 In the sure faith that we shall rise again
 At the great harvest, when the archangel's blast
 Shall winnow, like a fan, the chaff and grain.

Then shall the good stand in immortal bloom,
 In the fair gardens of that second birth ;
 And each bright blossom mingle its perfume
 With that of flowers which never bloomed on earth.

With thy rude ploughshare, Death, turn up the sod,
 And spread the furrow for the seed we sow :
 This is the field and Acre of our God,
 This is the place where human harvests grow !

Songs for the Children.

‘THE CHILD IS FATHER TO THE MAN.’

SONGS FOR THE CHILDREN.

WAKING.

WAKE up ! the sun is shining
Upon the window-pane ;
And, hark ! the noisy sparrows
Are wide awake again.

Each little bud and blossom
Has lifted up its head,
To greet the pleasant sunshine
While you are still in bed.

The sun himself has risen
To call them, long ago ;
And he has tried to wake you
This last half-hour, you know.

The merry little sunbeams
Have travelled—oh, so far !
Have crept between the shutters,
In spite of bolt and bar.

'Twas time, indeed, to wake you,
At last they seemed to think ;
And shot their golden arrows
Through every hole and chink.

And when the door was opened,
And Mary came at last,
Your eyes were almost blinded,
They fell so thick and fast.

Then wake, and, like the flowers,
 Lift up each sleepy head ;
 It is too bright a morning
 To waste it all in bed.

A. MARRYAT.

THE GOOD CHILD'S ANGEL.

THERE is a good child's angel,
 He comes so silently ;
 Though we have never seen him,
 He knows both you and me :
 He comes from heaven, his home above,
 He's sent us by the God of love.

From house to house he passes,
 And where he finds a child
 That loves the Holy Bible,
 And seeks the Saviour mild,
 In such a home he loves to stay ;
 He's near that child both night and day.

He'll watch the child so sweetly
 And fondly at his play ;
 He'll help him when he's learning,
 And when he kneels to pray,
 Puts heavenly thoughts into his mind,
 To make him truthful, wise, and kind.

And when the child is sleeping,
 He never goes away,
 But watches by his bedside
 Until the dawn of day,
 Then wakes him with an angel's kiss
 To daily work and daily bliss.

J. S. STALLYBRASS.

*From SONGS AND TUNES FOR EDUCATION.
 (By permission of Mr. Curwen.)*

A CHRISTIAN CHILD.

THE summer roses bloom and die,
The lily blossoms down below,
As bright along the cottage wall,
As where the gayest gardens grow.

They sip the silver dew at night,
They bloom in meek contentment there,
Though never king or lady bright
Was drest in colours half so fair.

And Christ has taught how lowly flowers
Rebuke our thoughts so vain and wild,
And teach these living hearts of ours
A lesson in their beauty mild.

In simple trust they still abide,
They grow in every quiet nook ;
And in their beauty have no pride,
And take no thought of how they look.

'Tis thus a Christian child should grow
A modest, humble, trusting flower ;
In Christ's own garden here below
Made meet to deck his heavenly bower.

C. F. ALEXANDER.

WORK AND PLAY.

IN our work and in our play,
Jesus, be Thou ever near,
Guarding, guiding all the day,
Keeping in Thy holy fear.

Thou didst toil, O Royal Child,
In the far-off Holy Land,
Blessing labour undefiled,
Pure and honest of the hand.

Thou wilt bless our play-hour too,
 If we ask Thy succour strong ;
 Watch o'er all we say or do,
 Hold us back from guilt and wrong.

O how happy, thus to spend
 Work and play-time in His sight,
 Who, that day which shall not end,
 Gives to those who do the right.

W. CHATTERTON DIX,
'Hymns and Carols for Children.'

LITTLE WORKERS.

WE are only little workers,
 Yet we fain would do Thy will ;
 So we pray Thee, Lord, to help us,
 Lowly duties to fulfil.

Little feet are never weary ;
 Little hearts are seldom sad ;
 So we ask that Thou wouldst teach us
 How to make grown people glad.

We would often bring them comfort,
 But we know not what to say ;
 Some sweet message straight from heaven
 Lay upon our lips to-day.

Thou hast taught us, dearest Saviour,
 How e'en whispered words can fly,
 Right above the clouds to heaven,
 And be heard by Thee on high.

Help us, then, to say to others,
 Who have never learnt to know,
 God is listening to answer
 Those who watch and wait below.

Little souls, perchance, may brighten
Lives that sorrow, doubt, or sin,
Darken till hope's blessed sunshine
Scarcely ever enters in.

Grant that we, Thy willing workers,
By Thy grace may find at length,
Even children, in their weakness,
May help others in Thy strength.

A. MARRYAT.

LITTLE THINGS.

SUPPOSE the little cowslip should hang its golden cup,
And say, 'I'm such a tiny flower, I'd better not grow
up ;'
How many a weary traveller would miss its fragrant
smell—
How many a little child would grieve to lose it from
the dell.

Suppose the glistening dewdrop upon the grass should
say,
'What can a little dewdrop do? I'd better roll away ;'
The blade on which it rested, before the day was done,
Without a drop to moisten it, would wither in the sun.

Suppose the little breezes, upon a summer's day,
Should think themselves too small to cool the traveller
on his way—
Who would not miss the smallest and softest ones that
blow,
And think they made a great mistake, if they were
talking so !

How many deeds of kindness a little child may do,
Although it has so little strength and little wisdom too—
It wants a loving spirit much more than strength, to
prove
How many things a child may do for others by its love.

CONGRE.

WHAT THE CROCUS SAYS.

DOWN in my solitude under the snow,
 Where nothing cheering can reach me ;
 Here, without light to see how to grow,
 I'll trust to nature to teach me.

I will not despair, nor be idle, nor frown,
 Locked in so gloomy a dwelling ;
 My leaves shall run up, and my roots shall run down,
 While the bud in my bosom is swelling.

Soon as the frost will get out of my bed,
 From this cold dungeon to free me,
 I will peer up with my bright little head ;
 All will be joyful to see me.

Then from my heart will young petals diverge,
 As rays of the sun from their focus ;
 I from the darkness of earth will emerge,
 A happy and beautiful crocus !

Gaily arrayed in my yellow and green,
 When to their view I have risen,
 Will they not wonder how one so serene
 Came from so dismal a prison ?

Many, perhaps, from so simple a flower
 This little lesson may borrow—
 Patient to-day, through its gloomiest hour,
 We come out the brighter to-morrow !

MISS H. F. GOULD.

WORK.

SILLY people don't like work,
 Let us try to love it ;
 Grand and great ones of the land,
 They are not above it.

Lazy people all get dull,
Mind and body weary ;
Working ones grow strong and bright,
Time is never dreary.

We who have to earn our bread,
We must all endeavour,
Strive against our laziness,
Try to grow more clever.

Elder sisters, you may work,
Work and help your mothers,
Darn the stockings, mend the shirts,
Father's things and brother's.

Younger sisters, you may help,
Help by minding baby ;
Little hands and little feet
Very useful may be.

Younger boys, and you may work,
If you are but willing ;
Through the week in many ways
You may earn your shilling.

'Better rub than rust,' 'tis said,
Bear in mind the saying ;
Run and jump and use your wits
Merrily in playing.

Play is good as well as work,
Strengthens mind and muscle,
Makes you active, quick, and strong,
Fit to bear life's bustle.

Running feet and ready hands,
All are a-preparing ;
Work is coming—every man
Is his burden bearing.

From HOUSEHOLD VERSES ON HEALTH AND HAPPINESS.
(By permission.)

THE SCHOOL BELL.

Tinkle, tinkle, ting, ting, ting :
 Listen to the bell, it seems to say,
 'Hasten to your lessons, come away,
 Leave the playground, games give o'er,'
 Play is past, work lies before.

Tinkle, tinkle, ting, ting, ting :
 Quicker still it calls, why linger still ?
 Enter now the school, your tasks fulfil,
 Form your classes, cease your play,
 To your lessons come away.

From THE UNION SCHOOL-SONG GARLAND.

MARCH AWAY!

MARCH away ! march away !
 To the playground lead the way ;
 All our lessons now are past,
 Left foot first and not too fast.
 O ! 'tis nice each sunny day,
 Thus to enjoy ourselves in play ;
 We'll no angry looks betray,
 But merrily, merrily, march away.

Off we go ! off we go !
 All our looks our pleasure show ;
 Round and round the pole we swing,
 Or we form the joyous ring :
 Joining in the active race,
 Swift we run from place to place ;
 'Tis the time for sport and play,
 So merrily, merrily, march away.

From THE UNION SCHOOL-SONG GARLAND.

'WHAT IS THAT, MOTHER?'

'What is that, mother?'

The lark, my child !
The moon has but just looked out and smiled,
When he starts from his humble grassy nest,
And is up and away, with the dew on his breast
And a hymn in his heart, to yon pure bright sphere,
To warble it out in his Master's ear :

Ever, my child, be thy morning lays
Tuned, like the lark's, to thy Maker's praise.

'What is that, mother?'

The dove, my son !
And that low sweet voice, like a widow's moan,
Is flowing out from her gentle breast,
Constant and pure, by that lonely nest,
As the wave is poured from some crystal urn,
For her distant dear one's quick return :

Ever, my son, be thou like the dove,
In friendship as faithful, as constant in love !

'What is that, mother?'

The eagle, boy !
Proudly careering his course of joy ;
Firm, on his own mountain vigour relying,
Breasting the dark storm, the red bolt defying ;
His wing on the wind, and his eye in the sun,
He swerves not a hair, but bears onward, right on :
Boy ! may the eagle's flight ever be thine,
Onward, and upwards, and true to the line !

'What is that, mother?'

The swan, my love !
He is floating down from his native grove ;
No loved one now, no nestling nigh,
He is floating down by himself to die ;
Death darkens his eye, and unplumes his wings,
Yet his sweetest song is the last he sings :
Live so, my love, that when death shall come,
Swan-like and sweet, it may waft thee home !

G. W. DOANE.

A SONG OF A DOLL.

I ONCE had a sweet little doll, dears,
 The prettiest doll in the world ;
 Her cheeks were so red and so white, dears,
 And her hair was so charmingly curled.
 But I lost my poor little doll, dears,
 As I played in the heath one day ;
 And I cried for her more than a week, dears,
 But I never could find where she lay.

I found my poor little doll, dears,
 As I played on the heath one day :
 Folks say she is terribly changed, dears,
 For her paint is all washed away,
 And her arms trodden off by the cows, dears,
 And her hair not the least bit curled :
 Yet for old sake's sake she is still, dears,
 The prettiest doll in the world.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

KING AND QUEEN.

IF I were a queen,
 What would I do ?
 I'd make you king,
 And I'd wait on you.

If I were a king,
 What would I do ?
 I'd make you queen,
 For I'd marry you.

‘Sing Song’—C. ROSSETTI.

FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY.

HOPE is like a harebell, trembling from its birth ;
 Love is like a rose, the joy of all the earth ;
 Faith is like a lily lifted high and white ;
 Love is like a lovely rose, the world's delight ;
 Harebells and sweet lilies show a thornless growth,
 But the rose, with all its thorns, excels them both.

‘Sing Song’—C. ROSSETTI.

A CROWN.

TWIST me a-crown of wind flowers,
That I may fly away
To hear the singers at their song,
And players at their play.

Put on your crown of wind flowers ;
But whither would you go ?
Beyond the surging of the sea,
And the storms that blow.

Alas ! your crown of wind flowers
Can never make you fly ;
I twist them in a crown to-day,
And to-night they die.

'Sing Song'—C. ROSSETTI.

A CHILD TIRED OF PLAY.

TIRED of play ! tired of play !
What hast thou done this livelong day ?
The birds are silent, and so is the bee ;
The sun is creeping up steeple and tree ;
The doves have flown to the sheltering eaves,
And the nests are dark with the drooping leaves,
Twilight gathers, and day is done,—
How hast thou spent it, restless one ?

Playing ? But what hast thou done beside,
To tell thy mother at eventide ?
What promise of morn is left unbroken ?
What kind word to thy playmates spoken ?
Whom hast thou pitied, and whom forgiven ?
How with thy faults hath duty striven ?
What hast thou learned by field and hill,
By greenwood path, and singing rill ?

There will come an eve to a longer day,
That will find thee tired,—but not of play !
And thou wilt lean, as thou leanest now,
With drooping limbs, and an aching brow,

And with the shadows would faster creep,
 And long to go to thy quiet sleep.
 Well were it then, if thine aching brow
 Were as free from sin and shame as now !
 Well for thee, if thy lip could tell
 A tale like this, of a day spent well !

If thine open hand hath relieved distress,
 If thy pity hath sprung to wretchedness,
 If thou hast forgiven the sore offence,
 And humbled thy heart with penitence ;
 If Nature's voices have spoken to thee
 With her holy meanings eloquently,
 If every creature hath won thy love,
 From the creeping worm to the brooding dove,
 If never a sad, unspoken word,
 Hath pled with thy human heart unheard,
 Then when the night steals on as now,
 It will bring relief to thine aching brow ;
 And, with joy and peace at the thought of rest,
 Thou wilt sink to sleep on thy mother's breast.

N. P. WILLIS.

GOD'S FLOWERS.

Do not throw away the flowers,
 When they droop and fade ;
 Do you think for your amusement
 Only they were made ?

See them strewn upon the pathway,
 Lying crushed and torn ;
 All their pretty petals withered,
 All their beauty gone !

Half-an-hour ago they flourished,
 Fresh, and fair, and sweet ;
 Thrown away, they now are lying
 Faded at your feet.

Lift them up, and lay them gently
 Down in yonder pool ;
 Where refreshing water glances,
 Sparkling clear and cool.

Let us thank God for the beauty
Scattered through the land ;
Nor, unheeding, waste His flowers
With a careless hand.

A. MARRYAT.

HONOUR.

DEAR little children, never do
A thing that's mean or sly ;
It's doing in your *actions* what
In *words* we call a lie.

If mother tells you not to go
Into the street and play,
Don't slip out when she goes upstairs,
As long as you can stay ;

And just get back before she's down,
With a sham quiet face,
That she may think you've never stirr'd
A moment from your place.

And when she says, 'While I'm away
None of you touch the fire ;'
Oh ! rather let it quite go out
Than break through her desire.

And when she says, 'Walk *steady* home
When you're let out of school ;'
Don't loiter idly, then tear on—
Attend to mother's rule.

And if she tells you not to spend
Your pence in unripe fruit,
Stale shrimps, or bad cheap sugar-plums,
Don't grumble or dispute :

She says it because all those things
Are most unwholesome food ;
And bring on sickness, aches, and pains—
So mind her and be good.

And if you should forget sometimes,
 As I've no doubt you do ;
 Don't make excuses false and mean,
 But speak out, brave and true.

Much less displeased will mother be,
 Much happier you will feel,
 Than if you'd done what you ought not,
 And managed to conceal.

When we've been sly or mean or false,
 Though we are not found out,
 There's something heavy at the heart,
 We always bear about.

From HOUSEHOLD VERSES ON HEALTH AND HAPPINESS.

TROUBLESOME CHILDREN.

TROUBLESOME children will never sit still,
 Cry, and are fretful whenever they're ill :
 Good little children do just what they're told,
 Try to be patient in spite of a cold.

Troublesome children are noisy and shout,
 Break all their playthings, and leave them about :
 Good little children are merry and gay,
 And yet they speak softly at lessons or play.

Troublesome children say, ' Bedtime ! oh no !
 Please let me stay, mother : why must I go ?'
 Good little children, when ' bedtime ' is said,
 Give good-night kisses and run off to bed.

Troublesome children are certain to find
 Nobody loves them, and nobody's kind.
 Good little children know every one tries
 To make them grow healthy and happy and wise.

Now, little children, come whisper to me—
 Troublesome children, or good, will you be ?

A. MARRYAT.

THE SICK CHILD.

I AM very weary,
Lying here all day,
Listening to the others
Laughing at their play.

Sometimes, when the sunshine
Streams across the floor,
I am longing, longing,
To be out once more ;

Just to see the flowers,
Growing everywhere ;
Feel the pleasant breezes,
And the soft, warm air.

Yet I must remember,
Christ would have me try
To be good and patient,
And not fret or cry.

For He knows I'm tired
Of the weary pain ;
Knows I'm longing, longing,
To be out again.

Jesus Christ will make me
Mind it less each day,
If I am but patient,
If I do but pray ;

And at last to heaven
He will take me home :
Neither pain nor sorrow
Ever there shall come.

A. MARRYAT.

THE SICK MOTHER.

CHILDREN, be quiet,
 Mother's ill ;
 You love poor mother,
 Then be still.

Hush ! don't be crying,
 Never fear,
 She'll soon be better,
 Dry the tear.

Don't fret or fidget,
 Only see
 How good and gentle
 You can be.

There, take up dolly :
 Fancy now
 You're nurse with baby—
 This is how

She rocks him gently
 To and fro,
 Come, try and do it—
 So, just so.

That's famous, *quite* right ;
 We shall see
 You soon with baby
 On your knee.

I'll tell dear mother
 When she wakes,
 How nice a nurse
 Her Lizzy makes.

And Charley, sit down,
 You may look
 At all the pictures
 In this book.

Be good and happy ;
Not a word
Above a whisper
Must be heard.

Remember, children,
Mother's ill :
I'm going to her—
Hush ! be still.

From HOUSEHOLD VERSES ON HEALTH AND HAPPINESS.

CHILDREN'S PRAYERS.

FOLD thy hands in prayer, my child,
Gently bow thine head :
To our glorious God in heaven
Children's prayers are said ;
And the Angels pure and fair
Bow before His presence there.

Close thine eyes in prayer, my child,
Close thy roving eyes ;
Wandering looks would fill thine heart
With all vanities ;
Kneeling to the King of kings,
Wouldst thou gaze on earthly things ?

Guard thine heart in prayer, my child,
Closely guard thine heart,
Lest with holy, earnest thoughts
Bad ones have their part :
When we to our Father pray,
Let us mean the thing we say.

SLEEPING.

LITTLE children never need be frightened
Left alone,
For some blessed Guardian Angel watches
Every one.

In the darkness, in the deepest silence
Of the night,
Jesus Christ is never absent from us :
He is Light.

Little hearts need never beat the quicker
At a sound ;
Little eyes need never gaze in terror
All around ;

For the arms of Jesus Christ enfold us :
We may rest,
Knowing that no evil thing can harm us,
On His breast.

A. MARRYAT.

Sacred Songs.

'My songs will I make of Thy Name, O Thou most Highest.'
Ps. ix. 2.

SACRED SONGS.

MORNING HYMN.

O THOU, who sitt'st above
Upon Thy throne of light,
And bend'st Thine eye of love
And mercy, shining bright,
O'er all Thy works ; to Thee
Again we bow the knee,
And from our hearts lift up the voice of praise
To celebrate Thy ways.

The night is gone, and blest
Thy holy name shall be
For the sweet balm of rest
Vouchsafed in sleep by Thee ;
From it refreshed we rise,
As morning decks the skies,
Rejoiced once more to see Thy giant sun
His radiant journey run.

The earth, so fresh and gay—
The cloud that drops the shower—
The morning's golden ray—
The perfume of the flower—
The bee that hums along,
And bird's melodious song—
With all in nature excellent and fair
Thy power and love declare.

On Thee, so good, so great,
Our Saviour and our God,
Our prayers and praises wait—
And should Thy chastening rod

Turn all our joys to woe,
 Contented may we bow
 In meek submission to Thy holy will,
 And glorify Thee still.

ROBERT BUTLER.

EVENING HYMN.

Now the working day is done,
 Now my toil is o'er ;
 Now the ever-travelling sun
 Sinks to rest once more.

Jesu, if my hands are strong,
 To Thy name be praise,
 Now my loving, grateful song
 Unto Thee I'll raise.

Heart and brain and busy hand
 Thou dost bless and guide,
 In my workshop Thou dost stand
 Ever at my side.

Though I cannot see Thee, Lord,
 Still I feel Thee near,
 Echoes still Thy faithful word,
 Bringing me good cheer.

And my wages now I take
 Humbly from Thy hand,
 Toil is sweet for Thy dear sake,
 Master of the land.

Now our evening rest is come,
 Evening holiday,
 Lord, be with us in our home,
 Guard us night and day.

Soon that happy morn shall rise,
 Morn of heavenly rest,
 Then, O Lord, may we arise
 To Thy service blest.

Imitated from an old German Hymn.

THE HAPPY HOUSE.

O HAPPY house ! where Thou art loved the best,
Dear Friend and Saviour of our race,
Where never comes such welcomed, honoured guest,
Where none can ever fill Thy place ;
Where every heart goes forth to meet Thee,
Where every ear attends Thy Word,
Where every lip with blessing greets Thee,
Where all are waiting on their Lord.

O happy house ! where all are one in heart,
In holy faith and hope are one,
Whom death can only for a little part,
Not end the union here begun ;
Who share together one salvation,
Who would be with Thee, Lord, always,
In gladness or in tribulation,
In happy or in evil days.

O happy house ! whose little ones are given
Early to Thee, in faith and prayer,—
To Thee, their Friend, who from the heights of heaven
Guard'st them with more than mother's care.
O happy house ! where little voices
Their glad Hosannahs love to raise,
And childhood's lisping tongue rejoices
To bring new songs of love and praise.

O happy house ! and happy servitude !
Where all alike one Master own ;
Where daily duty, in Thy strength pursued,
Is never hard nor toilsome known ;
Where each one serves Thee meek and lowly,
Whatever Thine appointment be,
Till common tasks seem great and holy,
When they are done as unto Thee.

WORK.

WORK is sweet, for God hath blest
 Honest work with quiet rest—
 Rest below, and rest above,
 In the mansions of His love,
 When the work of life is done,
 When the battle's fought and won.

Work ye, then, while yet 'tis day,
 Work, ye Christians, while ye may ;
 Work for all that's great and good,
 Working for your daily food,
 Working whilst the golden hours,
 Health, and strength, and youth, are yours :

Working not your work for gold,
 Nor for pelf that's bought and sold :
 Not the work that worketh strife,
 But the working of a life ;
 Careless both of good or ill,
 If ye can but do His will.

Working ere the day is gone,
 Working till your work is done :
 Not the work that pain imparts,
 But the work of honest hearts ;
 Working till your spirits rest
 With the spirits of the blest.

BAPTISMAL HYMN.

LITTLE baby, come, awake ;
 Open wide those eyes so bright,
 For Heaven's dawn begins to break
 On thy vesture pure and white.
 Awake from sleep, dear child !
 Arise from death's dark night,
 And Jesus, meek and mild,
 Shall give thee light.

Hark ! His voice which calls thee home,
With His sons to have thy lot—
'Suffer little babes to come
Unto Me : forbid them not.'
Awake from sleep, dear child ! &c.

Light of light, He sheds His ray
On the bright baptismal wave,
That the children of the day
May see far beyond the grave :
Awake from sleep, dear child ! &c.

'Tis not dark with Jesus near :
Little baby, do not cry,
From the wave He stills thy fear,
Saying, 'Fear not, it is I.'
Awake from sleep, dear child ! &c.

See, His arms are open wide,
For His little one alone :
They will press thee to His side,
Surplice white as is thine own :
Awake from sleep, dear child ! &c.

Come, then, little babe, awake
From the slumber of the night ;
For Christ's dawn begins to break
On thy soul, all pure and white :
Awake from sleep, dear child !
Arise from death's dark night,
And Jesus, meek and mild,
Shall give thee light.

G. M.

*From HYMNS AND CAROLS FOR CHILDREN.***THE PRAYER OF THE NEWLY CONFIRMED.**

I DEDICATE these early hours,
The dew yet sparkling on the flowers,
My morn of life, yet bright and free,
God of the morning, unto Thee.

The hope and promise of my Spring,
 Lord of my soul, to Thee I bring.
 The buds, the leaves already given,
 O ripen all the fruit for heaven.

The offering is all unmeet,
 O Lord, to lay before Thy feet ;
 Yet wilt Thou not Thy child disown,
 Giver and gift are all Thine own.

And Thou who teachest me to bear
 My all to Thee, in faith and prayer,
 Will guide henceforth, direct and prove,
 And bless me with Thy changeless love.

T. V. FOSBERRY.

HOLY COMMUNION.

CHRIST seeks a cleansèd heart,
 A chamber set apart ;
 Fear not, whoe'er thou art,
 Unto the worst and least
 May grace be more increased,
 If Jesus come to thee, and keep the feast.

Thus saith He : ' Make thee meet,
 Prepare, where I may eat,
 An ordered chamber sweet :
 Then, though no board be spread,
 Lo, I will bring the Bread,
 And from the Vine of heaven thy cup make red.'

But look thou ere He come,
 Purge leaven from thy home ;
 Search there for every crumb :
 For every thought within,
 Tainted by self and sin,
 Such cast thou out before the day begin.

Then shut the world without,
 The noisy throng and rout
 Of sins that press about ;

And, silent and alone,
Sit thou and make thy moan,
Weep that thou art not worthy He should come.

Nor weep alone, but pray ;
When sin is put away,
Then seek thou every day
Some grace that thou mayest wear ;
Or deck thy chamber bare
With loving deeds, that He may find it fair.

Thus may thy love be proved ;
As loving hearts are moved
To make for their beloved
The best, the fairest place,
Go, gather every grace ;
So make thee pure, if thou wouldest see God's face.

From THE INNER LIFE.

MARRIAGE SONG.

'THEY have no more wine,' she said,
But they had enough of bread ;
And the well beside the door
Held for thirst a plenteous store :
Yes, *enough* ; but Love divine
Made the water into wine.

When should wine in plenty flow,
But when wanderers homeward go ?
And when soul in soul hath found
Rest, in bonds of freedom bound,
He hath said, by act divine,
Water well may turn to wine.

Good is all the feasting then ;
Good the merry words of men ;
Good the laughter and the smiles ;
Good the wine that grief beguiles ;—
Crowning good, the Word divine :
Jesus made the water wine.

He beside you, all the years,
 Into laughter turn your tears ;
 In the earthly tones around
 Make you hear the heavenly sound—
 At your table Love divine
 Often makes the water wine.

Earth is heaven in homelier dress ;
 Hope is unseen joyfulness ;
 Walking in the heavenly light,
 Soon, with eyes of heavenly sight,
 You shall know, by vision fine,
 Earthly water—heavenly wine.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

HOUSEHOLD DUTIES.

TEACH me, my God and King,
 In all things Thee to see ;
 And what I do in anything
 To do it as for Thee.

All may of Thee partake :
 Nothing can be so mean,
 Which with this tincture, 'for Thy sake,'
 Will not grow bright and clean.

A servant with this clause
 Makes drudgery divine :
 Who sweeps a room, as for Thy laws,
 Makes that and the action fine.

This is the famous stone
 That turneth all to gold :
 For that which God doth touch and own
 Cannot for less be told.

GEORGE HERBERT,

QUIET SERVICE.

'Doe the nexte thyng.'

FROM an old English parsonage,
Down by the sea,
There came in the twilight
A message to me ;
Its quaint Saxon legend,
Deeply engraven,
Hath, as it seems to me,
Teaching for Heaven :
And on through the hours,
The quiet words ring
Like a low inspiration,
'Doe the nexte thyng.'

Many a questioning,
Many a fear,
Many a doubt,
Hath its quieting here :
Moment by moment,
Let down from Heaven,
Time, opportunity,
Guidance are given :
Fear not to-morrows,
Child of the King :
Trust them with Jesus,
'Doe the nexte thyng.'

Oh, He would have thee,
Daily more free,
Knowing the might
Of thy Royal degree :
Ever in waiting,
Glad for His call,
Tranquil in chastening,
Trusting through all.
Comings and goings
No turmoil need bring :
His all thy future—
'Doe the nexte thyng.'

Do it immediately,
 Do it with prayer,
 Do it reliantly,
 Casting all care :
 Do it with reverence,
 Tracing His hand
 Who hath placed it before thee
 With earnest command.
 Stayed on Omnipotence,
 Safe 'neath His wing.
 Leave all resultings,
 ' Doe the nexte thyngē.

Looking to Jesus,
 Ever serener,
 Working or suffering,
 Be thy demeanour !
 In the shade of His presence,
 The rest of His calm,
 The light of His countenance,
 Live out thy psalm :
 Strong in His faithfulness,
 Praise Him, and sing :
 Then, as He beckons thee,
 ' Doe the nexte thyngē.'

*Stillness and Service.**

TRUST IN GOD, AND DO THE RIGHT.

COURAGE, brother, do not stumble,
 Though thy path be dark as night ;
 There's a star to guide the humble :
 ' Trust in God, and do the right.'
 Do the right, do the right,
 ' Trust in God, and do the right.'

* author of *I must keep the Chimes going.* Seeleys.

Let the road be rough and dreary,
And its end far out of sight,
Foot it bravely, strong or weary,
'Trust in God, and do the right.'

Perish policy and cunning!
Perish all that fears the light!
Whether losing, whether winning,
'Trust in God, and do the right.'

Trust no party, sect, or faction;
Trust no leaders in the fight;
But in every word and action
'Trust in God, and do the right.'

Simple rule, and safest guiding,
Inward peace and inward might,
Star upon our path abiding,
'Trust in God, and do the right.'

Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight;
Cease from man, and look above thee,
'Trust in God, and do the right.'

'Sacred Songster'—N. MACLEOD.

FRIENDSHIP.

TRUE friends help each other,
Gladly give and take;
Bear with one another
For sweet friendship's sake.

E'en when parted, always
Love each other still:
Both in joy and sorrow,
Sharing good and ill.

Onwards in life's journey,
Clasping hand in hand,
Thus they seek together
Friendship's native land.

Happy home, where Jesus,
Best and truest Friend,
Waits for Christian pilgrims
At their journey's end.

A. MARRYAT.

THE PILGRIMS' SONG.

LORD JESUS, to Thee
We are wandering on,
Oh keep Thou our feet,
Till heaven be won.

The way is oft steep
And we long sore for rest,
But Thou, loving Lord,
Thou knowest the best.

We'll not fear the storms,
They are all in Thy Hand ;
We'll not dread the thorns,
We're a pilgrim band.

We're a pilgrim band,
As we walk, we sing,
We thank Thee for all,
Our God and our King.

We thank Thee, dear Lord,
For the sunshine fair,
For flowers that smile
By the wayside bare.

We thank Thee for toil
And the weary night,
That makes Thy great love
Only shine more bright.

We thank Thee still more
For the coming dawn,
For that tender hope
Of a holy morn,

When we who are now
Thy pilgrim band,
Shall kneel at Thy feet,
In the mountain land.

M. E. TOWNSEND.

MEMORIALS.

THIS life is but a school-time,
In which we learn to love
The Friends we see around us,
The Unseen God above.

Some learn by active service,
Others in Grief, and Pain ;
Some seem to reap in gladness,
The rest to toil in vain.

The great thing is, to study
To seek our Lord in all :
His great Love to remember,
Whatever may befall.

We know the blessed story,
Of how He came to save,
And lived as Man amongst us,
From childhood to the grave.

And Earth has now her tokens,
That He has touched with light ;
Memorials of His kindness
Are ever in our sight.

The Pillows that we rest on,
The Hairs upon our head,
The Basin of clear water,
The Towel fair outspread :

Our raiment of White Linen,
The Well beside the way,
Our Basket and our Money,
Our Children at their play :

The little Sparrows feeding,
 The Wind that strews the grain,
 The Shepherd gently leading
 His lambs along the lane :

The patient Ass at labour,
 The Cattle in the stall,
 The Cock at morning crowing,
 The Dove's voice at nightfall :

The gleaming of the Fire
 Whose warmth is round us spread,
 The broiled Fish and the Honey,
 The little Loaves of Bread :

The Boats upon the water,
 The Fishers on the shore,—
 These things remind us of Him,
 These, and a hundred more.

And Stars are all the dearer,
 For that one wanderer bright,
 That shone of old at Bethlehem,
 Upon the Wise Men's sight.

The jewelled lights of Sunset,
 The glory of the Dawn,
 The snowy Clouds of Heaven,
 The Flowers upon the lawn :

The wild Sea's tossing splendour,
 Of green and crested waves,
 The firmly planted Mountain
 Its silent rocky Caves :

The voice of Sighs, and Weeping,
 The Bier where lies the Dead,—
 These speak to us of Jesus,
 Of words that He has said.

And pain, and weakness, make Him
Nearer, and dearer seem,
Till Life becomes a story
Of which He is the theme.

When Nurses gently tend us,
When Friends hold out their hands,
When kind Physicians cheer us,
Or Priest with Chalice stands :

In each we may discover
The likeness of our Lord,
Who soothes our bed of sickness,
According to His word.

O ! then in Joy or Sorrow,
Whatever may befall,
Let us our Lord remember,
And see His Love in all.

C. M. NOEL.

PARTING.

WHEN friend from friend is parting,
And in each speaking eye
The silent tears are starting
To tell what words deny,
How could we bear the heavy load
Of such heart agony,
Could we not cast it all—our God—
Our gracious God—on Thee?
And feel that Thou kind watch wilt keep
When we are far away,
That Thou wilt soothe us when we weep,
And hear us when we pray.

Yet oft these hearts will whisper,
That better 'twould betide
If we were near the friends we love
And watching by their side ;

But sure Thou'lt love them dearer, Lord,
 For trusting Thee alone !
 And sure, Thou wilt draw nearer, Lord,
 The farther we are gone ;
 Then why be sad ? since Thou wilt keep
 Watch o'er them day by day,
 Since Thou wilt soothe *them* when they weep,
 And hear *us* when we pray.

Oh, for that bright and happy land
 Where—far amid the blest—
 'The wicked cease from troubling, and
 The weary are at rest ;'
 Where friends are never parted
 Once met around Thy throne,
 And none are broken-hearted
 Since all with Thee are one !
 Yet oh, till then watch o'er us keep
 While far from Thee away,
 And soothe us, Lord, oft as we weep,
 And hear us when we pray !

MONSELL.

THE FAREWELL EUCHARIST.

IT is the solemn time
 Of mysteries sublime ;
 There is deep silence through the House of Prayer ;
 For, lo ! with reverence high,
 A little band draw nigh
 To eat and drink their last Communion there.

'Tis their last Sabbath-day
 Ere the swift bark away
 From their own native land shall bear them far ;
 And they no more may come
 To this their holy home,
 With morning sun or evening's rising star.

No more with humble cry
Of solemn Litany
Their voices 'mid the faithful band shall rise ;
Nor in the holy song,
Their lips have hymned so long,
Ascend with loud thanksgiving to the skies.

For o'er the distant sea
Their future home must be,
'Mid lonesome woods, and rocks, and wilds unknown ;
Where shall be none to tell
Of all they loved so well,
Of household joys and cherished pleasures flown.

Then shall their thoughts return
To their old homes, and yearn
For the sweet Sunday-bell of other times :
But they shall yearn in vain,
For them never again
Shall sound the music of those village chimes.

Parting from all beside,
To meet on life's dark tide,
They know not what of sorrow and of change,
They fain would lean for rest
Upon His loving breast,
Whom from His own no trouble shall estrange.

And herefore 'tis, that now
They come with quivering brow,
And tearful eye, this last high Feast to seek ;
Matron and sturdy sire,
And youth's quenched glance of fire,
And maiden bending low in silence meek.

O noble Pilgrim band !
'Tis better thus to stand,
Than girt with brazen helm or gleaming sword.
Yours is the shield of Faith
That mocks the darts of Death ;
Your falchion is the Spirit of your Lord !

Ye bear no gems nor gold
 Forth from your homes of old ;
 Dark penury hath forced you hence away ;
 But ye, we trust, have won,
 Through God's eternal Son,
 That crown of glory which shall not decay.

The trials of your lot
 Soon may be all forgot ;
Ye shall pass onward to the distant shore,
 And your remembrance fade,
 Even as the morning shade ;
 The place that knew you once shall know no more.

But in your hearts shall lie
 A sweet glad memory
 Of this bless'd hour, to guide and cheer you on,
 Until at length you come
 To that Eternal Home,
 Whither your Saviour hath before you gone.

REV. G. W. BRAMELD.

FOR THOSE AT SEA.

ETERNAL Father, strong to save,
 Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,
 Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
 Its own appointed limits keep ;
 O hear us when we cry to Thee
 For those in peril on the sea.

O Christ, Whose voice the waters heard
 And hushed their raging at Thy word,
 Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
 And calm amid the storm didst sleep ;
 O hear us when we cry to Thee
 For those in peril on the sea.

O Holy Spirit, Who didst brood
 Upon the waters dark and rude,

And bid their angry tumult cease,
And give, for wild confusion, peace ;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

O Trinity of love and power,
Our brethren shield in danger's hour ;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go ;
Thus evermore shall rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

W. WHITING.

SICKNESS.

O HOW soft that bed must be
Made in sickness, Lord, by Thee !
Dear that rest, where calm and sweet
Sufferer and Saviour meet !

'Twas the good Physician now
Soothed my cheek and chafed my brow,
Whisp'ring, as He raised my head,
'It is I—be not afraid.'

God of glory, God of grace,
Hear from Heaven, Thy dwelling-place !
Hear in mercy and forgive,
Bid Thy child believe and live !

Bless me, and I shall be blest,
Soothe me, and I shall have rest,
Fix my heart, my hopes above,
Love me, Lord, for Thou art love !

MONSELL.

HOME.

WHEN my tongue can no more utter
Either prayer or psalm,
Then O give my spirit longing
For Thy blissful calm.

When the last faint sigh is breathèd,
 Ope Thy door of pearl,
 Bid my watchful guardian angel
 His white wings unfurl ;

That through regions wild, untrodden,
 Lost I may not roam,
 Bid him bear my quaking spirit
 Softly, softly home !

Home to the Angel Land,
 Home where no shadows fall,
 Home to the golden strand,
 Home to the Monarch's hall ;
 Home from all risk of harm,
 Home to the Land of rest,
 Home to my Father's arm,
 Home to my Saviour's breast.

People's Hymnal.

FUNERAL HYMN.

SLEEP on, beloved one, through the summers sweet ;
 Sleep on ; the daisies blowing at thy feet ;
 Through wintry blast, and autumn's chilly rain,
 Awake not, until Jesus comes again.

Nothing can harm thee, O thou blessed dead,
 Loud though the storm beat o'er thy gentle head ;
 In Jesu's keeping ne'er shall power of Hell
 Snatch thee from Him who loveth thee so well.

‘Until the Day dawn,’ and ‘the shadows flee,’
 Till from thy narrow bed He calleth thee,
 Sleep on in silence, O thou sacred dust,
 Waiting the Resurrection of the just.

Sleep on, thou loved one, through the summers sweet ;
 Sleep on ! the flowerets waving at thy feet ;
 Lone though our hearts feel, yet we would not weep,
 For ‘so He giveth His beloved sleep.’

*From a Collection of Hymns edited by the
 Rev. E. Husband.*

A CHILD'S FUNERAL.

LET no tears to-day be shed,
Holy is this narrow bed. Alleluia.

Death eternal life bestows,
Open Heaven's portal throws. Alleluia.

And no peril waits at last,
Him who now away hath passed. Alleluia.

Not salvation hardly won,
Not the need for race well run, Alleluia.

But the pity of the Lord
Gives His child a full reward. Alleluia.

Grants the prize without the course,
Crowns, without the battle's force. Alleluia.

GOD, Who loveth innocence,
Hastes to take His darling hence. Alleluia.

CHRIST, when this sad life is done,
Join us to Thy little one ; Alleluia.

And in Thine own tender love,
Bring us to the ranks above. Alleluia. Amen.

R. F. L.

From HYMNS AND CAROLS FOR CHILDREN.

CHURCHYARDS.

OUR mother the Church hath a gentle nest,
Where the Lord's dear children lie,
And its name is sweet to a Christian ear,
As a motherly lullaby.

Oh, the green churchyard, the green churchyard,
Is the couch she spreads for all ;
And she layeth the cottager's baby there,
With the lord of the tapestry hall !

Our mother the Church hath never a child
 To honour before the rest,
 But she singeth the same for mighty kings,
 And the veriest babe on her breast ;
 And the bishop goes down to his narrow bed
 As the ploughman's child is laid,
 And alike she blesseth the dark-browed serf
 And the chief in his robe arrayed.

She sprinkles the drops of the bright new-birth
 The same on the low and high,
 And christens their bodies with dust to dust,
 When earth with its earth must lie.
 Oh, the poor man's friend is the Church of Christ,
 From birth to his funeral day ;
 She makes him the Lord's, in her surpliced arms,
 And singeth his burial lay.

And ever the bells in the green churchyard
 Are tolling, to tell ye this ;
 Go pray in the church, while pray ye can,
 That so ye may sleep in bliss.
 And wise is he in the glow of life,
 Who weaveth his shroud of rest,
 And graveth it plain on his coffin plate,
 That the dead in Christ are blest.

'Christian Ballads'—A. CLEVELAND COXE.

A SPIRIT VOICE.

NOT gone, dear—only hidden
 A moment from your eyes ;
 Not lost, but only waiting
 For you in Paradise.

Not dead, but ever living
 Henceforth in joy and light ;
 Not taken from you—only
 Just taken out of sight.

Not far away—but nearer
Than ever yet before ;
Not parted, for love binds us
More closely than of yore.

Such love as links our spirits
Fails not with failing breath,
But in its might hath power
To bridge the gulf of death.

Joy in my great rejoicing,
And hush your cries of pain.
Have patience, and ere long, dear,
We two shall meet again.

A. MARRYAT.

THE COMING OF CHRIST.

THIS Advent morn shines cold and clear,
These advent nights are long ;
Our lamps have burned year after year
And still their flame is strong.
'Watchman, what of the night ?' we cry
Heartsick with hope deferred :
'No speaking signs are in the sky,'
Is still the watchman's word.

The Porter watches at the gate,
The servants watch within ;
The watch is long betimes and late,
The prize is slow to win.
'Watchman, what of the night ?' but still
His answer sounds the same :
'No daybreak tops the utmost hill,
Nor pale our lamps of flame.'

One to another hear them speak
The patient virgins wise :
'Surely He is not far to seek—'
'All night we watch and rise.'

‘ The days are evil looking back,
 The coming days are dim ;
 Yet count we not His promise slack,
 But watch and wait for Him.’

One with another, soul with soul,
 They kindle fire from fire :
 ‘ Friends watch us who have touched the goal,
 They urge us, ‘ Come up higher.’
 ‘ With them shall rest our waysore feet,
 With them is built our home,
 With Christ.’—‘ They sweet, but He most sweet,
 Sweeter than honeycomb.’

There no more parting, no more pain,
 The distant ones brought near,
 The lost so long are found again,
 Long lost but longer dear :
 Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard,
 Nor heart conceived that rest,
 With them our good things long deferred,
 With Jesus Christ our Best.

We weep because the night is long,
 We laugh for day shall rise,
 We sing a slow contented song
 And knock at Paradise.
 Weeping we hold Him fast ; Who wept
 For us, we hold Him fast ;
 And will not let Him go except
 He bless us first or last.

Weeping we hold Him fast to-night ;
 We will not let Him go
 Till daybreak smite our wearied sight
 And summer smite the snow :
 Then figs shall bud, and dove with dove
 Shall coo the livelong day ;
 Then He shall say, ‘ Arise, my love,
 My fair one, come away.’

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

THE BEAUTIFUL RIVER.

SHALL we gather at the river
Where bright angel feet have trod,
With its crystal tide for ever
Flowing by the throne of God ?
Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river,
Gather with the saints at the river,
That flows by the throne of God.

On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray,
We will walk and worship ever,
All the happy golden day.

Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down ;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.

At the smiling of the river,
Mirror of the Saviour's face,
Saints whom death will never sever,
Raise their songs of saving grace.

Soon we'll reach the silver river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease,
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.

R. LOWRY.

THE RESURRECTION MORNING.

ON the Resurrection morning
Soul and body meet again ;
No more sorrow, no more weeping,
No more pain !

Here awhile they may be parted,
And the flesh its Sabbath keep,
Waiting in a holy stillness
Wrapt in sleep.

For a space the tired body
Lies with feet toward the dawn ;
Till there breaks the last and brightest
Easter morn.

But the soul in contemplation,
Utters earnest prayer and strong ;
Breaking at the Resurrection
Into song.

Soul and body re-united,
Thenceforth nothing shall divide,
Waking up in Christ's own likeness
Satisfied.

Oh ! the beauty, oh ! the gladness
Of that Resurrection day !
Which shall not through endless ages
Pass away.

On that happy Easter morning
All the graves their dead restore,
Father, sister, child, and mother,
Meet once more.

To that brightest of all meetings
Bring us, Jesu Christ, at last ;
To Thy cross, through death and judgment,
Holding fast.

Working Songs.

These hands shall they not work? these limbs shall they
Not labour?—Jesus our Redeemer toiled
And taught us the nobility of toil.
For well-nigh thirty years He wielded axe
And hammer, and the holy hand guided
The saw and plane. Are we more noble than
Our Lord?—shall we despise the ungloved hand
Bronzed by the noonday sun, and hardened by
The labour of the day? Oh, let us cease
To honour idleness, but rather count
Both head and hand to honour raised by toil!
For work is God-appointed, be it true
And honest, great or small; God is the great
Taskmaster, hallowed then the Master's work.

'All true work is sacred; in all true work, were it but true
hand labour, there is something of divineness.'—CARLYLE.

WORKING SONGS.

A CHEER FOR THE WORKERS.

HURRAH for the men who work,
 Whatever may be their trade !
Hurrah for the men who wield the pen,
 And they who use the spade ;
Who earn their daily bread
 By the sweat of an honest brow !
Hurrah for the men who dig and delve,
 And they who reap and plough !

Hurrah for the sturdy arm !
 Hurrah for the steady will !
Hurrah for the worker's strength !
 Hurrah for the worker's skill !
Hurrah for the arm that guides the plough,
 And the hand that drives the quill !
Hurrah for the noble workers !
 Hurrah for the young and old !
The men of worth all over the earth—
 Hurrah for the workers bold !

Hurrah for the men that work,
 And the trade that suits them best !
Hurrah for the six days' labour,
 And the one of blessed rest !
Hurrah for the open heart !
 Hurrah for the noble aim !
Hurrah for a quiet home !
 Hurrah for an honest name !

Hurrah for the men who strive !
 Hurrah for the men who save,
 Who sit not down to sigh,
 But struggle like the brave !
 Hurrah for the men who *earn* their bread,
 And will not stoop to *crave* !

J. RICHARDSON.

LABOUR.

PAUSE not to dream of the future before us ;
 Pause not to weep the wild cares that come o'er us ;
 Hark how creation's deep musical chorus,
 Unintermitting, goes up into Heaven !
 Never the ocean-wave falters in flowing ;
 Never the little seed stops in its growing ;
 More and more richly the rose-heart keeps glowing,
 Till from its nourishing stem it is riven.

' Labour is worship ! the robin is singing ;
 ' Labour is worship ! the wild bee is ringing ;
 Listen ! that eloquent whisper, upspringing,
 Speaks to thy soul from out Nature's heart.
 From the dark cloud flows the life-giving shower ;
 From the rough sod comes the soft-breathing flower ;
 From the small insect the rich coral bower ;
 Only man, in the plan, ever shrinks from his part.

Labour is life ! 'Tis the still water faileth ;
 Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth ;
 Keep the watch wound, for the dark mist assaileth ;
 Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.
 Labour is glory ! the flying cloud lightens ;
 Only the waving wing changes and brightens ;
 Idle hearts only the dark future frightens ;
 Play the sweet keys wouldst thou keep them in tune.

Labour is rest—from the sorrows that greet us ;
 Rest from all petty vexations that meet us ;
 Rest from sin-promptings that ever intreat us ;
 Rest from world-syrens that lure us to ill.

Work—and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow ;
Work—thou shalt ride over care's coming billow ;
Lie not down wearied 'neath woe's weeping willow ;
Work with a stout heart and resolute will !

Droop not, though shame, sin, and anguish are round
thee ;
Bravely fling off the cold chain that hath bound thee ;
Look on yon pure heaven smiling beyond thee ;
Rest not content in thy darkness—a clod.
Work for some good—be it ever so slowly ;
Cherish some flower—be it ever so lowly ;
Labour !—all labour is noble and holy :
Let thy great deeds be a prayer to thy God.

F. OSGOOD.

THE CHIVALRY OF LABOUR.

UPROUSE ye now, brave brother-band,
With honest heart and working hand,
We are but few, toil-tried and true,
Yet hearts beat high to dare and do.
And who would not a champion be
In Labour's lordlier chivalry ?
Clang, clang, clang, clang !

We fight, but bear no bloody brand,
We fight to free our Fatherland,
We fight, that smiles of love may glow
On lips where curses quiver now.
Hurrah ! hurrah ! true knights are we,
In Labour's lordlier chivalry !
Clang, clang, clang, clang !

O ! there be hearts that ache to see
The day-dawn of our victory ;
Eyes full of heart-break with us plead,
And watchers weep, and martyrs bleed.
O ! who would not a champion be,
In Labour's lordlier chivalry ?
Clang, clang, clang, clang !

Work, brothers mine, work, hand and brain,
 We'll win the golden age again,
 And Love's millennial morn shall rise
 In happy hearts and blessed eyes.
 Hurrah ! hurrah ! true knights are we,
 In Labour's lordlier chivalry !
 Clang, clang, clang, clang !

GERALD MASSEY.

HARD TIMES.

LET us pause in life's pleasures and count its many
 tears,

While we all sup sorrow with the poor ;
 There's a song that will linger for ever in our ears,
 'Oh ! Hard Times, come again no more.'
 'Tis the song, the sigh of the weary ;
 Hard Times, come again no more ;
 Many days you have lingered around my cabin
 door ;
 Oh ! Hard Times, come again no more.

While we seek mirth and beauty, and music light and
 gay,

There are frail forms fainting at the door ;
 Though their voices are silent, their pleading looks will
 say,

'Oh ! Hard Times,' &c.

'Tis a sigh that is wafted across the troubled wave,
 'Tis a wail that is heard upon the shore,
 'Tis a dirge that is murmured around the lonely grave,
 'Oh ! Hard Times,' &c.

THE FARMER.

A FARMER'S life's the life for me,
 I own I love it dearly,
 And every season full of glee,
 I take its labour cheerly.

To plough or sow, to reap or mow,

Or in the barn to thrash, sirs,

All's one to me I plainly see,

'Twill bring me health and cash, sirs.

Chorus—A Farmer's life's, &c. &c.

The Lawyer leads a harassed life,

Much like a hunted otter ;

And 'tween his own and others' strife

He's always in a potter.

For foe or friend a cause defend,

However wrong, must he, sirs ;

In reason's spite maintain its right,

And dearly earn his fee, sirs.

A Farmer's life's, &c. &c.

A Farmer's life then let me live,

Obtaining while I lead it,

Enough for self, and some to give

To such poor folks as need it.

I'll drain and fence, nor grudge expense,

To give my land good dressing ;

I'll plough and sow, or drill in row,

And hope from Heaven a blessing.

A Farmer's life's, &c. &c.

From THE UNION SCHOOL-SONG GARLAND.

THE PLOUGHMAN.

THERE'S high and low, there's rich and poor,

There's trades and crafts enow, man,

But east and west, his trade's the best,

That kens to guide the plough, man.

Then, come, well speed, my ploughman lad,

And hey my merry ploughman ;

Of all the trades that I do ken,

Commend me to the ploughman.

His dreams are sweet upon his bed,

His cares are light and few, man ;

His mother's blessing's on his head,
 That tents* her well, the ploughman.
 Then, come, &c. &c.

The lark so sweet, that starts to meet
 The morning fresh and new, man ;
 Blithe though she be, as blithe is he
 That sings as sweet, the ploughman.
 Then, come, &c. &c.

All fresh and gay, at dawn of day
 Their labours they renew, man ;
 Heaven bless the seed, and bless the soil,
 And Heaven bless the ploughman.

Then, come, well speed, &c. &c.

BARONESS NAIRNE.

FROM SEED TO MILL.

HOPEFUL the sower goes,
 Scattering, scattering
 All the good seed o'er the field ;
 Then, without tarrying,
 Follows the harrowing,
 Sun and rain following
 Help on the yield ;
 And for the sower's hope
 Springeth a golden crop,
 Clothing the wide smiling field.

Next, with a clattering,
 Rick tick tick, rick tick tick,
 Rattles the reaping-machine ;
 O'er all the sunny plain
 Down falls the yellow grain,
 While busy arms amain
 Bustling are seen,
 Gath'ring and banding,
 And full sheaves up-standing
 Where lately the sower had been.

* Tent, to take care of.

Merrily goes the flail,
Flip flap flap, flip flap flap,
Beating the bright yellow corn ;
Cheerily singeth
The thrasher who flingeth
The flail, and awaketh
The echoes of morn,
Singing and flinging,
While woodlands are ringing,
And all for the bright yellow corn.

Rapidly goes the mill,
Click clack clack, click clack clack,
All on a cold frosty morn,
While the stout miller
Is counting his siller,
Contented and happy
While grinding his corn :
While the bold miller
Is counting his siller,
And all for the bright yellow corn.

From THE UNION SCHOOL-SONG GARLAND.

THE MILL WHEEL.

ROUND and round it goes,
As fast the water flows ;
The dripping, dropping, plashing wheel,
That turns the noisy, dusty mill ;
Round and round it goes,
Round and round it goes !

Turning all the day,
It never stops to play,
The dripping, dropping, turning wheel,
That grinds the golden corn for meal ;
Turning all the day,
Turning all the day.

Hear the plashing sound,
As still the wheel goes round,

The dripping wheel that turns the mill,
 And never thinks of standing still ;
 Ever turning round,
 As the corn is ground.

From THE UNION SCHOOL-SONG GARLAND.

SONG OF THE HAYMAKERS.

THE noontide is hot and our foreheads are brown ;
 Our palms are all shining and hard ;
 Right close is our work with the wain and the fork,
 And but poor is our daily reward.
 But there's joy in the sunshine and mirth in the lark,
 That skims whistling away overhead ;
 Our spirits are light, though our skins may be dark,
 And there's peace with our meal of brown bread.
 We dwell in the meadows and toil on the sward,
 Far away from the city's dull gloom ;
 And more jolly are we, though in rags we may be,
 Than the pale faces over the loom.

Then a song and a cheer for the bonny green stack,
 Climbing up to the sun, wide and high ;
 For the pitchers and rakers, and merry haymakers,
 And a beautiful midsummer sky.

Come forth, gentle ladies—come forth, dainty sirs,
 And lend us your presence awhile,
 Your garments will gather no stain from the burs,
 And a freckle won't tarnish your smile.
 Our carpet's more soft for your delicate feet
 Than the pile of your velveted floor,
 And the scent of our balm-swath is surely as sweet
 As the perfume of Araby's shore.
 Come forth, noble masters, come forth to the field,
 Where freshness and health may be found ;
 Where the wind-rows are spread for the butterfly's bed,
 And the clover-bloom falleth around.
 Then a song and a cheer, &c.

‘ Hold fast,’ cries the waggoner loudly and quick,
 And then comes the hearty ‘ Gee wo !’

While the cunning old team-horses manage to pick
A sweet mouthful to munch as they go.
The tawny-faced children come round us to play,
And bravely they scatter the heap,
Till the tiniest one, all outspent with the fun,
Is curl'd up with the sheep-dog, asleep.
Old age sitteth down on the haycock's fair crown
At the close of our labouring day,
And wishes his life, like the grass at his feet,
May be pure at its passing away.
Then a song and a cheer, &c.

ELIZA COOK.

ALL AMONG THE BARLEY.

COME out, 'tis now September,
The hunter's moon's begun ;
And through the wheaten stubble
Is heard the frequent gun.

The Autumn is an old friend,
That loves one all he can,
And brings the happy Barley
To glad the heart of man.

The Wheat is like a rich man,
That's sleek and well-to-do ;
The Oats are like a pack of girls,
Laughing and dancing too ;

The Rye is like a miser,
That's sulky, lean, and small ;
But the free and bearded Barley
Is the monarch of them all.

Chorus—All among the Barley,
Who would not be blithe,
When the free and happy Barley
Is smiling on the scythe ?

A. T.

THE BARLEY-MOWERS' SONG.

BARLEY-MOWERS here we stand,
 One, two, three, a steady band ;
 True of heart and strong of limb,
 Ready in our harvest-trim ;
 All a-row with spirits blithe,
 Now we whet the bended scythe.
 Rink-a-tink, rink-a-tink, rink-a-tink a-tink !

Side by side now, bending low,
 Down the swaths of barley go ;
 Stroke by stroke, as true as chime
 Of the bells, we keep in time :
 Then we whet the ringing scythe,
 Standing 'mid the barley lithe.
 Rink-a-tink, rink-a-tink, rink-a-tink a-tink !

After labour cometh ease ;
 Sitting now beneath the trees,
 Round we send the barley-wine,
 Life infusing, clear and fine ;
 Then refreshed, alert, and blithe,
 Rise we all, and whet the scythe.
 Rink-a-tink, rink-a-tink, rink-a-tink a-tink !

Barley-mowers must be true,
 Keeping still the end in view ;
 One with all, and all with one,
 Working on till set of sun ;
 Bending all with spirits blithe,
 Whetting all at once the scythe.
 Rink-a-tink, rink-a-tink, rink-a-tink a-tink !

Day and night, and night and day,
 Time, the mower, will not stay,
 We may hear him in our path
 By the falling barley-swath ;
 While we sing with spirits blithe,
 We may hear his ringing scythe.
 Rink-a-tink, rink-a-tink, rink-a-tink a-tink !

Time, the mower, cuts down all,
High and low, and great and small :
Fear him not, for we will grow
Ready like the field we mow ;
Like the bending barley lithe,
Ready for Time's whetted scythe.
Rink-a-tink, rink-a-tink, rink-a-tink a-tink !

MARY HOWITT.

HARVEST HOME.

MEN of sinew ! hale and hearty,
Brave at scythe and sickle, come,
Come and swell our gleesome party,
Reapers ! sturdy reapers, come !
Time for all things, this for leisure ;
Time for all things, this for pleasure.
Sing our merry Harvest-Home.

Mothers meek ! home-troubles leaving,
Join your husbands' joy and come,
Honour, love, respect receiving,
From the honest-hearted, come !
Nought unmeet for woman's bearing,
Nought unmeet for woman's hearing,
Blots our merry Harvest-Home.

Maidens modest ! fear no roughness,
Fathers, brothers are we ; come !
Kind and true, despite our bluffness ;
Maidens modest ! come, then, come !
Far away be thoughts of lightness,
With your own unsullied brightness,
Maidens ! bless our Harvest-Home !

Aged folks ! our hamlet's glory,
Dames and grandsires !—all must come ;
Come and tell again the story
Of the days long bygone, come ;
Ye who with life's ills have striven,
And to whom now rest is given,
Welcome to our Harvest-Home.

Laughing children ! lend your rattle
 To our merry-making ; come !
 Good to hear is childhood's prattle ;
 Children ! merry children, come !
 Ye have worked as hard as others,
 Gleaning proud beside your mothers,
 Ye must share our Harvest-Home.

High and low ! -with one another,
 Young and old ! come, join us, come !
 Each to each, in God, a brother ;
 To our village high-day come !
 Well it is that harvest labours,
 Richly crowned, should bind all neighbours
 In a thankful Harvest-Home.

HARVEST CAROL.

COME forth, come forth, brave reapers !
 And bear your sheaves with you,
 We come to thank our Master,
 That Master good and true :
 We toil, we plant, we water,
 Our labours never cease,
 But God alone is Master,
 Who giveth the increase.

We sow in tears and labour,
 We reap in joy with strength,
 We tread our pathway weeping,
 Good seed we bear at length ;
 Our mouth is filled with laughter,
 Our tongue is filled with mirth,
 The harvest is of Heaven,
 The labour was of earth.

The Lord of Life saith to us,
 'Come gather in your wheat !
 But when you keep your harvest
 One thing do not forget,

There comes another harvest
For which no mortal delves,
There I am Harvest-Master,
The sheaves are you yourselves.

My angels are the reapers,
Both night and day they care
To see the seed grow riper
Within the bending ear :
At last through Heaven's bright portal
The guardian angels sweep,
And say, 'The corn is ready,
Give, Lord, the word to reap !'

And then the word is given,
'Go forth and reap the corn,
The fields so white with harvest
Upon this harvest morn :
Go forth my angel reapers,
And in your bosoms bear
The sheaves to my full garner,
And store the harvest there.'

O joy ! O life for ever !
O life of days to come !
O day which knows no ending,
O endless harvest-home :
A harvest-home whose pleasure
No blight, no storms alloy !
A blest abode ! a feast of God !
A paradise of joy !

G. M.

THE THRESHER.

OH ! his limbs are strong as boughs of oak,
And his thews like links of mail.
How his quick breath streams while round him gleams
With a whirl his mighty flail !
For it's thump, thump, thump, with right good will,
From morn till set of sun ;
And his arm and flail will never fail
Till his daily task be done.

With the first glad birds that hail the morn
 He is up at work amain,
 Till the old barn floor is covered o'er
 With the sweet and pearly grain.

Oh ! his heart is light as hearts will be
 With a purpose good and strong,
 And his strokes keep time to catch the chime
 Of his blithely carolled song.

For it's thump, thump, thump, with right good will,
 From morn till set of sun ;
 And his arm and flail will never fail
 Till his daily task be done.

While the boys that 'mid the corn-stacks hide
 Echo back his gleesome lay,
 As they toss the chaff, and shout and laugh
 In the golden noon of day.

But a lesson they may read and learn,
 And the Thresher makes it plain,
 For the chaff he finds he gives the winds,
 But he garners up the grain.

Then it's work, work, work, with a right good will,
 And store the sheaves of truth ;
 From the precious seed strike husk and weed,
 In the harvest-time of youth.

G. BENNETT

THE WOOD-CUTTER'S NIGHT SONG.

WELCOME, red and rounding sun,
 Dropping lowly in the west ;
 Now my hard day's work is done,
 I'm as happy as the best.

Joyful are the thoughts of home,
 Now I'm ready for my chair,
 So, till to-morrow morning's come,
 Bill and mittens, lie ye there !

Though to leave your pretty song,
Little birds, it gives me pain,
Yet to-morrow is not long,
Then I'm with you all again.

If I stop and stand about,
Well I know how things will be,
Judy will be looking out
Every now and then for me.

So fare ye well ! and hold your tongues ;
Sing no more until I come ;
They're not worthy of your songs,
That never care to drop a crumb.

All day long I love the oaks,
But at night yon little cot,
Where I see the chimney smokes,
Is by far the prettiest spot.

Wife and children all are there,
To revive with pleasant looks,
Table ready set, and chair,
Supper hanging on the hooks.

Soon as ever I get in,
When my fagot down I fling,
Little prattlers they begin,
Teasing me to talk and sing.

JOHN CLARE (*Northamptonshire Peasant*).

THE BRAVE OLD OAK.

A SONG for the oak, the brave old oak,
Who hath ruled in the greenwood long,
Here's health and renown to his broad green crown,
And his fifty arms so strong.
There's fear in his frown, when the sun goes down,
And the fire in the west fades out,

And he showeth his might, on a wild midnight,
When storms through his branches shout.

Then sing to the oak, the brave old oak,
Who stands in his pride alone,
And still flourish he, a hale green tree,
When a hundred years are gone.

In the days of old, when the spring with gold,
Was lighting his branches gray ;
Through the grass at his feet, crept maidens sweet,
To gather the dew of May.
And all that day to the rebeck gay,
They frolicked with lovesome swains ;
They are gone—they are dead—in the churchyard laid,
But the tree he still remains.

Then sing &c.

He saw the rare times, when the Christmas chimes,
Were a merry sound to hear ;
When the squire's wide hall, and the cottage small,
Were full of good English cheer.
Now Gold hath the sway—we all obey,
And a ruthless king is he ;
But he never shall send our ancient friend
To be tossed on the stormy sea.

Then sing &c.

H. F. CHORLEY.

THE SHEPHERD'S SABBATH SONG.

THE Sabbath morn is here !
I stand alone upon the plain ;
The bell will sound but once again—
Then silence far and near !

I bow the adoring knee ;
O sweetest dawn ! mysterious breeze !
How many on their bended knees,
Unseen, now pray with me !

The heavens far and near
To me are solemn, and so bright
They seem to open to my sight ;
The Sabbath morn is here !

Transl. from the German of Uhland by F. TOWNSEND.

THE SHEPHERD BOY.

UPON the mountain's sunny side,
Far up the grassy steep,
All day the little shepherd boy
Keeps watch beside his sheep.

He comes there, ere the red of dawn
Has faded from the heaven,
He stays there, till the first bright dews
Begin to fall at even.

The hours so full of change to us,
To him unvarying pass,
I ever see him lying there,
Outstretched upon the grass.

The yellow blossoms on the furze,
Do close beside him blow,
He stretches out a listless hand,
And plucks them as they grow.

And sometimes the long feather grass,
With idle hand he weaves,
Or pulls the purple clover flower,
And sucks its honeyed leaves.

But still he lieth there, his face,
Upturned to the blue sky,
And sees the broad sun wax and wane,
And marks the shadows fly.

The sun-bleached locks upon his brow,
Wave softly in the wind,
I often wonder as I pass,
What thoughts are in his mind.

And still I think that simple child,
 Thus, far from strife, and ill,
 Alone with sun, and cloud, and field,
 Upon the wide green hill,
 Has surely with God's wondrous things
 In closer commune grown,
 And holy thoughts have come to him,
 Out in the pasture lone.

He needs must think Whose hand outspread
 That sky so bright and wide,
 And carved the little blade of grass,
 He looks on, at his side.

And when a shadow on the turf,
 Has paused awhile, and fled,
 He deems perchance, some guardian wing
 Was folded o'er his head.

And when the gloom of twilight falls,
 Just as he hastens home,
 He thinks how angels in the night,
 Did once to shepherds come.

Still to his eye the sunset clouds,
 With amber tipped, and gold,
 Are gates before a brighter world,
 O might they once unfold !

I know not, if in truth, his heart,
 Thus glows with dreams of joy ;
 But such I deem, might well befit,
 A lonely shepherd boy.

C. F. ALEXANDER.

THE BLACKSMITH.

My lover I hear !
 The hammer he swings,
 It whirrs and it rings ;
 Through the city around,
 As a bell it doth sound,
 Now far and now near.

My treasure he sits
In the chimney nook,
I will pass by and look.
Hark ! the bellows they creak,
They sigh and they shriek !
And the flame round him flits.

Transl. from the German of Uhland by F. TOWNSEND.

STRIKE THE IRON WHILE IT'S HOT.

J. E. CARPENTER.

THE BRITISH ANCHOR.

FILL up your mystic fires, a noble work is thine;
 Who forge the British anchors, the dwellers of the
 brine ;
 It seemeth round the lurid flame some magic rite ye
 keep,
 Creating from that shapeless mass the diver of the
 deep ;
 No sound is in the old dockyard, all hearts are in one
 spot,
 Where now the living liquid fire is raging white and
 hot.
 The signal's given—strike, stalwart men, your lion
 prowess keep ;
 Huzza ! they've forged the anchor, the diver of the deep !
 Oh, the anchors of our navy are the emblems of the
 free,
 They guard our giant ships from wreck on many a
 stormy sea ;
 They tell the brave and gallant hearts that dwell upon
 the main,
 What joys shall greet them when they sleep on British
 shores again.
 Then honour to the anchor, though it never shall abide,
 While there's war upon the billow, in its home beneath
 the tide ;
 For the ploughers of the ocean their name and fame
 must keep,
 As strong, as firm, as faithful, as the diver of the deep.

E. J. LODER.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

UNDER a spreading chestnut-tree
 The village smithy stands ;
 The smith, a mighty man is he,
 With large and sinewy hands ;
 And the muscles of his brawny arms
 Are strong as iron bands.
 His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
 His face is like the tan ;

His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow ;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.
And children, coming home from school
Look in at the open door ;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys ;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.
It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise !
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies ;
And with his hard rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes ;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees its close ;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.
Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught !
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought ;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought !

LONGFELLOW.

SONG OF THE BELL.

BELL ! thou soundest merrily,
 When the bridal party
 To the church doth hie :
 Bell ! thou soundest solemnly,
 When on Sabbath morning
 Fields deserted lie !

Bell ! thou soundest merrily ;
 Tellest thou at evening,
 Bed-time draweth nigh ?
 Bell ! thou soundest mournfully ;
 Tellest thou the bitter
 Parting hath gone by !

Say ! how canst thou mourn ?
 How canst thou rejoice ?
 Thou art but metal dull !
 And yet all our sorrowings,
 And all our rejoicings,
 Thou dost feel them all !

God hath wonders many,
 Which we cannot fathom,
 Placed within thy form !
 When the heart is sinking,
 Thou alone canst raise it,
 Trembling in the storm !

LONGFELLOW. *From the German.*

SONG OF THE SHIP-BUILDER.

THE sky is ruddy in the east,
 The earth is gray below,
 And, spectral in the river-mist,
 The ship's white timbers show.
 Then let the sounds of measured stroke
 And grating saw begin ;
 The broad-axe to the gnarled oak,
 The mallet to the pin !

Hark!—roars the bellows, blast on blast!
The sooty smithy jars,
And fire-sparks rising far and fast,
Are fading with the stars.
All day for us the smith shall stand
Beside that flashing forge;
All day for us his heavy hand
The groaning anvil scourge.
From far-off hills, the panting team
For us is toiling near;
For us the raftsmen down the stream
Their island barges steer.
Rings out for us the axe-man's stroke
In forests old and still;
For us the century-circled oak
Falls crashing down his hill.
Up!—up!—in nobler toil than ours
No craftsmen bear a part;
We make of Nature's giant powers
The slaves of human art.
Lay rib to rib, and beam to beam,
And drive the tree-nails free;
Nor faithless joint, nor yawning seam,
Shall tempt the searching sea!
Ho! strike away the bars and blocks,
And set the good ship free!
Why lingers on these dusty rocks
The young bride of the sea?
Look! how she moves adown the grooves,
In graceful beauty now!
How lowly on the breast she loves
Sinks down her virgin prow!
God bless her! wheresoe'er the breeze
Her snowy wing shall fan,
Aside the frozen Hebrides,
Or sultry Hindustan;
Where'er in mart, or on the main,
With peaceful flag unfurled,
She helps to wind the silken chain
Of commerce round the world!

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

MAKE YOUR MARK.

Golden Wreath.

THE BUILDERS.

ALL are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of Time,
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is, or low ;
Each thing in its place is best ;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials filled ;
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shape and fashion these ;
Leave no yawning gaps between ;
Think not, because no man sees,
Such things will remain unseen.

In the elder days of Art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part ;
For the Gods see everywhere.

Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen ;
Make the house where Gods may dwell
Beautiful, entire, and clean.

Else our lives are incomplete,
Standing in these walls of Time,
Broken stairways, where the feet
Stumble as they seek to climb.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base ;
And ascending and secure
Shall to-morrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain
To those turrets, where the eye
Sees the world as one vast plain,
And one boundless reach of sky.

LONGFELLOW.

THE FISHERMAN'S SONG.

COME, messmates, 'tis time to hoist the sail,
It is fair as fair can be ;
And the eddying tide, and the northerly gale,
Will carry us out to sea.
So down with the boat from the beach so steep,
We must part with the setting sun ;
For ere we can spread our nets in the deep
We've a weary way to run.

As through the night-watches we drift about,
We'll think of the times that are fled,
And of Him who once called other fishermen out,
To be fishers of men instead.
Like us they had hunger and cold to bear ;
Rough weather, like us, they knew ;
And He, who guarded them by His care,
Full often was with them too.

'Twas the fourth long watch of a stormy night,
 And but little way they had made,
 When He came o'er the waters and stood in their sight,
 And their hearts were sore afraid ;
 But He cheered their spirits, and said, 'It is I,'
 And then they could fear no harm.
 And though we cannot behold Him nigh,
 He is guarding us still with His arm.

They had toiled all the night, and had taken naught ;
 He commanded the stormy sea,
 They let down their nets, and of fishes caught
 An hundred and fifty-three.
 And good success to our boats He will send,
 If we trust in His mercy aright ;
 For He pitieith those who at home depend
 On what we shall take to-night.

And if ever in danger and fear we are tossed
 About on the stormy deep,
 We'll tell how they once thought that all was lost,
 When their Lord 'was fast asleep.'
 He saved them then—He can save us still—
 For His are the winds and the sea,
 And if He is with us, we'll fear no ill,
 Whatever the danger be.

Or if He see fit that our boat should sink,
 By a storm or a leak, like lead,
 Yet still of the glorious day we'll think,
 When the sea shall yield her dead ;
 For they who depart in His faith and fear
 Shall find their passage is short,
 From the troublesome waves that beset life here,
 To the everlasting port.

NEALE.

HERRING FISHING.

THE herring loves the merry moonlight,
 The mack'rel loves the wind ;
 But the oyster loves the dredging sand,
 For it comes of a gentler kind.

When the summer sun is glittering bright,
The gudeman and his crew
Go forth to spread their herring-nets
O'er the dancing waters blue.

They spread their sail to the angry gale,
They laugh at the drenching spray;
Their fields are on the wild sea-wave,
And they reap them night and day.

When the breeze blows fresh, the mack'rel then,
And many a fish beside,
They bring us at the dawn of day,
From out of the waters wide.

CALLER HERRIN'.

Wha'll buy caller herrin'?
They're bonnie fish and halesome farin',
Wha'll buy caller herrin',
New drawn frae the Forth?
When ye were sleepin' on your pillows,
Dreamed ye ought o' our puir fellows,
Darkling as they faced the billows,
A' to fill the woven willows?
Wha'll buy my caller herrin'?
They're no brought here without brave daring;
Buy my caller herrin',
Hauld through wind and rain.

Wha'll buy my caller herrin'?
Oh, ye may call them vulgar farin',
Wives and mithers maist despairing,
Call them lives of men.
When the creel o' herrin' passes,
Ladies, clad in silks and laces,
Gather in their braw pelisses,
Cast their heads and screw their faces.
Wha'll buy caller herrin'? &c.

Caller herrin's no got lightlie,
Ye can trip the spring fu' tightlie,
Spite of tauntin', flauntin', flingin',
Gow has set you a' a-singin'.

Neebour wives, now tent my tellin',
 When the bonny fish ye're sellin',
 At ae word be in ye're dealin'—
 Truth will stand when a' things failin'.
 Wha'll buy caller herrin'? &c.

BARONESS NAIRNE.

THE SONG OF THE RAILROADS.

WHILE every age is crowned with rhyme,
 And song is ever young,
 The bravest birth of later time
 Must not remain unsung ;
 A poet shall be born to us,
 For living men to hail,
 Dismounted from old Pegasus
 To mount the fiery rail !
 When speed and joy go hand in hand,
 And loves are side by side,
 We are the sunbeams of the land,
 On which the angels glide ;
 The husband to his anxious wife,
 The friend to friendly care,
 The lover to his life of life,
 On burning wings we bear.
 With precious freight of hopes and fears,
 We sweep the fields of space,
 Decreed to dry the deepest tears,
 And dim the brightest face ;
 A few short words writ over-night
 Hundreds of miles are borne,
 And scatter sorrow or delight
 Far, ere the morrow morn.
 Our cry is 'Onward, onward,' yet
 Hard pace and little pause,—
 We will not let the world forget
 Her nature's motive laws :
 Like her we listen, day by day,
 Nor rest at any goal—
 The sun himself has moved, they say,
 Since planets round him roll.

And if, when like a net we lie,
O'er many a distant soil,
And glad the traveller's mind and eye,
Without a traveller's toil,—
From mutual virtues understood
All scorn and hate shall flee,
What instruments of God and good
Be mightier than We?

LORD HOUGHTON.

THE SONG OF STEAM.

HARNESS me down with your iron bands,
Be sure of your curb and rein ;
For I scorn the power of your puny hands
As the tempest scorns a chain.
How I laughed, as I lay concealed from sight
For many a countless hour,
At the childish boast of human might,
And the pride of human power !

When I saw an army upon the land,
A navy upon the seas,
Creeping along, a snail-like band,
Or waiting the wayward breeze ;
When I marked the peasant faintly reel
With the toil which he daily bore,
As he feebly turned at the tardy wheel,
Or tugged at the weary oar ;

When I measured the panting courser's speed,
The flight of the carrier-dove,
As they bore the law a king decreed,
Or the lines of impatient love,—
I could not but think how the world would feel
As these were outstripped afar,
When I should be bound to the rushing keel,
Or chained to the flying car.

In the darksome depths of the fathomless mine
My tireless arm doth play,
Where the rock never saw the sun decline,
Or the dawn of a glorious day.

I bring earth's glittering jewels up
 From the hidden cave below,
 And I make the fountain's granite cup
 With a crystal gush o'erflow.

I blow the bellows, I forge the steel,
 In all the shops of trade ;
 I hammer the ore and turn the wheel
 Where my arms of strength are made.
 I manage the furnace, the mill, the mint ;
 I carry, I spin, I weave ;
 And all my doing I put into print
 On every Saturday eve.

I've no muscle to weary, no breast to decay,
 No bones to be 'laid on the shelf ;'
 And soon I intend you may 'go and play,'
 While I manage the world by myself.
 But harness me down with your iron bands,
 Be sure of your curb and rein ;
 For I scorn the strength of your puny hands
 As the tempest scorns a chain.

G. W. CUTLER.

ENGINE DRIVING.

'STAND steady, sir ! close up, close up !
 The fire will warm your toes ;
 Stand close, or you'll be wet with steam !
 All right, Tom ?—Off she goes !'

I stood between two bearded men,
 Like demons dark and grim ;
 The fire was hot—the devil himself
 Would have thought it hot for him.

A tap was turned—a deafening scream
 Pierced through from ear to ear ;
 Beneath us shook the iron floor,
 And rattled the engine-gear.

The wind blew cold—the steam rolled off
 In many a cloudy mass,
 And the March moon dropped a spot of light
 On the dome of polished brass.

Away we went!—above the roofs
Of a town that slept below,
And mills with windows lighted up
In many a fiery row.

Away we went to the crimson west,
After the sunken sun;
And on the ridges of the hills
The evening star did run.

Our speed increased—the bearded men
Looked out both left and right—
A sharp look-out the driver kept,
For it was almost night.

And soon I heard a louder noise,
A loud and fearful roar—
The stoker pulled an iron chain,
And opened the furnace door.

And lo! a burst of light shone forth,
A dazzling, steady glare
From the white-hot furnace suddenly—
It had been prisoned there!

The light shone full on faces grim;
The roar was long and loud;
And over our heads there swiftly ran
A silver stream of cloud.

It rushed and ran along the roof
Of the arch through which we sped,
With solid rock on every side,
And a mountain overhead!

The light shone full on faces grim;
The roar had died away;
The hill that we had hurried through
Behind us dimly lay.

And bright was the glow on the stoker's face,
And black the sky behind;
But straight before, the evening star
Grew brighter in the wind.

A factory with a thousand lamps
 Beneath our dizzy height
 We passed, as swiftly as a bird
 That holds its homeward flight.

Then down a lonely vale we went,
 Between a frozen mere,
 And crags that stood against the sky,
 So cold, and deep, and clear.

And many a dark ravine we crossed,
 And many a hill passed through ;
 And as the night advanced, the moon
 And planets brighter grew.

And when the last faint flush had died
 Out of the western sky,
 Our shadows were distinct and swift,
 We could not pass them by.

Over the roughest land they flew,
 And where the banks were steep,
 Sank down, and on the quarried rocks
 An equal speed did keep.

Long glaring lines of lurid fires
 Flared past us as we sped,
 But still the moon hung steadily
 In the deep sky overhead.

She followed us from first to last
 Till we arrived at home,
 And always kept her spot of light
 Upon the brazen dome.

P. G. HAMERTON.

THE ENGINE-DRIVER.

WHIZ and whirr, and whirl and clatter,
 Fire and smoke, and dust and steam !
 Rushing wildly through the air,
 At a speed no maddened team
 Of flesh and blood and bone could bear—
 Over—through—the earth, no matter,
 Over—under—torrent, river,
 Bravely rides the engine-driver.

Guided by the magic bands,
Iron bands that bind the earth,
Rein nor rudder's need has he ;
An iron heart, two steady hands,
Are all he needs—but needs must be.
A costly cargo, ten scores' worth
Of human souls, behind him roll :
His to bring them to the goal !

F. TOWNSEND.

SONG OF THE MINERS.

DOWN in the mine which the sunbeams ne'er lighten,
We cheerfully labour our living to win ;
For where are the hardships which hope cannot
brighten ?

What matters the gloom if there's sunshine within !
On the home of our Sovereign the light may be glowing,
Round the porch of the peasants the rosebuds may
twine,
But both palace and cottage, their comforts are owing
To brave hands and busy hands down in the mine !

We toil here for all that in life is endearing,
We toil for the wives and the children we love ;
Their smiles are as bright, and their words are as
cheering,

To miners below, as to peasants above.
Begrimed though the face be, and blackened the
fingers,
Pure lips and a conscience unsullied be mine,
For sin is the dark thing that stains where it lingers,
And true hearts and pure hearts may beat in the mine !

Oh, yes ! for the Spirit of mercy attending,
Brings tidings of pardon and peace even here,
And when humble prayer from the depths is ascending,
The snowy-winged angels are hovering near !
By the light which to all those who ask it is given,
Then search for the treasure of wisdom divine,
That the Lord may count up 'mid His jewels in heaven,
The humble—the faithful—who toil in the mine !

A. L. O. E.

THE WATCHMAN.

THE hour of night is come,
The watchman leaves his home.
No creature now is moving ;
Beneath God's care so loving
Each household safe is sleeping :
The watchman guard is keeping.

They who the sweetest rest
Are they who toil the best ;
In holy freedom living,
To lowly sufferers giving,
In God's fear aye remaining,
From every sin abstaining.

O God of might above,
Let Thy protecting Love
To us be ever gracious,
And prove so efficacious,
That in all goodness growing,
Thy power we may be showing.

Transl. from the Romaunsch by M. E. TOWNSEND.

THE WATCHMAN'S SONG.

LIST ! good people all !
Past ten o'clock ! The hour I call ;
Now say your prayers and take your rest,
With conscience clear and sins confessed.
I bid you all good night ! Good night !

THE FIRE BRIGADE.

THE Fire Brigade are a famous host,
Ever ready, ever steady, pumping away ;
In danger and need they are at their post,
Ever ready, &c.
House on fire ! house on fire !
Clear the street,
Hark the beat of the horses' feet
Of the Fire Brigade ! Fire Brigade !
Ever ready, &c.

They point no rifle to shoot the French,
 Ever ready, &c.
They aim but to save, and the fire to quench,
 Ever ready, &c.
 House on fire ! house on fire !
Here they come ! make them room !
Here they feel at home,
 Do the Fire Brigade ! Fire Brigade !
 Ever ready, &c.

With hose in hand they are just as bold,
 Ever ready, &c.
As soldiers can be who the musket hold,
 Ever ready, &c.
 House on fire ! house on fire !
Pump away ! pump away !
Get your hose in play !
 'Tis the Fire Brigade ! Fire Brigade !
 Ever ready, &c.

A voice from the window is screaming wild ;
 Ever ready, &c.
Now up with the ladder and save that child,
 Ever ready, &c.
 House on fire ! house on fire !
Up they run ! Nobly done !
Danger comes like fun
 To the Fire Brigade ! Fire Brigade !
 Ever ready, &c.

Then here's a hurrah for the Fire Brigade,
 Ever ready, &c.
At danger and death they are not dismayed,
 Ever ready, &c.
 Now all's right ! All is right !
Fire is out ! Face about !
Hark the merry shout
 Of the Fire Brigade ! Fire Brigade !
 Ever ready, &c.

J. S. STALLYBRASS.

*From SONGS AND TUNES FOR EDUCATION.
(By permission of Mr. Curwen.)*

A POOR MAN'S SONG.

AH yes ! I am a poor man now,
 I walk alone and sad ;
 I would that once, e'en once, again
 I might be blythe and glad.

Beneath my loving parents' roof
 A merry child I played,
 But bitter grief hath been my lot
 Since they were lowly laid.

I see the rich man's garden bloom,
 I see the golden grain ;
 Mine is the bare unfruitful path,
 My comrades—care and pain.

Yet, sad amidst the joyous throng,
 I love to linger still,
 And wish to each a kind 'good-day,'
 With hearty, warm good-will.

And Thou, my gracious God and Lord,
 Into my cup dost pour
 The balm, the comfort that for all
 Thou ever hast in store.

In every village rises still
 Thy holy house of prayer,
 The music of Thy happy praise
 Is ever echoing there.

And still the sun, the moon, the stars,
 Shine lovingly for me,
 And when the vesper bell resounds,
 Then Lord, I speak to Thee.

Soon to the heav'ly courts, Thy love
 Will call Thy children home,
 Then to Thy board, in festal garb,
 I too shall joyful come.

Transl. from the German of Uhland by M. E. TOWNSEND.

THE MILKMAN.

COME hither, friendly milkman,
For—hungry children we—
We'd like some milk for luncheon
As quick as quick can be.
When bread is nice and light,
And milk is sweet and white,
For children, tired and hungry,
What food can more delight ?

We thank you, friendly milkman,
For bringing us this food,
We like it, we assure you,
And think it very good.
This bread so nice and light,
And milk so sweet and white,
For children, tired and hungry,
What food can more delight ?

And now, good master milkman,
Our pennies we will pay,
And hope that you'll come early
To school another day,
With bread so nice and light,
And milk so sweet and white,
For children, tired and hungry,
What food can more delight ?

From THE UNION SCHOOL-SONG GARLAND.

THE GOLDBEATER.

I HAMMER, I hammer my gold, clink, clink,
I dream of the splendour gone, clink, clink, clink ;
Of the tourney gay, where the gallant knights,
In their golden armour shone !
How Beauty's Queen wreathed the victor's brow,
'Mid the jovial shouts upraised ;
How they feasted long, when the joust was done,
How the golden beakers blazed !

Chorus—I hammer, I hammer my gold, clink, clink !
I hammer, I hammer my gold !

I hammer, I hammer my gold, clink, clink,
 I beat on the yellow plate, clink, clink, clink !
 As I beat I think of thine empire vast,
 Of thy sway, King Gold the Great ;
 Yet fast I strike on the shining mass,
 And hammer its battered side ;
 For he's slave to me, and I laugh, ha ! ha !
 Yes, I laugh and King Gold deride !

Chorus—I hammer my gold, and I laugh, ha ! ha !
 I hammer, I hammer my gold !

ARTHUR MATTHISON.

JUBAL AND HIS CHILDREN.*

‘FATHER,’ said Jubal’s eldest son,
 ‘The skies were robed in gloom ;
 Cloud struck on cloud, and long and loud
 I heard the tempests boom ;
 Like chariots rattling through the stars,
 I heard their axles roll ;
 Heaven’s pavement flash’d ; the thunders crash’d—
 ’Twas music to my soul.’

‘Father,’ said Jubal’s second son,
 ‘I walk’d beside the sea ;
 With mighty roar against the shore
 The waves were dashing free ;
 The waves and winds, together loosed,
 Went mad, beyond control ;
 With joy, yet fear, I leap’d to hear—
 ’Twas music to my soul.’

‘Father,’ said Jubal’s younger son,
 ‘I roam’d the forest through ;
 The northern blast, careering past,
 With fitful anger blew ;
 The oak-trees bow’d their lofty heads,
 While from their branches stole
 An awful rhyme, a song sublime—
 ’Twas music to my soul.’

* Jubal was the father of all such as handle the harp and organ. GEN. IV. 21.

‘Father,’ said Jubal’s youngest son,
‘Beside the rock’s gray wall,
I climb’d alone the mossy stone,
To hear the torrent fall ;
Ever it chants a solemn hymn,
The waters rush and roll,
They leap and play, in foam and spray—
‘Tis music to my soul.’

‘Father,’ his eldest daughter said,
‘The stream runs freely by ;
The violets blink upon its brink,
Its breast reflects the sky ;
It sings all day a cheerful song
Beneath the grassy knoll ;
Its pebbles chafe—its ripples laugh—
‘Tis music to my soul.’

‘Father,’ his second daughter said,
‘I heard the sky-lark sing
Up in the air, a jewel fair,
On forehead of the spring ;
I know not what the song might be,
It seem’d like rapture whole ;
A melody—a mystery—
‘Twas music to my soul.’

‘Father,’ his youngest daughter said,
‘I listen’d, and I heard,
At midnight deep, when half asleep,
The whisper of a word.
It was my mother at my bed,
One hasty kiss she stole,
On lips and cheek—I could not speak,
‘Twas music to my soul.’

And Jubal, to his children’s voice,
No word in answer made ;
But still he wrought, as if in thought
His questioning fingers stray’d.
At length his eyes, with keen delight,
Shot rays like burning coal ;
‘Oh, children mine ! a power divine
Is bursting on my soul !’

He sought the wild wood solitude,
 And supplicated Heaven ;
 The floods of music o'er him rush'd—
 The needful strength was given :
 And first, to please his daughters mild,
 The gentle harp he strung,
 Then for his sons built organ pipes,
 And struck till echo rung.

‘Joy ! children, joy !’ he shouted forth,
 ‘Be all your anthems pour'd !
 The organ swell shall ever tell
 The glory of the Lord.
 But when you sing of earth and men,
 Of human loves and fears,
 Your harps shall sound in softer strains,
 Harmonious with the spheres.’

CHARLES MACKAY.

PRINTERS' SONG.

PRINT, comrades, print ! a noble task
 Is the one we gaily ply ;
 'Tis ours to tell to all who ask
 The wonders of earth and sky.
 We catch the thought, all glowing warm,
 As it leaves the student's brain ;
 And place the stamp of enduring form
 On the poet's airy strain.
 Then let us sing, as we nimbly fling
 The slender letters round :
 A glorious thing is our labouring,
 Oh, where may its like be found ?

Print, comrades, print ! the fairest thought
 Ever limned in painter's dream,
 The rarest form e'er sculptor wrought
 By the light of beauty's gleam ;
 Though lovely, may not match the power
 Which our own proud heart can claim—
 That links the past with the present hour,
 And its breath—the voice of fame.
 Then let us sing, &c.

Print, comrades, print ! God hath ordained
That man by his toil should live ;
Then spurn the charge that we disdained
The labours that God would give.
We envy not the sons of ease,
Nor the lord in princely hall ;
But bow before the wise decrees
In kindness meant for all.

Then let us sing, &c.

Songs of the Press.

BOOKBINDERS' SONG.

To prove that we binders some talent possess,
We receive all the knowledge that springs from the
press ;
If it was not for us, authors scarcely could move,
And our greatest delight is their works to improve.
Derry down, &c.

To the works of the poet, the wit, and the sage,
Of philosophy deep, and to history's page,
To Divinity's truth, and the laws of the land,
We all, as you know, give the *finishing* hand !

The statutes by us are *bound* firm and strong,
Or else, by-the-by, they could not last long !
To science's system, and arts callèd fine,
We first give a *polish* before they can shine !

If satire be keen, we can safely allege,
No scruple we feel just to *take off the edge* ;
But one thing we own, and don't call it a sin,
The very best authors we clothe in *calf's-skin*.

In short, grammar we *forward*, and learning we *gild*,
In *letters* and *marble* we are most of us skilled ;
And one *Hymen*, a *binder* the world understands,
To *bind* lovers more closely will provide *silken bands*.

Songs of the Press.

THE NEWSMAN.

OUR calling, however the vulgar may deem,
 Was of old, both on high and below, in esteem ;
 E'en the gods were to much curiosity given,
 For Hermes was only the newsmen of heaven.

Hence with wings to his cap, and his staff, and his
 heels,
 He depicted appears, which our myst'ry reveals ;
 That *news* flies like wind, to raise sorrow or laughter,
 While, leaning on Time, *Truth* comes heavily after.

Newsmen's Verses.

THE WEAVER'S SONG.

WEAVE, brothers, weave !—swiftly throw
 The shuttle athwart the loom,
 And show us how brightly your flowers grow
 That have beauty but not perfume :
 Come, show us the rose with a hundred dyes,
 The lily that hath no spot,
 The violet deep as your true love's eyes,
 And the little forget-me-not.
 Sing, sing, brothers ! weave and sing,
 'Tis good both to sing and weave ;
 'Tis better to work than live idle,
 'Tis better to sing than grieve.

Weave, brothers, weave ! weave and bid
 The colours of sunset glow ;
 Let grace in each gliding thread be hid,
 Let beauty about ye blow :
 Let your skein be long, and your silk be fine,
 And your hands both firm and sure ;
 And time nor chance shall your work untwine,
 But all like a truth endure.
 So, sing, brothers, &c.

Weave, brothers, weave!—toil is ours,
But toil is the lot of man;
One gathers the fruit, one gathers the flowers,
One soweth the seed again!
There is not a creature, from England's king
To the peasant that delves the soil,
That knows half the pleasure the seasons bring,
If he have not his share of toil.

So, sing, brothers, &c.

BARRY CORNWALL.

A FACTORY SONG.

BRIGHTLY, brightly shines the skein,
Golden yellow, smooth and soft;
But the slender silken thread,
Winding, see! is broken oft.
Well, no matter, find the end,
A little knot soon makes a mend;
But watch the knotty place with care,
'Tis apt to break again just there.

Like the silk our tempers seem,
Smooth and even till they're tried!
But oft we see the thread of peace
Broke short by roughness and by pride.
Well now quickly join the ends;
Forgive! forget! shake hands! be friends!
But watch the knotty place with care,
Lest it should break again just there.

THE SPINNING-WHEEL.

THE wheel, oh, how it hums!
The merry spinning-wheel.
Good dame, when the snow comes,
The shepherd shall not feel
The blast; with plaid and hose
He'll breast the winter storm,
And hark! how loud it blows
Around our ingle warm!

O dame, thy sailor-boy
 Upon the giddy mast
 Sits high, and sings with joy
 (Tottering before the blast).
 God speed the murmuring wheel,
 That spins the lambkin's fleece,
 Which wraps us while we reel
 Across the swelling seas.

And he, the sire ! that's gone
 Up to the summit's rock,
 To watch through night, alone,
 The wanderings of his flock,
 Afar the fagot's flame
 Upon the hearth he spies,
 And prays God bless the dame
 Her busy wheel that plies.

SONG FOR THE SPINNING-WHEEL.

SWIFTLY turn the murmuring wheel !
 Night has brought the welcome hour,
 When the weary fingers feel
 Help, as if from faëry power ;
 Dewy night o'ershades the ground ;
 Turn the swift wheel round and round !

Now, beneath the starry sky,
 Crouch the widely scattered sheep ;--
 Ply the pleasant labour, ply !
 For the spindle, while they sleep,
 Runs with motion smooth and fine,
 Gathering up a trustier line.

Short-lived likings may be bred
 By a glance from fickle eyes ;
 But true love is like the thread
 Which the kindly wool supplies,
 When the flocks are all at rest ..
 Sleeping on the mountain's breast.

WORDSWORTH.

A SONG FOR THE DRESSMAKERS.

I SAW that look of anguish,
And I heard that sob of pain ;
Is life so very weary,
As ye stitch and stitch again ?
Lack ye all thoughts of gladness,
As ye ply your daily task ?
Or is it rest and freedom,
That the tired eyelids ask ?

Ye are thinking of the spring-tide,
And that blessed time of flowers ;
Do ye long to hear the birds sing,
And to see the April showers ?
Your sunshine seems all darkness,
And your air the smoke of towns ;
Do ye pant to feel the wind blow
O'er the fresh and grassy downs ?

Still ye must toil and labour,
For ye need the daily bread ;
Still ye must hold the needle,
Ye must draw the tightening thread.
But hark ! do ye catch that whisper,
As it floateth from above ?
'The work is not all weary,
If the heart be full of love.

For Love, it sweeteneth all things,
And it maketh all things fair,
It turneth things most common,
Into jewels bright and rare ;
It filleth life with music,
And with joys of priceless worth ;
It linketh men with angels,
While it bringeth heaven to earth.'

Perhaps to-day you're working
On a robe of snowy white,
Which shall be worn to-morrow,
By a maiden young and bright.

Ye dress her for the altar,
 Will ye pray for the fair bride ?
 And for God's richest blessings
 On the bridegroom at her side ?

I see a garment costly,
 With a lustrous silvery sheen,
 In which some sweet girl, blushing,
 Shall bend low before her Queen.
 She's entering on life's pathway,
 With an eager, throbbing heart,
 Oh ! ask that now with Mary,
 She may choose the better part.

There's raiment in that corner,
 Of a dark and sable shade,
 A breaking heart may wear it,—
 Do ye know for whom 'tis made ?
 Think of *her* grief while working,
 And ye'll soon forget your own,
 And pray that God may comfort
 All the desolate and lone.

Maidens, your task is worthy,
 And if only ye are true
 To Him who loved and saved ye,
 And ye keep the prize in view,—
 'Twill fill your souls with singing,
 As your busy fingers move,
 To think that all your labour
 Such a holy work may prove.

Ye shall not toil for ever,
 For the night it draweth on ;
 And then the morning cometh,
 And your endless rest is won ;
 Ye'll join the throng of blest ones,
 And their happiness ye'll share,
 Your own robes white and shining,
 Not a mourning garment *there* !

C. M. KING.

LACEMAKERS' SONG.

SEE the bobbins swiftly plying,
Hear the bobbins gaily flying !

Faster, faster,
Staying not !
Under, over,
Tangling not !

Ever moving, twirling, twisting,
With a marvellous persisting.

Busy fingers daily toiling,
Clean and fresh and free from soiling !

Did some fairy
Teach your art ?
Nay ! 'twas Patience
Did her part !

White the thread upon the pillow,
As the foam upon the billow.

See the dainty fabric growing,
Graceful lines in patterns flowing.

Lace for baby,
Lace for bride,
Be it narrow,
Be it wide,

Good the work, and true endeavour :
Real lace will last for ever !

Cheerly work your work with singing,
Into it some sweet thoughts bringing.

Think what beauty
Thus you weave !
Think what pleasure
Thus you give !

On the wearers breathe a blessing,
All unknown to those possessing !

M. E. TOWNSEND.

THE MILKMAID'S SONG.

TURN, turn, for my cheeks they burn,
 Turn by the dale, my Harry !
 Fill pail, fill pail,
 He has turned by the dale,
 And there by the stile waits Harry.
 Fill, fill,
 Fill pail, fill,
 For there by the stile waits Harry !
 The world may go round, the world may stand still,
 But I can milk and marry,
 Fillpail,
 I can milk and marry.

Wheugh, wheugh !
 Oh, if we two
 Stood down there now by the water,
 I know who'd carry me over the ford
 As brave as a soldier, as proud as a lord,
 Though I don't live over the water.
 Wheugh, wheugh ! he's whistling thro',
 He's whistling 'The farmer's daughter.'
 Give down, give down,
 My crumpled brown !
 He shall not take the road to the town,
 For I'll meet him beyond the water. .
 Give down, give down,
 My crumpled brown !
 And send me to my Harry.
 The folk o' towns
 May have silken gowns,
 But I can milk and marry,
 Fillpail,
 I can milk and marry.

Wheugh, wheugh ! he has whistled thro',
 He has whistled through the water.

"I, with a will, a will,
 whistled thro' the water,
 whistling down
 to the town,
 ot 'The farmer's daughter !'

Churr, churr ! goes the cockchafer,
The sun sets over the water,
Churr, churr ! goes the cockchafer,
I'm too late for my Harry !
And, oh, if he goes a-soldiering,
The cows they may low, the bells they may ring,
But I'll neither milk nor marry,
Fillpail,
Neither milk nor marry.

My brow beats on thy flank, Fillpail,
Give down, good wench, give down !
I know the primrose bank, Fillpail,
Between him and the town.
Give down, good wench, give down, Fillpail,
And he shall not reach the town !
Strain, strain ! he's whistling again,
He's nearer by half a mile.
More, more ! Oh, never before
Were you such a weary while !
Fill, fill ! he's crossed the hill,
I can see him down by the stile.
He's passed the hay, he's coming this way,
He's coming to me, my Harry !
There's not so grand a dame in the land,
That she walks to-night with Harry !
Come late, come soon, come sun, come moon,
Oh, I can milk and marry,
Fillpail,
I can milk and marry.

Wheugh, wheugh ! he has whistled thro',
My Harry ! my lad ! my lover !
Set the sun and fall the dew,
Heigho, merry world, what's to do
That you are smiling over and over ?
Up on the hill and down in the dale,
And along the tree-tops over the vale
Shining over and over,
Low in the grass and high on the bough,
Shining over and over,
Oh, world, have you ever a lover ?
You were so dull and cold just now,

Oh, world, have you ever a lover?
 I could not see a leaf on the tree,
 And now I could count them, one, two, three,
 Count them over and over,
 Leaf from leaf like lips apart,
 Like lips apart for a lover.
 And the hill-side beats with my beating heart,
 And the apple-tree blushes all over,
 And the May bough touched me and made me start,
 And the wind breathes warm like a lover.

Pull, pull ! and the pail is full,
 And the milking's done and over.
 Who would not sit here under the tree?
 What a fair, fair thing's a green field to see !
 Brim, brim to the rim, ah me !
 I have set my pail on the daisies !
 It seems so light — can the sun be set ?
 The dews must be heavy, my cheeks are wet,
 I could cry to have hurt the daisies !
 Harry is near, Harry is near,
 My heart's as sick as if he were here,
 My lips are burning, my cheeks are wet,
 He hasn't uttered a word as yet,
 But the air's astir with his praises,
 My Harry !
 The air's astir with your praises.
 He has scaled the rock by the pixy's stone,
 He's among the kingcups—he picks me one,
 I love the grass that I tread upon
 When I go to my Harry !
 He has jumped the brook, he has climbed the knowe,
 There's never a faster foot I know,
 But still he seems to tarry.
 Oh, Harry ! oh, Harry ! my love, my pride,
 My heart is leaping, my arms are wide !
 Roll up, roll up, you dull hill-side,
 Roll up, and bring my Harry !
 They may talk of glory over the sea,
 But Harry's alive, and Harry's for me,
 My love, my lad, my Harry !
 Come spring, come winter, come sun, come snow,

What cares Dolly whether or no,
While I can milk and marry?
Right or wrong, and wrong or right,
Quarrel who quarrel, and fight who fight,
But I'll bring my pail home every night
To love, and home, and Harry!
We'll drink our can, we'll eat our cake,
There's beer in the barrel, there's bread in the bake,
The world may sleep, the world may wake,
But I shall milk and marry,
And marry,
I shall milk and marry.

SYDNEY DOBELL.

LAUNDRESSES' SONG.

Go plunge it deep in the steaming tide
The linen soiled and dark,
And lave it wringing from side to side,
To cleanse out every mark:
To make it again as white as snow,
The linen fair and fine—
Then spread it out where the breezes blow,
And the merry sunbeams shine.

So day by day and week by week
We do our daily toil,
And ever and aye we only seek
To cleanse what others soil—
Is it a mean and lowly task,
Hard work and little pay?
It may be so;—but we only ask
To do it from day to day.

From day to day until Sunday comes,
With the holy service blest,
And we sally forth from our cottage-homes
Alike to pray and rest,
And to hear about our souls made white
By Love that cannot die,
Till we stand in the 'linen garments' bright,
That the saints shall wear on high.

A. M. BROWNE.

THE SONG OF THE COBBLER.

TAP, tap, tap, goes the cobbler on his last,
 Tap, tap, tap, goes his hammer falling fast,
 Tap, tap, tap, from the morning's early light,
 Tap, tap, tap, to the closing shades of night.

Tap, tap, tap, without ceasing hammers he,
 Tap, tap, tap, till his arm must weary be,
 Tap, tap, tap, on he works and murmurs not,
 Tap, tap, tap, happy with his humble lot.

Tap, tap, tap, thus he earns his daily bread,
 Tap, tap, tap, thus his children dear are fed,
 Tap, tap, tap, thus 'tis love that nerves his arm,
 Tap, tap, tap, that his dear ones take no harm.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

(From the *Union School-Song Garland*.)

SONG OF THE HEMPSEED.

(FOR THE ROPEMAKERS.)

Av, scatter me well, 'tis a moist spring day,
 Wide and far be the Hempseed sown,
 And bravely I'll stand on the autumn land
 When the rains have dropped and the winds have
 blown.
 Man shall carefully gather me up,
 His hand shall rule and my form shall change,
 Not as a mate for the purple of state,
 Nor into aught that is 'rich and strange.'
 But I will come forth all woven and spun,
 With my fine threads curled in serpent length ;
 And the fire-wrought chain and the lion's thick mane
 Shall be rivalled by me in mighty strength.
 I have many a place in the busy world
 Of triumph and fear, of sorrow and joy ;
 I carry the freeman's flag unfurled ;
 I am linked to childhood's darling toy.
 Then scatter me wide, and hackle me well,
 For a varied tale can the Hempseed tell.

Bravely I swing in the anchor ring,
Where the foot of the proud man cometh not,
Where the dolphin leaps and the seaweed creeps
O'er the rifted sand and the coral grot.
Down, down below I merrily go
When the huge ship takes her rocking rest :
The waters may chafe, but she dwelleth as safe
As the young bird in its woodland nest.
I wreath the spars of that same fair ship,
Where the gallant sea-hearts cling about,
Springing aloft with a song on the lip,
Putting their faith in the cordage stout,
I am true when the blast sways the giant mast,
Straining and stretched in a nor'-west gale,
I abide with the bark, in the day and the dark,
Lashing the hammock and reefing the sail.
Oh, the billows and I right fairly cope,
And the wild tide is stemmed by the cable rope.

Sons of evil bad and bold,
Madly ye live and little ye reck ;
Till I am noosed in a coiling fold
Ready to hug your felon neck.
The yarn is smooth and the knot is sure ;
I will be firm to the task I take ;
Thinly they twine the halter line,
Yet when does the halter hitch or break ?
My leaves are light and my flowers are bright—
Fit for an infant hand to clasp ;
But what think ye of me, 'neath the gibbet tree,
Dangling high in the hangman's grasp ?
Oh, a terrible thing does the Hempseed seem
'Twixt the hollow floor and the stout crossbeam.

The people rejoice, the banners are spread ;
There is frolic and feasting in cottage and hall ;
The festival shout is echoing out
From trellised porch and Gothic wall.
Merry souls hie to the belfry tower,
Gaily they laugh when I am found ;
And rare music they make, till the quick peals shake
The ivy that wraps the turret round.

The Hempseed lives with the old church bell,
And helpeth the holiday ding-dong-dell.

The sunshine falls on a new-made grave,—
The funeral train is long and sad ;
The poor man has come to the happiest home,
And easiest pillow he ever had.
I shall be there to lower him down
Gently into his narrow bed ;
I shall be there, the work to share,
To guard his feet, and cradle his head.
I may be seen on the hillock green,
Flung aside with the bleaching skull ;
While the earth is thrown with worm and bone,
Till the sexton has done, and the grave is full.
Back to the gloomy vault I'm borne,
Leaving coffin and nail to crumble and rust,
There I am laid with the mattock and spade,
Moistened with tears and clogged with dust.
Oh, the Hempseed cometh in doleful shape,
With the mourner's cloak and sable crape.

Harvest shall spread with its glittering wheat,
The barn shall be opened, the stack shall be piled ;
Ye shall see the ripe grain shining out from the wain,
And the berry-stained arms of the gleaner child.
Heap on, heap on, till the waggon-ribs creak,
Let the sheaves go towering to the sky ;
Up with the shock till the broad wheels rock,
Fear not to carry the rich freight high ;
For I will infold the tottering gold,
I will fetter the rolling load ;
Not an ear shall escape my binding hold,
On the furrowed field or jolting road.
Oh, the Hempseed hath a fair place to fill,
With the harvest band on the corn-crowned hill.

My threads are set in the heaving net,
Out with the fisher-boy far at sea ;
While he whistles a tune to the lonely moon,
And trusts for his morrow's bread to me.
Sailing away through the summer day,

Round and round I steadily twist ;
And bring from the cell of the deep old well
 What is rarely prized, but sorely missed.
In the whirling swing,—in the peg-top string,
 There am I, a worshiped slave,—
On ocean and earth I'm a goodly thing ;
 I serve from the playground to the grave.
I have many a place in the busy world,
 Of triumph and fear, of sorrow and joy ;
I carry the freeman's flag unfurled,
 And am linked to childhood's darling toy ;
Then scatter me wide and hackle me well,
And a varied tale shall the Hempseed tell.

ELIZA COOK.

CABMAN'S SONG.

WE take our stand, my horse and I,
 In rain and wind and sun ;
In busy streets where crowds go by
 We wait till day is done ;
And still beneath the midnight gas
 Ready for sign or sound,
We linger where the people pass—
 And so the day goes round.

My horse and I, good friends are we
 Through storm and rain and shine,
Each turn of luck alike we see,
 And his distress is mine.
Woe to the man who drives by blows
 And gives no kindly sound—
My willing horse his master knows,
 And so the day goes round.

Talk not to me of country scenes,
 I love the busy street,
Far from tall trees and village greens,
 Where toil and pleasure meet.

I take the merchant to his gold,
 Soldier to bugle sound,
The lover where his love is told—
 And so the day goes round.

Little they think of me the while !
 And yet 'twere good and kind
To leave a pleasant word or smile
 Besides the fare, behind.
For kindness helps the weary tread
 And ' makes the crown a pound,'
And while I win the children's bread
 It helps the day go round.

A. M. BROWNE.

Songs of Town and Country.

'God made the country, and man made the town.'

SONGS
OF
TOWN AND COUNTRY.

THE SONG OF THE CITY SPARROWS.

WHEN the summer-time is ended,
And the winter days are near ;
When the bloom hath all departed
With the childhood of the year ;

When the martins and the swallows
Flutter, cowardly, away,
Then the people can remember
That the sparrows always stay ;

That, although we're plain and songless,
And poor city birds are we,
Yet, before the days of darkness
We, the sparrows, never flee :

But we hover round the window,
And we peck against the pane,
While we twitteringly tell them
That the spring will come again.

And when drizzly dull November
Falls so gloomily o'er all,
And the misty fog enshrouds them
In a dim and dreary pall ;

When the streets all fade to dreamland,
And the people follow fast,
And it seems as though the sunshine
Was for evermore gone past,—

Then we glide among the housetops,
 And we track the murky waste,
 And we go about our business
 With a cheerful earnest haste :

Not as though our food were plenty,
 Or no dangers we might meet ;
 But as though the work of living
 Was a healthy work, and sweet.

When the gentle snow descendeth,
 Like a white and glistening shroud,
 For the year whose life hath ended,
 Floated upward like a cloud ;

Then, although the open country
 Shineth very bright and fair,
 And the town is overclouded,
 Yet we still continue there ;

Even till the spring returneth,
 Bringing with it brighter birds,
 Unto whom the city people
 Give their love and gentle words ;

And we, yet again descending
 To become the least of all,
 Take our name as 'only sparrows !'
 And are slighted till the fall ;

Still we're happy, happy, happy,
 Never minding what we be ;
 For we have a work and do it,
 Therefore very blithe are we.

We enliven sombre winter,
 And we're loved while it doth last,
 And we're not the only creatures
 Who must live upon the past.

With a chirrup, chirrup, chirrup,
 We let all the slights go by,
 And we do not find they hurt us
 Or becloud the summer sky.

We are happy, happy, happy,
Never minding what we be ;
For we know the good Creator
Even cares for such as we !

SADIE.

THE FOUNTAIN.

INTO the sunshine,
Full of the light,
Leaping and flashing
From morn till night !

Into the moonlight
Whiter than snow,
Waving so flower-like
When the winds blow !

Into the starlight
Rushing in spray,
Happy at midnight,
Happy by day !

Ever in motion
Blithsome and cheery,
Still climbing heavenward,
Never aweary ;—

Glad of all weathers,
Still seeming best,
Upward or downward
Motion thy rest ;—

Full of a nature
Nothing can tame,
Changed every moment
Ever the same ;—

Ceaseless aspiring,
Ceaseless content,
Darkness or sunshine
Thy element ;—

Glorious fountain !
Let my heart be
Fresh, changeful, constant,
Upward, like thee !

LOWELL.

THE BELLS.

I.

HEAR the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells !

What a world of merriment their melody foretells !

How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night !

While the stars, that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight ;

Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,

To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—

From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

II.

Hear the mellow wedding bells,
Golden bells !

What a world of happiness their harmony foretells !

Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight !
From the molten-golden notes,
And all in tune

What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon !

Oh, from out the sounding cells,

What a gush of euphony voluminously wells !

How it swells !

How it dwells

On the future ! how it tells
Of the rapture that impels

To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—

To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells !

III.

Hear the loud alarum bells—
Brazen bells !

What a tale of terror now the turbulency tells !

In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright !
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,

In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire.

Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavour
Now, now to sit or never,

By the side of the pale-faced moon.
Oh, the bells, bells, bells !
What a tale their terror tells
Of despair !

How they clang, and clash, and roar !

What a horror they outpour

On the bosom of the palpitating air !

Yet the ear it fully knows,
By the twanging,
And the clangling,
How the danger ebbs and flows ;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling,

And the wrangling,

How the danger sinks and swells,

By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the
bells—

Of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—

In the clamour and the clangour of the bells !

IV.

Hear the tolling of the bells—
Iron bells !

What a world of solemn thought their monody compels !

In the silence of the night,
 How we shiver with affright
 At the melancholy menace of their tone !
 For every sound that floats
 From the rust within their throats
 Is a groan.
 And the people—ah, the people—
 They that dwell up in the steeple,
 All alone,
 And who tolling, tolling, tolling,
 In that muffled monotone,
 Feel a glory in so rolling
 On the human heart a stone—
 They are neither man nor woman—
 They are neither brute nor human—
 They are Ghouls :
 And their king it is who tolls ;
 And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
 Rolls
 A pæan from the bells ;
 And his merry bosom swells
 With the pæan of the bells ;
 And he dances, and he yells ;
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the pæan of the bells—
 Of the bells :
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the throbbing of the bells—
 Of the bells, bells, bells—
 To the sobbing of the bells ;
 Keeping time, time, time,
 As he knells, knells, knells
 In a happy Runic rhyme,
 To the rolling of the bells—
 Of the bells, bells, bells—
 To the tolling of the bells,
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells—
 To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

COVENT GARDEN MARKET.

COME to Covent Garden Market
Through the early London streets,
When the heavy country waggons
Are unloading all their sweets :

The heavy country waggons,
And the heavy country boys,
That stare in stolid wonder
At the market and its noise.

Oh ! how fragrant are the flowers,
And how picture-like the fruits—
The peas and the young potatoes,
With the mould about their roots !

The pinks and early roses,
Geraniums and sweet peas,
The delicious pine-like odour
Of potted strawberries.

See ! the flower-girls are tying,
Beneath each tented stall,
Bright flowers with care and neatness
Into posies large or small.

Even ferns and fairy mosses
Every child by hill and dale
May take or leave at pleasure,
Here are ticketed for sale.

Oh ! the priceless country treasures !
Oh ! the message that they bring
To the old care-laden city
Of the coming of the spring !

What whiffs of sudden freshness
These smoky vapours house,
From the dark and dewy pastures
Where the sheep and cattle browse !

Oh ! the black and breathless pine-wood
Where yon pallid bells of blue,
Like pools of purple water,
In shadowy silence grew !

Oh ! the moist mysterious sweetness
 Of lilies, that were only
 But yester morning breathing
 In the forest vast and lonely !

For there's more within these waggons
 To weary London gaze,
 Than earth can weigh or measure,
 Or market-man appraise.

Bright gleams of golden moorland,
 Cool shadows from the trees,
 A dash of ocean's freedom,
 And a sprinkle of the seas ;—

Sweet thoughts of home and childhood,
 Of parents old and kind ;
 Of the cottage where the rosebuds
 Throw their shadows on the blind ;—

Of days more pure and peaceful,
 Of lives more simply good ;
 With more time for thought of heaven,
 And for doing all we should.

See ! yonder a poor father
 Has bought his sickly son
 A little bunch of cowslips
 That he loves to look upon ;—

And the mother softly murmurs :
 'Ah ! if Will could run about
 Among the cows and cowslips,
 He would soon grow strong and stout.'

And she looks with tearful pity
 At her darling, who has known
 No home but the close city
 And the bustle of the town.

And yet the sight is cheerful ;
 And there's joy in many a heart,
 Brought by the creaking waggons
 To old London's busy mart.

CAROLINE MARIA GEMMER.

OLD CRIES.

OH ! dearly do I love 'Old Cries'
That touch my heart and bid me look
On 'Bough-pots' plucked 'neath summer skies,
And 'Watercresses' from the brook.
It may be vain, it may be weak,
To list when common voices speak,
But rivers with their broad, deep course,
Pour from a mean and unmarked source ;
And so my warmest tide of soul
From strange, unheeded springs will roll.

'Old Cries,' 'Old Cries'—there is not one
But hath a mystic tissue spun
Around it, flinging on the ear
A magic mantle rich and dear,
From 'Hautboys,' pottled in the sun,
To the loud wish that cometh when
The tune of midnight waits is done
With 'A merry Christmas, gentlemen,
And a happy New Year !'

* * * * *

'Three bunches a penny, Primroses !'
Oh, dear is the greeting of Spring,
When she offers her dew-spangled posies,
The fairest Creation can bring.

'Three bunches a penny, Primroses !'
The echo resounds in the mart ;
And the simple 'cry' often uncloses
The worldly bars grating man's heart.

* * * * *

'Three bunches a penny, Primroses !'
'Three bunches a penny,—come, buy !'
A blessing on all the spring posies,
And good-will to the poor ones who cry.

'Lavender, sweet Lavender !'
With 'Cherry ripe !' is coming ;
While the droning beetles whirr,
And merry bees are humming.

‘Lavender, sweet Lavender !’
 Oh, pleasant is the crying ;
 While the rose-leaves scarcely stir,
 And downy moths are flying.

Oh, dearly do I love Old Cries,
 Your ‘Lilies all a-blowing !’
 Your blossoms blue still wet with dew,
 ‘Sweet Violets all a-growing !’

Oh, happy were the days, methinks,
 In truth, the best of any,
 When ‘Periwinkles, winkle, winks !’
 Allured my last, lone penny.

* * * * *

Full dearly do I love Old Cries,
 And always turn to hear them ;
 And though they cause me some few sighs,
 Those sighs do but endear them.

ELIZA COOK.

THE SONG OF THE GRASS.

HERE I come creeping, creeping everywhere,
 By the dusty roadside,
 On the sunny hillside,
 Close by the noisy brook,
 In every shady nook
 I come creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere,
 In the busy city ;
 There you may meet me
 Cheering the sick at heart
 Toiling his weary part,
 Softly creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere,
 No one hears my coming,
 Nor my low soft humming,
 For in the starry night,
 And the glad morning light,
 I come creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere,
Sweeter than the flowers,
In the summer hours ;
Who does not welcome me,
Where 'neath the shady tree,
I come creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere ;
When from life you're severed
And in the dark grave buried,
In the happy spring I'll come
And deck your silent home,
Softly creeping everywhere.

From NEW TUNES TO CHOICE WORDS.

THE SONG OF A RIVER.

CLEAR and cool, clear and cool,
By laughing shallow and dreaming pool,
Cool and clear, cool and clear,
By shining shingle and foaming wear ;
Under the crag where the ouzel sings,
And the ivied wall where the church bell rings,
Undefiled, for the undefiled,
Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child.

Dank and foul, dank and foul,
By the smoky town in its murky cowl ;
Foul and dank, foul and dank,
By wharf and sewer and slimy bank ;
Darker and baser the further I go,
Baser and baser the richer I grow.
Who dare sport with the sin-defiled ?
Shrink from me, turn from me, mother and child.

Strong and free, strong and free ;
The floodgates are open, away to the sea.
Free and strong, free and strong,
Cleansing my stream as I hurry along
To the golden sands and the leaping bar
And the taintless tide that awaits me afar,

As I lose myself in the infinite main,
 Like a soul that has sinned and is pardoned again.
 Undefiled for the undefiled.
 Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

MAY.

OH ! merry, joyous month of May,
 Oh ! fitful, changing month of May,
 Oh ! swiftly passing month of May,
 Canst thou not stay ?

The earth will lose her brightest sheen,
 The woods their tend'rest, freshest green,
 When thou hast past away, I ween,
 Sweet month of May.

The richly scented blossoms shower
 Fresh beauties on us hour by hour,
 And more than all thine own sweet flower,
 Glad month of May.

Its dazzling wreaths of snowy white
 Are bathing in the clear spring light,
 And tell us of thine advent bright,
 Thou month of May.

The birds their sweetest love-songs sing,
 Nor can they cease their carolling,
 While heaven and earth with gladness ring,
 This month of May.

Though nights and mornings still are cold,
 And chilly winds the tale have told
 "hat thou art fickle as of old,
 Bright month of May,

do we bid thee come to us,
 do we pray thee stay with us,
 go not, go not yet from us,
 Dear month of May.

Why dost thou run so swift a race ?
Is it to show thy laughing face,
To other worlds in farthest space—
 Oh ! month of May ?

Are their sweet voices calling thee ?
Is their attraction hurrying thee,
From all the love earth gives to thee,
 Thou month of May ?

Soon the first roses will be here.
Oh ! let the blushes of the year
Upon thy dimpled cheek appear,
 Sweet month of May.

And flowers of June and flowers of May,
Shall kiss through the long summer day,
Till we forget how brief thy stay,
 Oh ! month of May.

And in thy bright and sunny train,
A ling'ring fragrance shall remain,
Blessing us, till we hail again
 The month of May.

C. M. KING.

SPRING-TIME.

IT was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, with a ho, with a hey, no nee no,
And a hey no nee no ni no,
That o'er the green cornfield did pass,
In spring-time, the only pretty ring-time,
When birds do sing, hey ding, a ding, a ding ;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey, no nee no, &c.
These pretty country fools did lie,
In spring-time, &c.

This carol they begun that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey, no nee no, &c.
How that a life was but a flower,
In spring-time, &c.

Then pretty lovers take the time,
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey, no nee no, &c.
 For love is crownèd with the prime,
 In spring-time, &c.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE CUCKOO.

O BLITHE new-comer ! I have heard,
 I hear thee and rejoice.
 O Cuckoo ! shall I call thee bird,
 Or but a wandering voice ?

While I am lying on the grass
 Thy two-fold shout I hear,
 From hill to hill it seems to pass,
 At once far off, and near.

Though babbling only to the vale,
 Of sunshine and of flowers,
 Thou bringest unto me a tale
 Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the spring !
 Even yet thou art to me
 No bird, but an invisible thing,
 A voice, a mystery ;

The same whom in my school-boy days
 I listened to ; that cry
 Which made me look a thousand ways,
 In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove
 Through woods and on the green,
 And thou wert still a hope, a love ;
 Still longed for, never seen.

And I can listen to thee yet ;
 Can lie upon the plain
 And listen, till I do beget
 That golden time again.

O blessed bird ! the earth we pace
Again appears to be
An unsubstantial, faery place ;
That is fit home for thee !

WORDSWORTH.

TO A MOUSE.*

ON TURNING UP HER NEST WITH THE PLOUGH,
NOVEMBER, 1785.

WEE, sleekit, cowrin', tim'rous beastie,
Oh, what a panic's in thy breastie !
Thou needna start awa' sae hasty,
Wi' bickering brattle ! †
I wad be laith to rin and chase thee,
Wi' murd'ring pattle ! ‡

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has broken nature's social union,
And justifies that ill opinion
Which makes thee startle
At me, thy poor earth-born companion,
And fellow-mortal !

I doubt na, whyles, § but thou may thieve ;
What then ? poor beastie, thou maun live !
A daimen icker in a thrave ||
'S a sma' request :
I'll get a blessin' wi' the lave, ¶
And never miss't.

* Gilbert Burns says :—'The verses to the "Mouse" and "Mountain Daisy" were composed on the occasions mentioned, and while the author was holding the plough. I could point out the particular spot where each was composed. Holding the plough was a favourite situation with Robert for poetic compositions, and some of his best verses were produced while he was at that exercise.'

† Hasty clatter.

‡ Pattle or pettle, the plough-staff.

§ Sometimes.

|| An ear of corn in a thrave—that is, twenty-four sheaves.

¶ Rest.

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin !
 Its silly wa's the win's are strewin !
 And naething now to big a new ane
 O' foggage green !
 And bleak December's winds ensuin',
 Baith snell* and keen !

Thou saw the fields laid bare and waste,
 And weary winter comin' fast,
 And cozie† here beneath the blast,
 Thou thought to dwell,
 Till, crash ! the cruel coulter past
 Out through thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves and stibble
 Has cost thee mony a weary nibble !
 Now thou's turn'd out for a' thy trouble,
 But house or hauld,
 To thole ‡ the winter's sleety dribble
 And cranreuch§ cauld !

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane,
 In proving foresight may be vain :
 The best-laid schemes o' mice and men
 Gang aft a-gloy,
 And lea'e us nought but grief and pain
 For promised joy.

Still thou art blest, compared wi' me !
 The present only toucheth thee :
 But, och ! I backward cast my ee
 On prospects drear !
 And forward though I canna see,
 I guess and fear.

BURNS.

* Sharp.

† Endure.

‡ Comfortable.

§ Hoar-frost.

BIRDS.

O THE sunny summer-time !
O the leafy summer-time !
Merry is the Bird's life,
When the year is in its prime !
Birds are by the waterfalls
Dashing in the rainbow spray ;
Everywhere, everywhere,
Light and lovely, there are they !
Birds are in the forest old,
Building in each hoary tree ;
Birds are on the green hills ;
Birds are by the sea !

In the heather on the hill ;
All among the mountain-thyme ;
By the little brook-sides,
Where the sparkling waters chime ;
On the moor and in the fen,
'Mong the wortle-berries green ;
In the yellow furze-bush,
There the joyous Bird is seen.
O'er the crag, and o'er the peak
Splintered, savage, wild, and bare,
On wild wing the Bird-flocks
Wheel amid the air.
Wheel amid the breezy air,
Singing, screaming in their flight,
Calling to their Bird-mates,
In a troubleless delight !
In the green and leafy woods,
Where the branching ferns upcurl,
Soon as is the dawning,
Wakes the mavis and the merle ;
Wakes the cuckoo on the bough ;
Wakes the jay with ruddy breast ;
Wakes the mother ring-dove,
Brooding on her nest !

O the sunny summer-time !
O the leafy summer-time !

Merry is the Bird's life
 When the year is in its prime !
 Some are strong and some are weak ;
 Some love day and some love night ;—
 But whate'er a Bird is,
 Whate'er loves—it has delight
 In the joyous song it sings ;
 In the liquid air it cleaves ;
 In the sunshine ; in the shower ;
 In the nest it weaves !

Do we wake ; or do we sleep ;
 Go our fancies in a crowd
 After many a dull care—
 Birds are singing loud !
 Sing, then, linnet ; sing, then, wren ;
 Merle and mavis, sing your fill ;
 And thou, rapturous skylark,
 Sing and soar up from the hill !
 Sing, O nightingale, and pour
 Out for us sweet fancies new !—
 Singing thus for us, Birds,
 We will sing of you !

MARY HOWITT.

MY SUMMER-TIME.

THERE was a day—I see it now,
 Though years have intervened between,
 Years that have passed, I know not how,
 Yet through them all that day is seen—
 'Twas in my summer-time.

'A day of God !'—most wondrous fair,
 Such days in Heaven must have their birth.
 I think God opened Heaven's door,
 And let that day down to the earth—
 'Twas in my summer-time.

The morning rose—all mornings do ;
 But this seemed different from the rest :
 The blue was more intensely blue,
 The earth in brighter radiance drest,—
 'Twas in my summer-time.

The dewdrops sparkling in the sun
Were all on fire with love and light ;
And when the soft breeze touched the trees
The young leaves quivered with delight—
 'Twas in my summer-time.

And, oh ! the birds upon that day,
They'd never sung as then they sang :
They sang their very hearts away—
The whole air with their music rang.
 'Twas in my summer-time.

As for the larks, they sang so loud,
So near to Heaven their madd'ning strain,
I wondered why (I always do)
They ever should come down again !

 Ah ! 'twas my summer-time.

The roses blushed their rosiest red
When kissed by that day's noon tide sun ;
Sometimes I saw one hang its head,—
He'd gazed too long upon that one.

 All in my summer-time.

Sweet odours, as from Eden bowers,
Were wafted on the air like sighs ;
And when I felt them brush me by,
I thought, 'They come from Paradise.'

 'Twas in my summer-time.

The bees swung by me in the heat,
And jerked and hummed from flower to flower ;
Their very buzz made music sweet—
Bells that would chime the passing hour.

 'Twas in my summer-time.

Oh ! on that day 'twas joy to 'be'—
(To 'do' would have destroyed it all)—
Simply to breathe, and hear, and see.
Was it like this before the fall,

 As in my summer-time ?

I know not : God alone can tell :
His morning stars that sang on high,
I think perhaps *they* know full well
How beautiful were earth and sky

 In that first summer-time.

For me, I know how much is past
 That never can come back again—
 Youth's madd'ning ecstasy of joy,
 The speechless rapture, almost pain,
 Felt in my summer-time.

The rush and clang of busy life,
 The care, the sorrow, and the sin ;
 The want, the misery, the strife,
 Choke up the soul, and hedge it in
 From that sweet summer-time.

Yet with it all, as years roll on,
 A still more blessed joy is given,
 Less ecstasy, but surer Peace—
 A something that has more of Heaven
 Than had my summer-time.

All colouring takes a deeper hue ;
 And in earth's love and beauty now
 Visions of God come shining through,
 So clear that, though I know not how,
 They make it summer-time.

And when, reflected from His smile,
 A light on all things fair I see,
 I look up to His golden gate,
 And say, 'When He opens it for me,
 'Twill be my summer-time.'

C. M. KING.

UNDER THE TREES.

YE happy, happy trees,
 That in perpetual ease
 Stand on the soil where ye as saplings grew ;
 That lift your branches fair
 To the embracing air,
 And feed on sunshine, rain, and morning dew.
 I would that I could lead,
 In all my thought and deed,
 A life, ye happy trees, as beautiful as you.

To build your fabric high
No breathing creatures die :
Your bursting buds that open to the spring
Require no food from death ;
Your leaves that woo the breath
Of the sweet summer, and your boughs that swing
To breezes overhead,
Demand no life-blood shed,
Or tribute of a pain from meanest living thing.

In cloud-caressing length,
In beauty and in strength,
Ye live and grow, ye people of the woods.
Not idly do we deem,
In waking fancy's dream,
That in your green and busy solitudes
Ye may, to men unknown,
Have pleasures of your own,
And feel sweet sympathies with all dear Nature's
moods.

To everything that lives
The kind Creator gives
Share of enjoyment ; and, while musing here,
Amid the high grass laid,
Under your grateful shade,
I deem your branches rustling low and clear
May have some means of speech,
Lovingly, each to each,
Some power to understand, to wonder, to revere.

I deem that all your leaves,
In morns, or noons, or eves,
Or in the starry stillness of the night,
May look to Heaven in prayer,
Or bend to earth, and share
Some joy of sense, some natural delight ;
That root, and branch, and stem,
Partake the joy with them,
And feel through all their sap God's glory infinite.

I deem the song of birds
 May speak to you in words,
 And give you pleasure in your silent hours.
 I deem that storm and hail,
 The thunder and the gale,
 The softly-dripping, health-restoring showers,
 The sunlight and the dews,
 May secretly infuse
 Emotions of pure joy to all the groves and bowers.

I deem that all night long,
 When hushed is every song,
 And the cold frosty stars wink in the sky—
 When the winds droop to rest
 On Earth's forgiving breast—
 That ye still wake, and hold communion high
 With the o'er-arching spheres,
 Disclosing to our ears
 The truths in fables told of heavenly harmony.

I deem, when winter cold
 Howls o'er the brittle wold,
 And all your boughs rock naked to and fro,
 That unto you is given,
 By ever-watchful Heaven,
 Strength to endure, and solace under woe ;
 That *He* who rules the wind
 Tempers its wrath unkind,
 And guards your lives, as ours, when bitter
 tempests blow.

I deem ye speak aloud
 To the careering cloud ;
 And that your deep-toned hymns, to fervour
 wrought,
 When dark December roars,
 Voiced like the billowy shores,
 Is the expression of religious thought ;
 And that, with distant waves,
 Ye chant harmonious staves—
 psalmody sublime, with adoration fraught.

O happy, happy trees !
Ye make no enemies ;
All things that live and know you are your friends.
Enjoying and enjoyed,
Your harmless lives are void
Of all the sorrow that on ours attends.
Your day is long and fair,
Your life is sweet to bear,
And Nature has decreed no suffering when it ends.

Ends—when restored to earth ?
Perchance.—If constant birth
Springs but from constant changing and decay,
The life that moved your sap
May live again, mayhap,
And bear new beauties to the gaze of day.
Oh, mystery of Death !
Unspoken of our breath ;
We feel, but know thee not—we can but hope
and pray.

CHARLES MACKAY.

THE GARDEN SPIDER.

THOUGH feared by many, scorned by all,
Poor spider on my garden wall,
Accused as ugly, cruel, sly,
And seen with an averted eye ;
Thou shalt not lack one friend to claim
Some merit for thy injured name,
If I have strength to right the wrong,
Or in men's memory lives my song.

Men call thee ugly :—did they look
With closer eyes on Nature's book,
They might behold in seeing thee
A creature robed in brilliancy ;
They might admire thy speckled back
Begemm'd with purple, gold, and black ;
Thy hundred eyes, with diamond rims ;
Thy supple and resplendent limbs.

They call thee cruel ; but forget,
 Although thy skilful trap be set
 To capture the unwary prey,
 That thou must eat as well as they.
 No pampered appetites hast thou,
 What kindly Nature's laws allow
 Thou takest for thy daily food,
 And kindly Nature owns it good.

Fie on us ! we who hunt and kill,
 Voracious, but unsated still ;
 Who ransack earth, and sea, and air,
 And slay all creatures for our fare,
 Complain of thee, whose instinct leads,
 Unerring, to supply thy needs,
 Because thou takest now and then
 A fly, thy mutton, to thy den.

And then we call thee sly, forsooth,
 As if from earliest dawn of youth
 We did not lay our artful snares
 For rabbits, woodcocks, larks, and hares,
 Or lurk all day by running brooks
 To capture fish with cruel hooks,
 And with a patient, deep, deceit,
 Betray them with a counterfeit.

So let the thoughtless sneer or laugh ;
 I'll raise my voice in thy behalf.
 The life thou livest, Nature meant—
 It cannot be but innocent ;
 She gave thee instinct to obey,
 Her faultless hand designed thy prey ;
 And if thou killest, well we know
 'Tis need, not sport, compels the blow.

And while I plead thy simple case
 Against the slanderers of thy race,
 And think thy skilful web alone
 Might for some venial faults atone,
 I will not pass unnoticed by
 Thy patience in calamity,
 Thy courage to endure or wait,
 Thy self-reliance strong as Fate.

Should stormy wind, or thunder-shower
Assail thy web in evil hour ;
Should ruthless hand of lynx-eyed boy,
Or the prim gardener's rake, destroy
The clever mathematic maze
Thou spreadest in our garden ways,
No vain repinings mar thy rest,
No idle sorrows fill thy breast.

Thou mayst perchance deplore thy lot,
Or sigh that fortune loves thee not ;
But never dost thou sulk and mope,
Or lie and groan, forgetting hope ;
Still with a patience, calm and true,
Thou workest all thy work anew,
As if thou felt that Heaven is just
To every creature of the dust,

And that the Providence whose plan
Gives life to spiders as to man,
Will ne'er accord its aid divine
To those who lazily repine ;
But that all strength to those is given
Who help themselves, and trust in Heaven.
Poor insect ! to that faith I cling—
I learn thy lesson while I sing.

CHARLES MACKAY.

SKATING SONG.

THE lake is frozen bright and clear,
A mirror for the isles ;
We skim the surface of the mere,
And never count the miles.
The sun behind the snowy hill
Sank down an hour ago ;
The moon has found us gliding still,
As she clammers up the snow.

The golden ways are not so bright
That angels' feet entice,
As our receding path of light
Along the sounding ice.

The lake is like a polished floor
Whereon the moonbeams play,
That lure us on, but evermore
Glitter and glide away.

They pile the Christmas logs at home,
And shiver by the fire ;
But as for heat, the boys that roam
Find more than they require.
We dress as lightly as we may,
For us no hearth is bright ;
The low sun warms us not by day,
Nor the naked moon by night.

The prairie has no swifter steed
Than skates of narrow steel ;
And high-bred coursers when they bleed
Beneath a jockey's heel,
Leave not the ground behind them so,
And not so swiftly move,
As we with this cold ice below,
And colder stars above !

P. G. HAMERTON.

Flower Songs.

'Give true hearts but earth and sky
With some flowers to bloom and die,
Homely scenes and simple views
Lowly thoughts may best infuse.'

KEBLE.

'And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.'

WORDSWORTH.

FLOWER SONGS.

THE WILLOW-FLOWER.

SEE the soft green willow springing
Where the waters gently pass,
Every way her free arms flinging
O'er the moist and reedy grass.
Long ere winter blasts are fled,
See her tipped with vernal red,
And her kindly flower displayed
Ere her leaf can cast a shade.

Though the rudest hand assail her,
Patiently she droops awhile,
But when showers and breezes hail her,
Wears again her willing smile.
Thus I learn Contentment's power
From the slighted willow bower,
Ready to give thanks and live
On the least that Heaven may give.

KEBLE

BUTTERCUPS AND DAISIES.

BUTTERCUPS and daisies—
O the pretty flowers,
Coming ere the Spring-time
To tell of sunny hours.
While the trees are leafless,
While the fields are bare,
Buttercups and daisies
Spring up here and there.

Ere the snowdrop peepeth ;
 Ere the crocus bold ;
 Ere the early primrose
 Opes its paly gold,
 Somewhere on the sunny bank
 Buttercups are bright ;
 Somewhere 'mong the frozen grass
 Peeps the daisy white.

Little hardy flowers,
 Like to children poor,
 Playing in their sturdy health
 By their mother's door :
 Purple with the north wind,
 Yet alert and bold ;
 Fearing not and caring not,
 Though they be a-cold !

What to them is weather !
 What are stormy showers !
 Buttercups and daisies
 Are these human flowers.
 He who gave them hardship
 And a life of care,
 Gave them likewise hardy strength,
 And patient hearts, to bear.

Welcome, yellow buttercups,
 Welcome, daisies white,
 Ye are, in my spirit
 Visioned, a delight !
 Coming ere the Spring-time,
 Of sunny hours to tell—
 Speaking to our hearts of Him
 Who doeth all things well.

MARY HOWITT.

Flower Songs.

THE DANDELION.

DEAR common flower, that grow'st beside the way,
Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold,
First pledge of blithesome May,
Which children pluck, and, full of pride, uphold,
High-hearted buccaneers, o'erjoyed that they
An Eldorado in the grass have found,
Which not the rich earth's ample round
May match in wealth,—thou art more dear to me
Than all the prouder summer-blooms may be.

* * * * *

My childhood's earliest thoughts are linked with thee ;
The sight of thee calls back the robins' song,
Who, from the dark old tree
Beside the door, sang clearly all day long,
And I, secure in childish piety,
Listened as if I heard an angel sing
With news from heaven, which he could bring
Fresh every day to my untainted ears,
When birds and flowers and I were happy peers.

How like a prodigal doth Nature seem,
When thou, for all thy gold, so common art !
Thou teachest me to deem
More sacredly of every human heart,
Since each reflects in joy its scanty gleam
Of heaven, and could some wondrous secret show,
Did we but pay the love we owe,
And with a child's undoubting wisdom look
On all these living pages of God's book.

LOWELL..

CROCUSES AND SNOWDROPS.

FAIR crocuses and snowdrops,
First heralds of the spring,
What hope and cheerful promise
To grateful hearts ye bring.
We know bleak winter's waning
When your bright smiles appear,
For with a kindly greeting
Ye hail the new-born year.

Fair crocuses and snowdrops,
 Whene'er the zephyr swells,
 Sound, sound your golden trumpets,
 And strike your silver bells.
 Bid all your sister blossoms
 Awake your joys to share,
 And join with merry welcome
 To hail the new-born year.

W. S. PASSMORE.

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY.*

ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE PLOUGH
 IN APRIL, 1786.

WEE, modest, crimson-tipp'd flower,
 Thou's met me in an evil hour ;
 For I maun crush amang the stoure†
 Thy slender stem :
 To spare thee now is past my power,
 Thou bonny gem.

Alas ! it's no thy neibor sweet,
 The bonny lark, companion meet,
 Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet,
 Wi' speckled breast,
 When upward springing, blithe, to greet
 The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
 Upon thy early, humble birth ;
 Yet cheerfully thou glinted‡ forth
 Amid the storm,
 Scarce rear'd above the parent earth
 Thy tender form.

* Mr. Chambers says :—'The "Mountain Daisy" was composed, as the poet has related, at the plough. The field where he crushed the "Wee, modest, crimson-tipp'd flower," lies next to that in which he turned up the nest of the mouse, and both are on the farm of Mossiel, and still shown to anxious inquirers by the neighbouring peasantry.'

† Dust.

‡ Peeped.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,
High sheltering woods and wa's maun shield ;
But thou beneath the random bield *

O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie[†] stibble-field,
Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawie bosom sun-ward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise ;
But now the *share* uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies !

Such is the fate of artless maid,
Sweet floweret of the rural shade !
By love's simplicity betray'd,
And guileless trust,
Till she, like thee, all soil'd, is laid
Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd !
Unskilful he to note the card
Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er !

Such fate to suffering worth is given,
Who long with wants and woes has striven,
By human pride or cunning driven
To misery's brink,
Till, wrench'd of every stay but Heaven
He, ruin'd, sink !

Even thou who mourn'st the daisy's fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date ;
Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives, elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till, crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,
Shall be thy doom !

BURNS.

* Shelter.

† Barren.

THE DAISY.

I'd choose to be a daisy, if I might be a flower,
 My petals closing softly at twilight's silent hour ;
 And waking in the morning, when falls the early dew,
 To welcome heaven's bright sunshine, and heaven's
 bright tear-drop too.

I'd choose to be a daisy, &c.

I love the gentle lily, it looks so meek and fair,
 But daisies I love better, for they grow everywhere ;
 The lilies bloom so sadly, in sunshine or in shower,
 But daisies still look upward, however dark the hour.

I'd choose to be a daisy, &c.

FREDERICK BUCKLEY.

TO THE SMALL CELANDINE.*

PANSIES, lilies, kingcups, daisies,
 Let them live upon their praises ;
 Long as there's a sun that sets,
 Primroses will have their glory ;
 Long as there are violets,
 They will have a place in story :
 There's a flower that shall be mine,
 'Tis the little celandine.

Eyes of some men travel far
 For the finding of a star ;
 Up and down the heavens they go—
 Men that keep a mighty rout !
 I'm as great as they, I trow,
 Since the day I found thee out,
 Little flower !—I'll make a stir,
 Like a sage astronomer.

Modest, yet withal an elf,
 Bold, and lavish of thyself ;
 Since we needs must first have met
 I have seen thee, high and low,

Common pilewort.

Thirty years or more, and yet
 'Twas a face I did not know,
Thou hast now, go where I may,
Fifty greetings in a day.

Ere a leaf is on a bush,
In the time before the thrush
Has a thought about her nest,
 Thou wilt come with half a call,
Spreading out thy glossy breast
 Like a careless prodigal ;
Telling tales about the sun,
When we've little warmth, or none.

Poets, vain men in their mood !
Travel with the multitude :
Never heed them ; I aver
 That they all are wanton wooers ;
But the thrifty cottager,
 Who stirs little out of doors,
Joys to spy thee near her home ;
Spring is coming, thou art come !

Comfort have thou of thy merit,
Kindly, unassuming spirit !
Careless of thy neighbourhood,
 Thou dost show thy pleasant face
On the moor, and in the wood,
 In the lane ;—there's not a place,
Howsoever mean it be,
But 'tis good enough for thee.

Ill befall the yellow flowers,
Children of the flaring hours !
Buttercups, that will be seen,
 Whether we will see or know ;
Others, too, of lofty mien ;
 They have done as worldlings do,
Taken praise that should be thine,
Little, humble celandine !

Prophet of delight and mirth,
 Ill-requited upon earth ;
 Herald of a mighty band,
 Of a joyous train ensuing,
 Serving at my heart's command,
 Tasks that are no tasks renewing,
 I will sing, as doth behove,
 Hymns in praise of what I love !

WORDSWORTH.

DAFFODILS.

I WANDERED lonely as a cloud
 That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
 When all at once I saw a crowd,
 A host, of golden daffodils ;
 Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
 Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
 And twinkle on the milky-way,
 They stretched in never-ending line
 Along the margin of a bay :
 Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
 Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced ; but they
 Outdid the sparkling waves in glee :
 A poet could not but be gay,
 In such a jocund company :
 I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
 What wealth the show to me had brought.

For oft when on my couch I lie,
 In vacant or in pensive mood,
 They flash upon that inward eye
 Which is the bliss of solitude ;
 And then my heart with pleasure fills,
 And dances with the daffodils.

WORDSWORTH.

VIOLET.

VIOLET ! sweet violet !
Thine eyes are full of tears ;
Are they wet
Even yet
With the thought of other years ?
Or with gladness are they full,
For the night so beautiful,
And longing for those far-off spheres ?

Loved one of my youth thou wast,
Of my merry youth,
And I see
Tearfully,
All the fair and sunny past,
All its openness and truth,
Ever fresh and green in thee
As the moss is in the sea.

Thy little heart, that hath with love
Grown coloured like the sky above,
On which thou lookest ever,—
Can it know
All the woe
Of hope for what returneth never,
All the sorrow and the longing
To these hearts of ours belonging ?

Out on it ! no foolish pining
For the sky
Dims thine eye,
Or for the stars so calmly shining ;
Like thee let this soul of mine
Take hue from that wherefor I long,
Self-stayed and high, serene and strong,
Not satisfied with hoping—but divine.

Violet ! dear violet !
Thy blue eyes are only wet
With joy and love of Him who sent thee,
And for the fulfilling sense
Of that glad obedience
Which made thee all that Nature meant thee !

LOWELL.

THE PRIMROSE.

THE milk-white blossoms of the thorn
 Are waving o'er the pool,
 Moved by the wind that breathes along
 So sweetly and so cool.
 The hawthorn clusters bloom above,
 The primrose hides below,
 And on the lonely passer-by
 A modest glance doth throw !

The humble primrose' bonnie face
 I meet it everywhere ;
 Where other flowers disdain to bloom,
 It comes and nestles there.
 Like God's own light, on every place
 In glory it doth fall :
 And where its dwelling-place is made,
 It straightway hallows all !

Where'er the green-winged linnet sings,
 The primrose bloometh lone ;
 And love it wins—deep love—from all
 Who gaze its sweetness on.
 On field-paths narrow, and in woods,
 We meet thee near and far,
 Till thou becomest prized and loved,
 As things familiar are !

The stars are sweet at eventide,
 But cold, and far away ;
 The clouds are soft in summer time,
 But all unstable they ;
 The rose is rich—but pride of place
 Is far too high for me—
 God's simple common things I love—
 My primrose, such as thee !

I love the fireside of my home,
 Because all sympathies,
 The feelings fond of every day, .
 Around its circle rise.

And while admiring all the flowers
That summer suns can give,
Within my heart the primrose sweet,
In lowly love doth live !

NICOLL.

THE WALL-FLOWER.

WHY loves my flower, so high inclined
Upon these walls of barren gloom,
To waste her sweetness on the wind,
And far from every eye to bloom?
Why joy to twine with golden braid
This ruined rampart's aged head,
Proud to expose her gentle form,
And swing her bright locks in the storm?

That lonely spot is bleak and hoar,
Where prints my flower her fragrant kiss ;
Yet sorrow hangs not fonder o'er
The ruins of her faded bliss.
And wherefore will she thus inweave
The owl's lone couch, and feel at eve
The wild bat o'er her blossoms fling,
And strike them down with heedless wing ?

Thus, gazing on the loftiest tower
Of ruined Fore at eventide,
The Muse addressed a lonely flower
That bloomed above in summer pride.
The Muse's eye, the Muse's ear,
Can more than others see and hear :
The breeze of evening murmured by,
And gave, she deemed, this faint reply :

'On this lone tower, so wild and drear,
'Mid storms and clouds I love to lie,
Because I find a freedom here
Which prouder haunts could ne'er supply.
Safe on these walls I sit, and stem
The elements that conquered them ;
And high o'er reach of plundering foe
Smile on an anxious world below.

Though envied place I may not claim
 On warrior's crest, or lady's hair ;
 Though tongue may never speak my name,
 Nor eye behold and own me fair ;
 To Him, who tends me from the sky,
 I spread my beauties here on high,
 And bid the winds to waft above
 My incense to His throne of love.

And though in hermit solitude,
 Aloft and wild, my home I choose,
 On the rock's bosom pillow'd rude,
 And nurtured by the falling dews,
 Yet duly with the opening year
 I hang my golden mantle here.
 A child of God's I am, and He
 Sustains, and clothes, and shelters me.

Nor deem my state without its bliss :
 Mine is the first young smile of day ;
 Mine the light zephyr's earliest kiss ;
 And mine the skylark's matin lay.
 These are my joys : with these on high
 In peace I hope to live and die,
 And drink the dew, and scent the breeze,
 As blithe a flower as Flora sees.'

Bloom on, sweet moralist ! Be thine
 The softest shower, the brightest sun !
 Long o'er a world of error shine,
 And teach them what to seek and shun !
 Bloom on, and show the simple glee
 That dwells with those who dwell like thee ;
 From noise, and glare, and folly driven,
 To thought, retirement, peace, and heaven.

Show them, in thine, the Christian's lot,
 So dark and drear in worldly eyes ;
 And yet he would exchange it not
 For all they most pursue and prize.
 From meaner cares and trammels free,
 He soars above the world, like thee ;
 And fed and nurtured from above,
 Returns the debt in grateful love.

Frail, like thyself, fair flower, is he,
And beat by every storm and shower ;
Yet on a Rock he stands, like thee,
And braves the tempest's wildest power.
And there he blooms, and gathers still
A good from every seeming ill ;
And, pleased with what his lot has given,
He lives to God, and looks to heaven.

LYTE.

COWSLIPS.

I LOVE to pick the primroses
Beneath the hedges green ;
I love to seek the violets
Beneath their leafy screen ;
The daisies and the buttercups,
The bluebells rich and tall ;
I love them well, but yet I love
The cowslips best of all.

The cowslips nod upon the grass,
And hang each golden cup ;
They gleam like jewels as I pass,
And all their scent comes up.
I gather them and treasure them,
Nor let one blossom fall,
But take them home and make myself
A glorious cowslip ball.

A. M. BROWNE.

BLUE-BELLS.

CLEAR and bright is the deep blue sky,
Soft are the deepening shades that lie
Beneath the trees in the glades below
Where the beds of glorious blue-bells grow.
Sweet is the air with the breath of spring,
Laden with songs that the wild birds sing ;
And the coming glory of summer swells,
Rich, with the scent of the sweet blue bells.

For the beauty of earth with 'all things new
 Reflects the tinting of Heaven's own blue ;
 And a smile comes down through the vaulted glow
 From the blue above to the blue below.
 As we gather the bells so rich and sweet
 That bow their blossoms and kiss our feet—
 Our human homes, like the woodland dells,
 Shine rich in the glory of deep blue bells.

And oh ! when the blue-bell time is past,
 When the blue of the sky is overcast,
 When the thousand songs of the woods are still,
 And autumn breezes are cold and chill—
 Now and then let us close our eyes
 And dream of the beauty of cloudless skies,
 Of the glory on high, that the promise tells,
 When Heaven smiles down to the blue blue bells.

A. M. BROWNE.

THE STRAWBERRY BLOSSOM.

THAT is work of waste and ruin—
 Do as Charles and I are doing !
 Strawberry-blossoms, one and all,
 We must spare them—here are many :
 Look at it—the flower is small,
 Small and low, though fair as any :
 Do not touch it ! summers two
 I am older, Anne, than you.
 Pull the primrose, sister Anne !
 Pull as many as you can.
 Here are daisies, take your fill ;
 Pansies, and the cuckoo flower :
 Of the lofty daffodil
 Make your bed, and make your bower ;
 Fill your lap, and fill your bosom ;
 Only spare the strawberry blossom !
 Primroses, the spring may love them :
 Summer knows but little of them :
 Violets, a barren kind,
 Withered on the ground must lie ;

Daisies leave no fruit behind
When the pretty flowerets die ;
Pluck them and another year
As many will be blowing here.

God has given a kindlier power
To the favoured strawberry flower.
When the months of spring are fled
Hither let us bend our walk ;
Lurking berries, ripe and red,
Then will hang on every stalk,
Each within its leafy bower ;
And for that promise spare the flower !

WORDSWORTH.

THE LILY.

THE stream with languid murmur creeps,
In Lumin's flowery vale :
Beneath the dew the lily weeps
Slow-waving to the gale.

' Cease, restless gale ! ' it seems to say,
' Nor wake me with thy sighing !
The honours of my vernal day
On rapid wings are flying.

To-morrow shall the traveller come
Who late beheld me blooming :
His searching eye shall vainly roam
The dreary vale of Lumin.'

With eager gaze and wetted cheek
My wonted haunts along,
Thus, faithful maiden ! thou shalt seek
The youth of simplest song.

But I along the breeze shall roll
The voice of feeble power ;
And dwell, the moonbeam of thy soul,
In slumber's nightly hour.

COLERIDGE.

THE SWEET-BRIER.

OUR sweet autumnal western-scented wind
 Robs of its odours none so sweet a flower,
 In all the blooming waste it left behind,
 As that the sweet-brier yields it ; and the shower
 Wets not a rose that buds in beauty's bower
 One half so lovely ; yet it grows along
 The poor girl's pathway, by the poor man's door.
 Such are the simple folks it dwells among ;
 And humble as the bud, so humble be the song.

I love it, for it takes its untouched stand
 Not in the vase that sculptors decorate ;
 Its sweetness all is of my native land ;
 And e'en its fragrant leaf has not its mate
 Among the perfumes which the rich and great
 Buy from the odours of the spicy East.
 You love *your* flowers and plants, and will you hate
 The little four-leaved rose that I love best,
 That freshest will awake, and sweetest go to rest ?

BRAINARD.

THE FLAX-FLOWER.

O THE little flax-flower !
 It groweth on the hill,
 And, be the breeze awake or sleep,
 It never standeth still.
 It groweth, and it groweth fast ;
 One day it is a seed,
 And then a little grassy blade,
 Scarce better than a weed.
 But then out comes the flax-flower,
 As blue as is the sky ;
 And, 'Tis a dainty little thing !
 We say, as we go by.
 A goodly little thing it is !
 It groweth for the poor,
 And many a peasant blesses it,
 Beside his cottage door.

He thinketh how those slender stems,
That shimmer in the sun,
Are rich for him in web and woof,
And shortly shall be spun.
He thinketh how those tender flowers,
Of seed will yield him store ;
And sees in thought his next year's crop
Blue shining round his door.

The little useful flax-flower !
The mother, then says she,
' Go pull the thyme, the heath, the fern,
But let the flax-flower be !
It groweth for the children's sake,
It groweth for our own ;
There are flowers enough upon the hill,
But leave the flax alone !
The farmer hath his fields of wheat,
Much cometh to his share ;
We have this liitle plot of flax,
That we have till'd with care.

Our squire he hath the holt and hill,
Great halls and noble rent ;
We only have the flax-field,
Yet therewith are content.
We watch it morn, we watch it night,
And when the stars are out,
The good-man and the little ones,
They pace it round about ;
For it we wish the sun to shine,
For it the rain to fall ;
Good lack ! for who is poor doth make
Great count of what is small !

The goodly, kindly flax-flower !
It groweth on the hill,
And be the breeze awake or sleep,
It never standeth still !
It seemeth all astir with life,
As if it loved to thrive
As if it had a merry heart
Within its stem alive.

Then fair befall the flax-field,
 And may the fruitful showers
 Give strength unto its shining stem,
 Give seed unto its flowers !

MARY HOWITT.

THE SONG OF THE POPPIES.

‘WE little red-caps are among the corn,
 Merrily dancing at early morn,
 For we know that the farmer hates to see
 Our saucy red faces, but here are we !
 We pay no price for our summer coats,
 Like those slavish creatures, Barley and Oats ;
 We don’t choose to be ground and eat,
 Like our heavy-head neighbour, Gaffer Wheat.’

But blithe was the rich rosy farmer that morn,
 When he went with his reapers among the corn ;
 He trotted along, and cracked his joke,
 And chatted and laughed with the harvest-folk.
 ‘We’ll cut this Barley to-day,’ quoth he,
 As he tied his pony under a tree.

Next the upland Wheat, and then the Oats.’
 How the poppies shook in their scarlet coats !

Aye, shook with laughter, not fear, for they
 Never dreamt that they too should be swept away ;
 And the farmer, glancing across the grain,
 Cried, ‘Look how these weeds have come up again.’
 ‘Ha, ha !’ laughed the red-caps ; ‘ha ! ha ! what a fuss
 The poor weeds must be in, how they’re envying us.’
 —But their mirth was cut short by the sturdy strokes
 Which they speedily met from the harvest-folks.

L. A. TWAMLEY.

THE BRAMBLE-FLOWER.

THY fruit full well the schoolboy knows,
 Wild bramble of the brake !
 So, put thou forth thy small white rose ;
 I love it for his sake.

Though woodbines flaunt and roses glow
O'er all the fragrant bowers,
Thou need'st not be ashamed to show
Thy satin-threaded flowers.

For dull the eye, the heart is dull,
That cannot feel how fair,
Amid all beauty, beautiful
Thy tender blossoms are !
How delicate thy gauzy frill !
How rich thy branchy stem !
How soft thy voice when woods are still,
And thou sing'st hymns to them !

While silent showers are falling slow,
And, 'mid the general hush,
A sweet air lifts the little bough,
Lone whispering through the bush !
The primrose to the grave is gone ;
The hawthorn-flower is dead ;
The violet by the mossed grey stone
Hath laid her weary head ;

But thou, wild bramble ! back dost bring,
In all their beauteous power,
The fresh green days of life's fair spring,
And boyhood's blossomy hour.
Scorned bramble of the brake ! once more
Thou bidd'st me be a boy,
To gad with thee the woodlands o'er,
In freedom and in joy.

ELLIOTT.

MOUNTAIN GORSES.

MOUNTAIN gorses, ever-golden,
Cankered not the whole year long !
Do ye teach us to be strong,
Howsoever pricked and holden
Like your thorny blooms, and so
Trodden on by rain and snow,
Up the hill-side of this life, as bleak as where ye grow ?

THE PRIMROSE.

THE milk-white blossoms of the thorn
 Are waving o'er the pool,
 Moved by the wind that breathes along
 So sweetly and so cool.
 The hawthorn clusters bloom above,
 The primrose hides below,
 And on the lonely passer-by
 A modest glance doth throw !

The humble primrose' bonnie face
 I meet it everywhere ;
 Where other flowers disdain to bloom,
 It comes and nestles there.
 Like God's own light, on every place
 In glory it doth fall :
 And where its dwelling-place is made,
 It straightway hallows all !

Where'er the green-winged linnet sings,
 The primrose bloometh lone ;
 And love it wins—deep love—from all
 Who gaze its sweetness on.
 On field-paths narrow, and in woods,
 We meet thee near and far,
 Till thou becomest prized and loved,
 As things familiar are !

The stars are sweet at eventide,
 But cold, and far away ;
 The clouds are soft in summer time,
 But all unstable they ;
 The rose is rich—but pride of place
 Is far too high for me—
 God's simple common things I love—
 My primrose, such as thee !

I love the fireside of my home,
 Because all sympathies,
 The feelings fond of every day,
 Around its circle rise.

And while admiring all the flowers
That summer suns can give,
Within my heart the primrose sweet,
In lowly love doth live !

NICOLL.

THE WALL-FLOWER.

WHY loves my flower, so high reclined
Upon these walls of barren gloom,
To waste her sweetness on the wind,
And far from every eye to bloom?
Why joy to twine with golden braid
This ruined rampart's aged head,
Proud to expose her gentle form,
And swing her bright locks in the storm?

That lonely spot is bleak and hoar,
Where prints my flower her fragrant kiss ;
Yet sorrow hangs not fonder o'er
The ruins of her faded bliss.
And wherefore will she thus inweave
The owl's lone couch, and feel at eve
The wild bat o'er her blossoms fling,
And strike them down with heedless wing?

Thus, gazing on the loftiest tower
Of ruined Fore at eventide,
The Muse addressed a lonely flower
That bloomed above in summer pride.
The Muse's eye, the Muse's ear,
Can more than others see and hear :
The breeze of evening murmured by,
And gave, she deemed, this faint reply :

'On this lone tower, so wild and drear,
'Mid storms and clouds I love to lie,
Because I find a freedom here
Which prouder haunts could ne'er supply.
Safe on these walls I sit, and stem
The elements that conquered them ;
And high o'er reach of plundering foe
Smile on an anxious world below.

Though envied place I may not claim
 On warrior's crest, or lady's hair ;
 Though tongue may never speak my name,
 Nor eye behold and own me fair ;
 To Him, who tends me from the sky,
 I spread my beauties here on high,
 And bid the winds to waft above
 My incense to His throne of love.

And though in hermit solitude,
 Aloft and wild, my home I choose,
 On the rock's bosom pillow'd rude,
 And nurtured by the falling dews,
 Yet duly with the opening year
 I hang my golden mantle here.
 A child of God's I am, and He
 Sustains, and clothes, and shelters me.

Nor deem my state without its bliss :
 Mine is the first young smile of day ;
 Mine the light zephyr's earliest kiss ;
 And mine the skylark's matin lay.
 These are my joys : with these on high
 In peace I hope to live and die,
 And drink the dew, and scent the breeze,
 As blithe a flower as Flora sees.'

Bloom on, sweet moralist ! Be thine
 The softest shower, the brightest sun !
 Long o'er a world of error shine,
 And teach them what to seek and shun !
 Bloom on, and show the simple glee
 That dwells with those who dwell like thee ;
 From noise, and glare, and folly driven,
 To thought, retirement, peace, and heaven.

Show them, in thine, the Christian's lot,
 So dark and drear in worldly eyes ;
 And yet he would exchange it not
 For all they most pursue and prize.
 From meaner cares and trammels free,
 He soars above the world, like thee ;
 And fed and nurtured from above,
 Returns the debt in grateful love.

Frail, like thyself, fair flower, is he,
And beat by every storm and shower ;
Yet on a Rock he stands, like thee,
And braves the tempest's wildest power.
And there he blooms, and gathers still
A good from every seeming ill ;
And, pleased with what his lot has given,
He lives to God, and looks to heaven.

LYTE.

COWSLIPS.

I LOVE to pick the primroses
Beneath the hedges green ;
I love to seek the violets
Beneath their leafy screen ;
The daisies and the buttercups,
The bluebells rich and tall ;
I love them well, but yet I love
The cowslips best of all.

The cowslips nod upon the grass,
And hang each golden cup ;
They gleam like jewels as I pass,
And all their scent comes up.
I gather them and treasure them,
Nor let one blossom fall,
But take them home and make myself
A glorious cowslip ball.

A. M. BROWNE.

BLUE-BELLS.

CLEAR and bright is the deep blue sky,
Soft are the deepening shades that lie
Beneath the trees in the glades below
Where the beds of glorious blue-bells grow.
Sweet is the air with the breath of spring,
Laden with songs that the wild birds sing ;
And the coming glory of summer swells,
Rich, with the scent of the sweet blue bells.

'A light boat, and a tight boat, and a boat that rides well,
Though the waves leap around it and the winds blow snell ;
A full boat, and a merry boat, will meet any weather,
With a long pull, and a strong pull, and a pull altogether.'

The Author of 'John Halifax.'

SEA AND BOAT SONGS.

A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA.

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast ;
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While, like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.

Oh for a soft and gentle wind !
I heard a fair one cry ;
But give to me the snoring breeze,
And white waves heaving high ;
And white waves heaving high, my boys,
The good ship tight and free—
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon hornèd moon,
And lightning in yon cloud ;
And hark the music, mariners !
The wind is piping loud ;
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashing free—
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

YE mariners of England,
 That guard our native seas ;
 Whose flag has braved a thousand years
 The battle and the breeze !
 Your glorious standard launch again,
 To match another foe !
 And sweep through the deep,
 While the stormy tempests blow ;
 While the battle rages loud and long,
 And the stormy tempests blow.

The spirits of your fathers
 Shall start from every wave !
 For the deck it was their field of fame,
 And ocean was their grave ;
 Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
 Your manly hearts shall glow,
 As ye sweep through the deep,
 While the stormy tempests blow ;
 While the battle rages loud and long,
 And the stormy tempests blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
 No towers along the steep ;
 Her march is o'er the mountain waves,
 Her home is on the deep.
 With thunders from her native oak,
 She quells the floods below ;
 As they roar on the shore,
 When the stormy tempests blow ;
 When the battle rages loud and long,
 And the stormy tempests blow.

The meteor-flag of England
 Shall yet terrific burn ;
 Till danger's troubled night depart,
 And the star of peace return.
 Then, then, ye ocean warriors !
 Our song and feast shall flow
 To the fame of your name,
 When the storm has ceased to blow ;
 When the fiery fight is heard no more,
 And the storm has ceased to blow.

CAMPBELL.

THE SAILOR'S LIFE.

MERRILY ! merrily on we sail !

The sailor's life is gay !

His hopes are on the fav'ring gale,
And whether it freshen, or whether it fail,
Or whether by night or day,
He recks not, cares not, no ! not he,
For his home is ever upon the sea,
And his God is near, his guide and stay !
Then should not the sailor's life be gay ?

Merrily ! merrily on we go !

The sailor's life is free !

Cares but few his heart may know,
For wherever the breeze that bears him blow,
There still his home shall be :
And by night or by day the darkling deep
Is the same to the Eye that never doth sleep,
And his God is the God that rules the sea ;
Then should not the sailor's life be free ?

Merrily ! merrily on we sweep !

The sailor's life is blest !

For he knows the wonders of the deep,
And Who alone his bark can keep
By night or day at rest ;
He knows by Whom each breeze is given,
Each calm he feels comes fresh from heaven,
And the thought of his God ever buoys his breast ;
Then should not the sailor's life be blest ?

Merrily ! merrily on we fly !

The sailor's life is dear !

There's not a cloud across the sky,
His throbbing heart is beating high,
For ah ! his home is near !
And his eye glistens as he sees
His native vale, its cots and trees,
But the God of comfort dries the tear ;
Then should not the sailor's life be dear ?

Thus the sailor's life is gay and free,

And it is blest and dear :

Then should not he speed merrily
 Along the deep and dark-blue sea,
 With nothing there to fear ?
 For with his Father at the helm,
 No tempests can his bark o'erwhelm,
 His sea is safe, his haven near,
 For the sailor's life to his God is dear !

MONSELL.

WINDLASS SONG.

HEAVE at the windlass,
 Heave O, cheerly men, heave !
 Heave all at once with a will !
 The tide's quickly flowing,
 Our cordage is creaking,
 The water has put on a frill.
Chorus—Heave at the windlass, &c.

Once in blue water,
 Heave O, cheerly men, heave !
 Blow it from north or from south,
 She'll stand to it tightly,
 And curtsey politely,
 And carry a bone in her mouth.
 Heave at the windlass, &c.

Short cruise or long cruise,
 Heave O, cheerly men, heave !
 Jolly Jack Tar thinks it one,
 No latitude dreads he of,
 White, Black or Red Sea,
 Great icebergs or tropical sun.
 Heave at the windlass, &c.

One other turn and
 Heave O, cheerly men, heave !
 Heave and good-bye to the shore !
 Our money, how went it ?
 We shared it and spent it,
 Next year we'll come back with some more.
 Heave at the windlass, &c.

W. ALLINGHAM.

THE SEA.

THE sea ! the sea ! the open sea !
The blue, the fresh, the ever free !
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round ;
It plays with the clouds ; it mocks the skies ;
Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the sea ! I'm on the sea !
I am where I would ever be ;
With the blue above, and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go ;
If a storm should come and awake the deep,
What matter ? *I shall ride and sleep.*

I love (oh ! *how I love*) to ride
On the fierce-foaming bursting tide,
When every mad wave drowns the moon.
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the south-west blasts do blow.

I never was on the dull tame shore,
But I loved the great sea more and more,
And backward flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest ;
And a mother she *was* and *is* to me,
For I was born on the open sea !

The waves were white, and red the morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born ;
And the whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold ;
And never was heard such an outcry wild
As welcomed to life the ocean child !

I've lived since then, in calm and strife,
Full fifty summers a sailor's life,
With wealth to spend and a power to range,
But never have sought, nor sighed for change ;
And Death, whenever he come to me,
Shall come on the wild unbounded sea !

BARRY CORNWALL.

THE SEA-GULL.

SPRITE of the ocean,
Graceful in motion,
Swift in thy passage from inland to sea,
Oft I in fancy pace
Over thy dwelling-place,
Dear to thy nestlings and precious to me.

Bright in eccentric flight,
Gleaming with purest white,
Floating through ether all buoyant and free,
Raptured I've seen thee swerve
From thy fantastic curve,
Dropping with call-note to sport on the lea.

And on the shore I've stood,
Watching thy snowy brood,
Dip in the silver wave searching for prey ;
Then from the surface rise,
Soar to the fleecy skies,
Coo to thy comrades, and hasten away.

EDWARD CAPERN.

PRAYER AT SEA.

O LORD, be with us when we sail
Upon the lonely deep,
Our guard when on the silent deck
The nightly watch we keep.

We need not fear, though all around,
'Mid rising winds, we hear
The multitude of waters surge ;
For Thou, O God, art near.

The calm, the breeze, the gale; the storm,
The ocean and the land,
All, all are Thine, and held within
The hollow of Thy hand.

As when on blue Gennesaret
Rose high the angry wave,
And Thy disciples quailed in dread,
One word of Thine could save ;

So when the fiercer storms arise
From man's unbridled will,
Be Thou, Lord, present in our hearts
To whisper, ' Peace, be still ! '

If duty calls from threatened strife
To guard our native shore,
And shot and shell are answering
The booming cannons' roar ;

Be Thou the mainguard of our host
Till war and dangers cease,
Defend the right, put up the sword,
And through the world make peace.

Across this troubled tide of life
Thyself our pilot be,
Until we reach that better land,
The land that knows no sea.

MAN THE LIFE-BOAT.

MAN the life-boat ! man the life-boat !
Help, or yon ship is lost !
Man the life-boat ! man the life-boat !
See how she's tempest-toss'd !
No human power, in such an hour,
The gallant bark can save ;
Her mainmast gone, and, hurrying on,
She seeks her watery grave !
Man the life-boat ! &c.

Man the life-boat ! man the life-boat !
See the dread signal flies !
Ha !—she has struck, and from the rock
Despairing shouts arise ;

And one there stands, and wrings his hands,
 Amid the tempest wild ;
 For on the beach he cannot reach
 He sees his wife and child !
 Man the lifeboat ! &c.

Man the life-boat ! man the life-boat !
 Now ply the oars amain !
 Your pull be strong, your stroke be long,
 Or all will yet be vain.
 Life-saving ark, yon doomèd barque
 Immortal souls doth bear ;
 Nor gems, nor gold, nor wealth untold,
 But men, brave men, are there.

Man the life-boat ! &c.

Speed the life-boat ! speed the life-boat !
 O God ! their efforts crown !
 She dashes on—the ship is gone
 Full forty fathoms down !
 Ha !—see—the crew are struggling now
 Amid the breakers' roar—
 They're in the boat—they're all afloat—
 Hurrah ! they've gained the shore !
 Bless the life-boat ! &c.

TARS' SONG.

OUR ship now goes with a pleasant gale,
 Give it to her, boys, now give it her,
 For she's the craft to carry sail,
 Give it to her, boys, now give it her.
 See, the wind is on our quarter,
 Make all taut and snug, boys,
 Swiftly she'll go through the water,
 Then we'll serve the grog, boys.
Chorus—Hark ! the breeze begins to blow,
 So clear your pipes, and join
 In our heave, heave ho !
 Now cheerily, my men, heave ho,
 Yo ho, heave ho !
 Cheerily, my men, heave ho !

Our ship now goes with a pleasant gale,
 Give it to her boys, now give it her,
For she's the craft to carry sail,
 Give it to her, boys, now give it her.
Through the night how fast she's sped now ;
 Keep her course nor'-west, boys ;
Merry England is right ahead now ;
 Soon we'll make the land, boys.
 Hark ! the breeze begins to blow, &c.

THE SAILOR'S RETURN.

THIS morn I lay a-dreaming,
 This morn, this merry morn,
When the cock crew shrill from over the hill,
 I heard a bugle-horn.

And through the dream I was dreaming,
 There sighed the sigh of the sea,
And through the dream I was dreaming,
 This voice came singing to me.

‘ High over the breakers,
 Low under the lee,
Sing ho
 The billow,
And the lash of the rolling sea !

Boat, boat, to the billow,
 Boat, boat, to the lee !
Love on thy pillow,
 Art thou dreaming of me ?

Billow, billow, breaking,
 Land us low on the lee !
For sleeping or waking,
 Sweet love, I am coming to thee !

High, high, o'er the breakers,
 Low, low, on the lee,
Sing ho !
 The billow
That brings me back to thee !

SYDNEY DOBELL.

LAND-HO.

HARK ! to the cry ' Land-ho, land-ho,'
 It echoes from the gale,
 Down from the top, ' Land-ho, land-ho,'
 The look-out's cheerful hail.
 ' Land-ho, land-ho, land-ho !
 Hurrah ! land-ho, hurrah !'
 It broadens o'er the foam,
 Land-ho, land-ho, land-ho !

Now the glad cry, ' Land-ho, land-ho,'
 It echoes from the strand,
 Long has the cry, we know, we know,
 Hailed fair, but foreign land.
 ' Land-ho, land-ho, land-ho !
 Hurrah ! land-ho, hurrah !'
 White cliffs rise from the foam,
 Land-ho, land-ho, land-ho !

Give one cheer more
 For the dear old shore,
 For England, hearth, and home,
 Both loud and clear
 Ringeth out our cheer,
 'Tis England, hearth and home.
 Land-ho, hurrah, land-ho !

H. FARNIE.

THE FISHING-BOAT.**GOING OUT.**

BRISKLY blows the evening gale,
 Fresh and free it blows ;
 Blessings on the fishing-boat,
 How merrily she goes !

Christ He loved the fishermen ;
 Walking by the sea,
 How He blessed the fishing-boats
 Down in Galilee !

Dark the night, and wild the wave,
Christ the boat is keeping ;
Trust in Him, and have no fear,
Though He seemeth sleeping.

COMING IN.

Briskly blows the morning breeze,
Fresh and strong it blows ;
Blessings on the fishing-boat,
How steadily she goes !

Christ He loved the fishermen ;
And He blessed the net
Which the hopeless fishers threw
In Gennesaret.

He has blessed our going out,
Blessed, too, our returning ;
Given us laden nets at night,
And fair wind in the morning.

MARY HOWITT.

THE FISHER-BOY'S SONG.

SWEETLY our song sounds over the sea,
Night closes round us, happy are we !
Spreading our nets while sailing along,
Gaily we troll the fisher-boy's song.
Morning our toil will with plenty repay,
Then to the market we'll gaily away ;
Bright eyes there wait our returning,
And watch for the dawn of the day.

Gaily, still gaily, over the sea,
Fisher-boys, danger scorning,
Who are so gay, so happy as we,
When singing from night to morning ?
Loud blows the wind, but no danger we fear ;
Far from the land, where no breakers are near,
Gaily, then, danger scorning,
Sing we till break of day.

J. E. CARPENTER.

OH, WEEL MAY THE KEEL ROW!

I SEE the cottage clearly,
And love its memory dearly,
The cottage where, so cheerly,
I heard a lassie sing :

 Oh, weel may the keel row,
 And safe my laddie bring.

Oh, who is like my Johnny,
So brisk, so blithe, so bonny,
He's saving all his money
To buy the wedding-ring.

 Oh, weel may the keel row, &c.

If you would know him rightly,
His hazel eye is sprightly,
No lad can dance so lightly,
No lad so gaily sing !

 Oh, weel may the keel row, &c.

Old English Ditty.

IN OUR BOAT.

STARS trembling o'er us and sunset before us,
Mountains in shadow and forests asleep ;
Down the dim river we float on for ever,
 Speak not, ah breathe not, there's peace on the deep.
Come not, pale Sorrow, flee till to-morrow,
Rest softly falling o'er eyelids that weep ;
While down the river we float on for ever,
 Speak not, ah breathe not, there's peace on the deep.

As the waves cover the depths we glide over,
So let the past in forgetfulness sleep,
While down the river we float on for ever,
 Speak not, ah breathe not, there's peace on the deep.
Heaven, shine above us, bless all that love us,
All whom we love in thy tenderness keep !
While down the river we float on for ever,
 Speak not, ah breathe not, there's peace on the deep.

The Author of 'John Halifax.'

THE BOATIE ROWS.

WEEL may the boatie row,
And better may she speed ;
And weel may the boatie row
That wins the bairns' bread !
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows indeed ;
And happy be the lot of a'
That wishes her to speed !

I cast my line in Largo Bay,
And fishes I caught nine ;
There's three to boil, and three to fry,
And three to bait the line.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows indeed ;
And happy be the lot of a'
That wishes her to speed !

Oh, weel may the boatie row
That fills a heavy creel,
And clothes us a' frae head to feet,
And buys our parritch meal.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows indeed ;
And happy be the lot of a'
That wish the boatie speed !

When Jamie vowed he would be mine,
And wan frae me my heart,
Oh, muckle lighter grew my creel !
He swore we'd never part.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows fu' weel ;
And muckle lighter is the lade
When Love bears up the creel.

My kurtch I put upon my head,
And dressed mysel' fu' braw ;
I trow my heart was dowf and wae,
When Jamie gaed awa'.

But weel may the boatie row,
And lucky be her part ;
And lightsome be the lassie's care
That yields an honest heart !

When Sawnie, Jock, and Janetie
Are up, and gottenlear,
They'll help to gar the boatie row,
And lighten a' our care.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows fu' weel ;
And lightsome be her heart that bears
The merlin and the creel !

And when wi' age we are worn down,
And hirpling round the door,
They'll row to keep us hale and warm,
As we did them before.
Then weel may the boatie row,
That wins the bairns' bread ;
And happy be the lot of a'
That wish the boat to speed.

EMIGRANT SONGS.

CHEER, BOYS, CHEER!

CHEER, boys, cheer ! no more of idle sorrow ;
Courage ! true hearts shall bear us on the way ;
Hope points before, and shows the bright to-morrow,
Let us forget the darkness of to-day.
So farewell, England ! much as we may love thee,
We'll dry the tears that we have shed before ;
Why should we weep to sail in search of fortune ?
So farewell, England ! farewell evermore !
Cheer, boys, cheer ! for England, mother England !
Cheer, boys, cheer ! the willing strong right hand !
Cheer, boys, cheer ! there's wealth for honest
labour ;
Cheer, boys, cheer ! for the new and happy land.

Cheer, boys, cheer ! the steady breeze is blowing,
To float us freely o'er the ocean's breast ;
The world shall follow in the track we're going ;
The star of Empire glitters in the West.
Here we had toil and little to reward it,
But there shall plenty smile upon our pain,
And ours shall be the prairie and the forest,
And boundless meadows ripe with golden grain.
Cheer, boys, cheer ! for England, mother England !
Cheer, boys, cheer ! united heart and hand ;
Cheer, boys, cheer ! there's wealth for honest
labour ;
Cheer, boys, cheer ! for the new and happy land.

CHARLES MACKAY.

EMIGRANT'S SONG.

OUR native land, our native vale,
 A long—a last adieu!
 Farewell to bonny Teviotdale,
 And Cheviot's mountains blue!

Farewell, ye hills of glorious deeds,
 And streams renowned in song!
 Farewell, ye blithesome braes and meads
 Our hearts have loved so long!

Farewell, ye broomy elfin knowes,
 Where thyme and harebells grow!
 Farewell, ye hoary haunted howes,
 O'erhung with birk and sloe!

The battle-mound, the Border-tower,
 That Scotia's annals tell;
 The martyr's grave, the lover's bower—
 To each—to all—farewell!

Home of our hearts! our fathers' home!
 Land of the brave and free!
 The keel is flashing through the foam
 That bears us far from thee.

We seek a wild and distant shore
 Beyond the Atlantic main;
 We leave thee to return no more,
 Nor view thy cliffs again.

But may dishonour blight our fame,
 And quench our household fires,
 When we or ours forget thy name,
 Green island of our sires!

Our native vale, our native vale,
 A long—a last adieu!
 Farewell to bonny Teviotdale,
 And Scotland's mountains blue!

T. PRINGLE.

EMIGRANT'S HYMN.

Now we must leave our fatherland,
And wander far o'er ocean's foam ;
Broken is kinship's dearest band,
Forsaken stands our ancient home.

But One will ever with us go
Through busiest day and stillest night ;
The heavens above, the deeps below,
Stand all unveiled before His sight.

If but His hand still hold us fast,
His presence hourly fold us round,
The anchor of our souls is cast
Firm on the one eternal ground.

Though scattered be our brethren now
O'er land and ocean far apart,
Yet to one Master still they bow,
In Him they still are one in heart.

Sweet for each other oft to plead,
And feel our oneness in the Son :
Ah ! then we daily meet indeed
In spirit at our Father's throne.

Soon time for us shall cease to reign,
The Saviour call us home in peace ;
At last we all shall meet again,
And partings shall for ever cease.

A BLESSING ON THE OUTWARD BOUND.

A BLESSING on the outward bound,
Wherever they may go,
From hills and dales their fathers owned,
Or cottage poor and low.
'Tis no slight thing to part from home,
Whate'er that home may be ;
To trust a doubtful future, on
The wild and stormy sea.

But while the tide of life rolls on,
 The mighty stream must flow ;
 Then blessings on the outward bound,
 Wherever they may go.

A blessing on the outward bound,
 The noble and the true,
 Who've wrestled long with poverty,
 Which they shall conquer too.
 The earth was made for man to share,
 And worthy it are they,
 Those brave and bold adventurers,
 Our proud ships bear away.
 To freedom and to sunny lands,
 Still may the breezes blow ;
 May God protect the outward bound,
 Wherever they may go !

THE SCOTCH EMIGRANT.

OH ! fare-thee-well, my bonny Jean !
 Though sad our parting be,
 Nor time, nor absence, e'er can wean
 One tender thought from thee.
 When far away, on some bright isle,
 Thou shalt not be forgot,
 I'll think of home and thy dear smile,
 To cheer my lonely lot.
 The wimplin' burn and flow'ry braes,
 Each well-remembered scene,
 Will 'mind me of those happy days
 When wand'ring with my Jean.

Oh ! coldly gleam our northern skies,
 And we, my love, are poor ;
 To seek what fortune here denies,
 I leave my native shore.
 Thou'lty thy busy wheel all day,
 With grief too great to speak,
 And none the burning tears will stay
 That fall adown thy cheek.

Yet wheresoe'er my footsteps roam,
Through every changing scene,
Though boundless seas between us foam,
I'll love thee still, my Jean!

Farewell to Scotland's sea-girt shore,
Farewell, my bosom's pride!
How sweet, when every toil is o'er,
To claim thee for my bride.
Again this heart shall throb to thine,
With pulse yet fond and true;
The joys we shared in auld lang syne
Our meeting will renew.
Then breathe a prayer when I'm away,
That through each changeful scene,
Kind Heaven may all my care repay,
And bless me with my Jean!

A. LINLEY.

THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

I'M sitting by the stile, Mary, where we sat side by side,
On a bright May morning long ago, when first you
were my bride.

The corn was springing fresh and green, and the lark
sang loud and high,
And the red was on your lip, Mary, and the love-light
in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary, the day is bright as
then,
The lark's loud song is in my ear, and the corn is green
again;
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand, and the breath
warm on your cheek,
And I still keep listening to the words you never more
may speak.

I'm very lonely now, Mary, for the poor make no new
friends;
But oh, they love the better still the few our Father
sends.

And you were all I had, Mary, my blessing and my pride ;
 There's nothing left to care for now, since my poor
 Mary died.

I'm bidding you a long farewell, my Mary kind and true ;
 But I'll not forget you, darlin', in the land I'm going to.
 They say there's bread and work for all, and the sun
 shines always there ;
 But I'll ne'er forget old Ireland, were it fifty times as
 fair.

LADY DUFFERIN.

GOOD NEWS FROM HOME.

GOOD news from home, good news for me,
 Has come across the deep blue sea,
 From friends that I have left in tears,
 From friends that I've not seen for years ;
 And since we parted long ago
 My life has been a scene of woe,
 But now a joyful hour has come,
 For I have heard good news from home.
 Good news from home, &c.

No father's near to guide me now,
 No mother's tear to soothe my brow,
 No sister's voice falls on mine ear,
 Nor brother's smile to give me cheer ;
 But though I wandered far away,
 My heart is full of joy to-day,
 For friends across the ocean's foam
 Have sent to me good news from home.
 Good news from home, &c.

When shall I see that cottage door,
 Where I've spent years of joy before ?
 'Twas then I knew no grief or care,
 My heart was always happy there.
 Though I may never see it more,
 Nor stand upon my native shore,
 Where'er on earth I'm doomed to roam,
 My heart will be with those at home.
 Good news from home, &c.

N. S. GILMORE.

Songs of War.

It arms in arms, your ensigns ~~should display~~
Now set the battle in array, —
The shade of war descants,
Success attends upon our hearts and spears,
Bravos strike home, — revenge your country's wrongs;
Sing, and scarce yourselves in David's songs.

Old Song, 1696.

Go sing it in song, and tell it in story,
He went in his strength and returned in his glory.
His foot's in the stirrup, his hand's on the mane,
He is up and away !

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

HARK ! THE MERRY DRUM.

HARK ! the merry drum is sounding,
Loud *reveillée* to the day ;
See the charger proudly bounding,
Eager for the coming fray.
March, march ! Forward'march !

March ! my comrades, on to glory,
Fearless over sea or land,
Long shall live renown'd in story,
They who die for father-land.
March, march ! Forward march !

Fare thee well, my joy and pleasure,
Do not weep, though now we part,
Honour is the dearest treasure,
To a faithful soldier's heart.
Fare thee well ! fare thee well !

Welcome then the call of duty,
Welcome din and storm of war,
Cheer'd by thoughts of home and beauty,
Love shall be our guiding star.
Fare thee well ! fare thee well !

T. OLIPHANT.

PIBROCH OF DONALD DHU.

PIBROCH of Donuil Dhu,
Pibroch of Donuil,
Wake thy wild voice anew,
Summon Clan-Conuil.
Come away, come away,
Hark to the summons !
Come in your war array,
Gentles and commons.

Come from deep glen, and
 From mountain so rocky,
 The war-pipe and pennon
 Are at Inverlocky,
 Come every hill-plaid, and
 True heart that wears one,
 Come every steel-blade, and
 Strong hand that bears one.
 Leave untended the herd,
 The flock without shelter ;
 Leave the corpse uninterr'd,
 The bride at the altar ;
 Leave the deer, leave the steer,
 Leave nets and barges :
 Come with your fighting gear,
 Broadswords and targes.

Come as the winds come, when
 Forests are rended ;
 Come as the waves come, when
 Navies are stranded :
 Faster come, faster come,
 Faster and faster,
 Chief, vassal, page, and groom,
 Tenant and master.
 Fast they come, fast they come ;
 See how they gather !
 Wide waves the eagle plume,
 Blended with heather.
 Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
 Forward each man set !
 Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
 Knell for the onset !

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

WHAT WILL THEY SAY IN ENGLAND ?

WHAT will they say in England,
 When there the story's told
 Of deeds of might, on Alma's height,
 Done by the brave and bold ?

Of Russia, proud at noontide,
Humbled ere set of sun ?—
They'll say 'twas like old England,
They'll say 'twas nobly done.

What will they say in England,
When, hush'd in awe and dread,
Fond hearts through all our happy homes
Think of the mighty dead—
And muse in speechless anguish
On father, brother, son ?
They'll say, in dear old England,
God's holy will be done !

What will they say in England,
The matron and the maid,
Whose widow'd, wither'd hearts have found
The price that each has paid—
The gladness that their homes have lost,
For all the glory won ?—
They'll say, in Christian England,
God's holy will be done !

What will they say in England ?
Our names, both night and day,
Are in their hearts, and on their lips,
When they laugh, or weep, or pray ;
They watch on earth—they plead with Heaven,
Then forward to the fight !
Who droops or fears, when England cheers,
And God defends the right ?

MONSELL.

HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE !

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest !
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod,
Than fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
 By forms unseen their dirge is sung ;
 There Honour comes a pilgrim grey
 To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
 And Freedom shall awhile repair,
 To dwell a weeping hermit there.

HOME, WOUNDED.

WHEEL me into the sunshine,
 Wheel me into the shadow,
 There must be leaves on the woodbine,
 Is the king-cup crowned in the meadow ?
 Wheel me down to the meadow,
 Down to the little river,
 In sun or in shadow
 I shall not dazzle or shiver,
 I shall be happy anywhere,
 Every breath of the morning air
 Makes me throb and quiver.

Stay wherever you will,
 By the mount or under the hill,
 Or down by the little river :
 Stay as long as you please,
 Give me only a bud from the trees,
 Or a blade of grass in morning dew,
 Or a cloudy violet clearing to blue,
 I could look on it for ever.
 Wheel, wheel thro' the sunshine,
 Wheel, wheel thro' the shadow ;
 There must be odours round the pine,
 There must be balm of breathing kine,
 Somewhere down in the meadow.
 Must I choose ? Then anchor me there
 Beyond the beckoning poplars, where
 The larch is snooding her flowery hair
 With wreaths of morning shadow.

* * * *

But you are wheeling me while I dream,
And we've almost reached the meadow !
You may wheel me fast thro' the sunshine,
You may wheel me fast thro' the shadow,
But wheel me slowly, brother mine,
Thro' the green of the sappy meadow ;
For the sun, these days have been so fine,
Must have touched it over with celandine,
And the southern hawthorn, I divine,
Sheds a muffled shadow.

There blows
The first primrose,
Under the bare bank roses :
There is but one,
And the bank is brown,
But soon the children will come down,
The ringing children come singing down,
To pick their Easter posies,
And they'll spy it out, my beautiful,
Among the bare brier-roses ;
And when I sit here again alone,
The bare brown bank will be blind and dull,
Alas for Easter posies !
But when the din is over and gone,
Like an eye that opens after pain,
I shall see my pale flower shining again ;
Like a fair star after a gust of rain
I shall see my pale flower shining again ;
Like a glow-worm after the rolling wain
Hath shaken darkness down the lane
I shall see my pale flower shining again ;
And it will blow here for two months more,
And it will blow here again next year,
And the year past that, and the year beyond ;
And through all the years till my years are o'er
I shall always find it here.

* * * * *

Blare the trumpet, and boom the gun,
But, oh, to sit here thus in the sun,
To sit here, feeling my work is done,
While the sands of life so golden run,

And I watch the children's posies,
And my idle heart is whispering
'Bring whatever the years may bring,
The flowers will blossom, the birds will sing,
And there'll always be primroses.'

* * * * *

Oh to think, thro' good or ill,
Whatever I am you'll love me still ;
Oh to think, tho' dull I be,
You that are so grand and free,
You that are so bright and gay,
Will pause to hear me when I will,
As though my head were gray ;
And though there's little I can say,
Each will look kind with honour while he hears.
And to your loving ears
My thoughts will halt with honourable scars,
And when my dark voice stumbles with the weight
Of what it doth relate
(Like that blind comrade--blinded in the wars---
Who bore the one-eyed brother that was lame),
You'll remember 'tis the same
That cried 'Follow me,'
Upon a summer's day ;
And I shall understand with unshed tears
This great reverence that I see,
And bless the day—and Thee,
Lord God of Victory !

SYDNEY DOBELL.

National Songs.

'This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land.'

SHAKESPEARE.

NATIONAL SONGS.

GOD SAVE OUR ISLAND HOME!

GOD save our island-home !
Long live our people's hope !
God bless our Queen !
Still may our Queen be free,
Then evermore will she
Love that good liberty
Which makes her Queen !

Oh, may she prize that gem,
Bright in her diadem,
Fair on her brow !
So, to the end of days,
May God approve her ways,
And Heaven resound her praise,
As earth does now.

Lord, keep her evermore
Pure in her own heart's core,
Kind and serene.
So shall the wise and good
Rev'rence her womanhood,
And the glad multitude
Love their good Queen.

May He that dwells on high
All her thoughts sanctify !
Seraphs unseen,
Sing up in holy glee,
'Let our Queen's name still be
Omen of victory !'
God save the Queen !

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

GOD BLESS THE PRINCE OF WALES !

AMONG our ancient mountains,
 And from our lovely vales,
 Oh ! let the prayer re-echo,
 'God bless the Prince of Wales !'
 With heart and voice awaken
 Those minstrel strains of yore,
 Till Britain's name and glory,
 Resound from shore to shore !
 Among our ancient mountains,
 And from our lovely vales,
 Oh ! let the prayer re-echo,
 'God bless the Prince of Wales !'

Should hostile bands or danger,
 E'er threaten our fair isle,
 May God's strong arm protect us,
 May Heaven still on us smile !
 Above the throne of England
 May fortune's star long shine !
 And round its sacred bulwarks,
 The olive-branches twine.
 Among our ancient mountains,
 And from our lovely vales,
 Oh ! let the prayer re-echo,
 'God bless the Prince of Wales !'

God save brave Christian's daughter !
 Our noble Prince's pride ;
 The Danish flag and England's
 Henceforth float side by side.
 To our beloved Princess
 We look with hope and joy,
 May sorrow never darken
 Nor fate those hopes destroy.
 Then let the prayer re-echo,
 Among our hills and dales,
 'God bless fair Alexandra !'
 'God bless the Prince of Wales !'

GEORGE LINLEY

RULE BRITANNIA!

WHEN Britain first, at Heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sang this strain :
 Rule Britannia ! Britannia rules the waves !
 Britons never shall be slaves.

The nations not so blest as thee
 Must, in their turn, to tyrants fall ;
While thou shalt flourish, great and free,
 The dread and envy of them all.
 Rule Britannia ! &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
 More dreadful for each foreign stroke ;
As the loud blast that tears the skies,
 Serves but to root thy native oak.
 Rule Britannia ! &c.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame ;
 All their attempts to pull thee down
Will but arouse thy generous flame,
 But work their woe and thy renown.
 Rule Britannia ! &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign ;
 Thy cities shall with commerce shine ;
All thine shall be the subject main,
 And every shore it circles thine.
 Rule Britannia ! &c.

The Muses, still with freedom found,
 Shall to thy happy coasts repair,
Blest isle, with matchless beauty crowned,
 And manly hearts to guard the fair.
 Rule Britannia ! &c.

JAMES THOMSON.

HURRAH FOR MERRY ENGLAND !

HURRAH for the land of England !
 Firm set in the subject sea ;
 Where the women are fair,
 And the men (like air)
 Are all lovers of liberty.
 Hurrah for merry England !
 Long life, without strife, for England.

Hurrah for the spirit of England !
 The merry, the true, the free ;
 Who stretcheth her hand,
 With a Queen's command,
 All over the circling sea.
 Hurrah for merry England !
 Long life, without strife, for England.

Let tyrants rush forth on the nations,
 And strive to chain down the free ;
 But do thou stand fast,
 From the first to the last,
 For 'The Right' wheresoever it be.
 O merry, O merry England !
 Long life to the spirit of England.

Hurrah for Victoria of England !
 Our friend, as a Queen should be ;
 Who casteth aside
 All useless pride,
 And leans on her people free.
 Hurrah for the Queen of England !
 The boast of merry England.

The Queen is the boast of England,
 Her guards are her ships at sea ;
 But her beauty lies
 In her woman's eyes,
 And her strength in her people free.
 So, three cheers for merry England,
 For the Queen and the free men of England.
 Hurrah ! Hurrah ! Hurrah !

BARRY CORNWALL.

THE ROAST BEEF OF OLD ENGLAND.

SINCE mighty roast beef is an Englishman's food,
It accounts for the freedom that runs in his blood,
For generous living's the step to all good.

Chorus—Oh ! the roast beef of old England,
And oh ! the old English roast beef !

Our fathers of old were robust, stout, and strong,
And they kept open house with good cheer all day long,
Which made their plump tenants rejoice in this song—
 Oh ! the roast beef, &c.

The tender Sir-loin was by royalty's sword
To knighthood ennobled, in grateful record
Of the smoking hot joints that he found on the board.
 Oh ! the roast beef, &c.

Great Handel, 'tis said, could eat dinner for six,
Which was doubtless his reason on England to fix,
As the land where good music with eating they mix.
 Oh ! the roast beef, &c.

Then long may each Briton, of beef have his fill,
At Christmas, the season of peace and good will,
For the man that's well fed, sirs, can never do ill.
 Oh ! the roast beef, &c.

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer,
Chasing the wild deer and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

 My heart's, &c.

All hail to the Highlands ! all hail to the north,
The birth-place of valour, the country of worth !
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

 My heart's, &c.

Farewell to the mountains, high cover'd with snow,
 Farewell to the straths and green valleys below ;
 Adieu to the forests and high-hanging woods,
 Adieu to the torrents and loud-pouring floods !
 My heart's, &c.

Adieu for a while ! I can ne'er forget thee,
 The land of my fathers, the soil of the free !
 I sigh for the hour that shall bid me retrace
 The path of my childhood, my own native place !
 My heart's, &c.

ENGLAND! THE SHELTER IN THE STORM!

WHO lives and knows the fertile vales,
 The sunny plains of our dear isle,
 But does not in his heart confess
 Her very face bears Freedom's smile !
 Her fields have reddens'd with the blood
 Of valiant sons, that worlds might see
 How little reck'd they for themselves,
 So long as England might be free !

Chorus—Aye ! she is free ! is Freedom's home !
 A home for all who on her call ;
 Standing, as she has ever stood,
 A shelter in the storm for all !

What heart but thrills at those bright tales
 Of mighty deeds we love to tell,
 So richly flooding History's page,
 Where England's sons have done so well !
 What heart of peasant or of peer,
 That would not,—should we ever see
 Our shores begirt with envious foes,
 But strike a blow to keep them free !
 Aye ! keep them free, for Freedom's home
 Must e'er remain for those who call ;
 England ! O may she ever stand
 A shelter in the storm for all !

CHARLES ROWE.

**THE BOYS AND GIRLS OF ENGLAND!
GOD BLESS THEM!**

GOD bless the Boys of England,
With hearts so young and true,
So soft to feel, so firm to bear,
So bold to dare and do.
Let others in their singing
Boast of the knights of old,
I sing the Boys of England,
With their hearts so true and bold.
Chorus—God bless the Boys of England,
The nation's hope and pride ;
God bless the Royal Family,
The nation's trust and guide.

God bless the Girls of England,
So gentle, true and mild,
God bless each bride and mothers all,
God bless each little child.
Pray heartily, ye parents all,
To guide your children right,
To Him, the Saviour of us all,
Our Hope, our Life, our Light.
God bless the Girls of England,
All widows sorely tried.
O God, preserve our gracious Queen,
And be her constant guide.

The Boys and Girls of England
Have gone from many a home,
To avenge the foul and deadly wrong,
To succour those who roam.
Let us watch and pray for them at home,
And tell the deeds they do ;
Our Boys and Girls of England,
With hearts so good and true.
God bless old merry England,
With hearts of love serene ;
Send love and peace through all the world,
And bless our gracious Queen.

THE CHIMES OF ENGLAND.

THE chimes, the chimes of Motherland,
 Of England green and old,
 That from grey spire or ivied tower
 A thousand years have tolled :
 How glorious must their music be,
 As breaks the hallowed day,
 And calleth with a seraph's voice
 A nation up to pray.

Those chimes that tell a thousand tales—
 Sweet tales of olden time—
 And ring a thousand memories
 At vesper and at prime.
 At bridal and at burial
 For cottager and king,
 Those chimes, those glorious Christian chimes,
 How blessedly they ring !

Those chimes, those chimes of Motherland,
 Upon a Christmas morn
 Outbreaking, as the angels did,
 For a Redeemer born ;
 How merrily they call afar
 To cot and baron's hall,
 With holly decked, and mistletoe,
 To keep the festival.

The chimes of England, how they peal
 From tower and Gothic pile,
 Where hymn and swelling anthem fill
 The dim cathedral aisle ;
 Where windows bathe the holy light
 On priestly heads that falls,
 And stain the florid tracery
 And banner-dighted* walls.

And then those Easter bells, in spring,
 Those glorious Easter chimes,
 How loyally they hail thee round,
 Old queen of holy times !

* Decked with banners.

From hill to hill like sentinels
Responsively they cry,
And sing the Rising of the Lord,
From vale to mountain high.

I love you, chimes of Motherland,
With all this soul of mine,
And bless the Lord that I am sprung
Of good old English line :
And like a son I sing the lay
That England's glory tells ;
For she is lovely to the Lord,
For you, ye Christian bells.

And heir of her ancestral fame,
Though far away my birth,
Thee too I love, my Forestland,
The joy of all the earth.
For thine thy Mother's voice shall be,
And here, where God is King,
With English chimes, from Christian spires,
The wilderness shall ring.

DR. CLEVELAND COXE,
Bishop of Western New York, United States.

THE OAK AND THE IVY.

IN the depth of the forest an old Oak grew,
The pride of the greenwood there,
O'er his branches the Ivy her mantle threw
When the forest boughs were bare ;
She clung like a bride to his sturdy side
With her shining leaves so green,
Made him blithe and gay through the livelong day
In the midst of the wintry scene.

Chorus—Then long may the Oak and the Ivy stand
The pride and the boast of our native land.

O the Oak of the forest told me true
And I echo the tale in my song,
The Ivy his branches made fair to view,
While the Oak made the Ivy strong.

'Twas a union good in the old deep wood—
 Had each for itself grown there,
 The plant alone no beauty had shown
 And the boughs of the tree been bare.
 Then long may the Oak and the Ivy stand
 The pride and the boast of our native land.

May we copy the Oak and the Ivy green
 And like Britons go hand in hand,
 As firm as the Oak may our sons be seen
 In the cause of our native land ;
 May our daughters fair like the Ivy share
 The arms of the parent tree,
 While we all unite in our strength and our might
 For our homes and our liberty.
 Then long may the Oak and the Ivy stand
 The pride and the boast of our native land.

ERIN ! THE TEAR AND THE SMILE.

ERIN ! the tear and the smile in thine eyes,
 Blend like the rainbow that hangs in thy skies ;
 Shining through sorrow's stream,
 Sadd'ning through pleasure's beam,
 Thy suns, with doubtful gleam,
 Weep while they rise !

Erin ! thy silent tear never shall cease,
 Erin ! thy languid smile ne'er shall increase,
 Till, like the rainbow's light,
 Thy various tints unite,
 And form in Heaven's sight
 One arch of peace !

T. MOORE.

THE BLUE BELLS OF SCOTLAND.

O WHERE, and O where is your Highland laddie gone ?
 He's gone to fight the foe,
 For Victoria on the throne,
 And it's O in my heart
 I wish him safe at home !

O where, and O where did your Highland laddie dwell ?
He dwelt in merry Scotland,
At the sign of the Blue Bell.
And it's O in my heart
I love my laddie well !

Suppose and suppose that your Highland lad should die ?
The bagpipes should play o'er him,
And I'd sit me down and cry.
And it's O in my heart
I wish he may not die.

ENGLAND! DEAR ENGLAND!

THERE'S a land, a dear land, where the rights of the
free,

Though firm as the earth, are as wide as the sea :
Where the primroses bloom, and the nightingales sing,
And the true honest man is as good as a king !

Showery, flowery !

Tearful, cheerful !

England wave-guarded and green to the shore,
West land, best land,
Thy land, my land,
Glory be with her and peace evermore.

There's a land, a dear land, where the vigour of soul
Is fed by the tempests that blow from the Pole :
Where a slave cannot breathe or invader presume
To ask for more earth than will cover his tomb.

Sea land, free land !

Fairest, rarest !

Home of brave men and the girls they adore,
Fearless, peerless,
Thy land, my land,
Glory be with her and peace evermore.

CHARLES MACKAY.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN

GOD save our gracious Queen !
Long may Victoria reign :

God save the Queen !
Send her victorious,
Happy, and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the Queen !

O Lord our God arise,
Scatter our enemies,
And make them fall.
Confound their politics,
Frustate their knavish tricks ;
On Thee our hopes we fix :
God save the Queen !

Thy choicest gifts in store,
On her be pleased to pour,
Long may she reign !
May she defend our laws,
And ever give us cause,
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the Queen !

Ballads, Heroic and Domestic.

'GOD scatters love on every side,
Freely among His children all,
And always hearts are lying open wide,
Wherein some grains may fall.

There is no wind but soweth seeds
Of a more true and open life,
Which burst, unlooked for, into high-souled deeds,
With wayside beauty rife.'

LOWELL.

BALLADS, HEROIC AND DOMESTIC.

THE REASON WHY.

A CORNISH BALLAD.

A GOOD sword and a trusty hand,
A merry heart and true ;
King James's men shall understand
What Cornish men can do.
And have they fixed the Where and When ?
And shall Trelawney die ?
Then twenty thousand Cornish men
Will know the reason why !
And shall they scorn Tre, Pol, and Pen ?
And shall Trelawney die ?
There's twenty thousand underground
Will know the reason why !

Out spake the Captain, brave and bold,
A gallant wight was he,—
‘Though London's Tower were Michael's hold,
We'll set Trelawney free.
We'll cross the Tamar, hand to hand,
The Exe shall be no stay—
Go, side by side, from strand to strand,
And who shall bid us nay ?
And shall they scorn Tre, Pol, and Pen ?
And shall Trelawney die ?
There's twenty thousand Cornish men
Will know the reason why !

'And when we come to London wall,
 A pleasant sight to view,—
 Come forth, come forth, ye cowards all,
 We're better men than you !
 Trelawney, he's in keep and hold,
 Trelawney, he may die ;
 But twenty thousand Cornish men
 Will know the reason why !
 And shall they scorn Tre, Pol, and Pen ?
 And shall Trelawney die ?
 There's twenty thousand underground
 Will know the reason why !'

R. S. HAWKER.

THE SIEGE OF HENSBURG.

BRAVE news ! brave news ! the Emperor
 Hath girded on his sword,
 And swears by the rood, in an angry mood,
 And eke by his knightly word,
 That humbled Hensburg's towers shall be,
 With all her boasted chivalry.
 The brazen clarion's battle note
 Hath sounded through the land ;
 And brave squire and knight, in their armour dight,
 Ay, many a gallant band,
 Have heard the summons far and near,
 And come with falchion and with spear.
 'Ho ! to the rebel city, ho !
 Let vengeance lead the way !'
 And anon the sheen of their spears was seen,
 As they rushed upon the fray.
 Beneath where Hensburg's turrets frowned,
 Great Conrade chose his vantage ground.
 Far stretching o'er the fertile plain
 His snow white tents were spread ;
 And the sweet night air, as it lingered there,
 Caught the watchful sentry's tread.
 Then o'er the city's battlement
 The tell-tale breeze its echo sent.

Day after day the leaguer sat
Before that city's wall,
And yet, day by day, the proud Guelph cried 'Nay,'
To the herald's warning call ;
Heedless from morn to eventide
How many a famished mother died.

Weak childhood, and the aged man,
Wept—sorely wept for bread ;
And pale Hunger seemed, as His wild eye gleamed
On the yet unburied dead,
As if he longed, alas ! to share
The night dog's cold, unhallowed fare.

* * * * *

No longer Hensburg's banner floats ;
Hushed is her battle-cry,
For a victor waits at her shattered gates,
And her sons are doomed to die.
But Hensburg's daughters yet shall prove
The saviours of the homes they love !

All glory to the Emperor,
The merciful and brave ;
Sound, clarions, sound, tell the news around,
And ye drooping banners wave !
Hensburg's fair daughters, ye are free ;
Go forth, with all your 'braverie !'

'Bid them go forth,' the Emperor cried,
'Far from the scene of strife,
Whether matron staid, or the blushing maid,
Or the daughter, or the wife ;
For ere yon sun hath left the sky,
Each rebel-male shall surely die.

'Bid them go forth,' the Emperor said,
'We wage not war with *them* ;
Bid them all go free, with their "*braverie*,"
And each richly-valued gem ;
Let each upon her person bear
That which she deemed her *chifest* care.'

The city's gates are opened wide ;
 The leaguer stands amazed ;
 'Twas a glorious deed, and shall have its meed,
 And by minstrel shall be praised,
 For each had left her *jewelled tire* ;
 To bear a *husband* or a *sire*.

With faltering step each ladened one
 At Conrade's feet appears ;
 In amaze he stood, but his thirst for blood
 Was quenched by his falling tears ;
 The victor wept aloud to see
 Devoted woman's constancy.

All glory to the Emperor,—
 All glory and renown !
 He hath sheathed his sword, and his royal word
 Hath gone forth to save the town ;
For woman's love is mightier far
Than all the strategies of war.

JOHN RYAN.

From the BENTLEY BALLADS.
(By permission of Mr. Bentley.)

HOFER AT INNSBRUCK.

WHEN the noble peasant hero
 Innsbruck had besieged and won,
 All the youths, with merry music,
 Gathered 'neath the midday sun ;
 Leaving business, games, or studies,
 Round his house they form a ring ;
 There they cry, ' Long live our leader ! '
 And his valiant deeds they sing.

But he bade them all be silent—
 ' Cease your music, friends, be still,'
 (Gravely, earnestly, he spake it,)
 ' We are fighting by God's will ;
 Not for merriment or pastime
 Have I left my weeping wife,
 Only in the hope of Heaven
 Can I conquer in this strife.

Rather let your supplications
Rise like music as ye kneel,
To the prayerful eyes that seek Him,
God will His own light reveal.
Softly pray for me, poor sinner,
For our sovereign pray aloud,
God preserve our noble princes,
This my song, my war-cry proud.

Little time have I for praying—
Do you tell the gracious Lord,
How there lie on hills, in valleys,
Thousands smitten by the sword.
Tell Him how we watch, we hunger,
How all stiff upon the field,
We have left our gallant warriors,
God alone can be our shield.*

Translated by E. E. BUTLER.

THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

THE sun was shining brightly
O'er that lone Crimean hill,
And silence reigned within the camp
While all around was still.
When booming o'er the valley came
The cannon's awful roar,
And woke to life that little band
Encamped on hostile shore.

To horse ! to horse ! the trumpet sounds ;
The cry was echoed wide ;

* Andreas Hofer, the Tyrolese patriot, was born in a road-side inn in South Tyrol, A.D. 1767, and lived there quietly as inn-keeper, till his country's wrongs made him the leader of its people. Tyrol had long been a part of the Austrian dominions. By the treaty of Presburg it was made over to Bavaria, the ally of France. The Tyrolese revolted, and during one week, in April 1809, they drove the Bavarians out of their country, and set it free from their yoke. Three French armies then invaded the province, but Hofer defeated them at Innsbruck, and a second time freed Tyrol.

Each hardy trooper grasped his steel,
And England's foe defied ;
The battle line was thronged at once
With peasant and with peer,
For British valour fired their hearts,
And left no room for fear.

Through shot and shell they onwards pressed,
In the thickest of the fray ;
Their swords and lances glistened,
In the bright autumnal sun ;
Each for his country perilled life,
'Twas well and nobly done.

And though a nation's sorrowing tears
Their dreadful fate bewail,
So few of all that gallant band
Returned to tell the tale—
Where'er the flag of England waves,
Each one will think with pride
Of the men who on that battle field
For their country fought and died.

THE STORY OF THE ' BIRKENHEAD.'

TOLD TO TWO CHILDREN.

AND so you want a fairy tale,
My little maidens twain ?
Well, sit beside the waterfall,
Noisy with last night's rain ;

On couch of moss, with elfin spears
Bristling, all fierce to see,
When from the yet brown moor down drops
The lonely April bee.

All the wide valley blushes green,
While, in far depths below,
Wharfe flashes out a great bright eye
Then hides his shining flow ;—

Wharfe, busy, restless, rapid Wharfe,
The glory of our dale ;
O, I could of the River Wharfe
Tell such a fairy tale !

‘ The Boy of Egremont,’ you cry,—
‘ And all the “ bootless bene :”
We know that poem, every word,
And we the Strid have seen.’

No, clever damsels : though the tale
Seems still to bear a part,
In every lave of Wharfe’s bright wave,
The broken mother’s heart.—

Little you know of broken hearts,
My Kitty, blithe and wise,
Grave Mary, with the woman soul
Dawning through childish eyes.

And long, long distant may God keep
The day when each shall know
The entrance to His kingdom through
His baptism of woe !

But yet ‘tis good to hear of grief
Which He permits to be ;
Even as in our green inland home
We talk of wrecks at sea.

So on this lovely day, when spring
Wakes soft o’er moor and dale,
I’ll tell—not quite your wish—but yet
A noble ‘fairy’ tale.

* * * * *

‘Twas six o’clock in the morning,
The sea like crystal lay,
When the good troop-ship ‘ Birkenhead ’
Set sail from Simon’s Bay.

The Cape of Good Hope on her right
Gloomed at her through the noon :
Brief tropic twilight fled, and night
Fell suddenly and soon.

At eight o'clock in the evening
 Dim grew the pleasant land ;
 O'er smoothest seas the southern heaven
 Its starry arch out-spanned.

The soldiers on the bulwarks leaned,
 Smoked, chatted ; and below
 The soldiers' wives sang babes to sleep,
 While on the ship sailed slow.

Six hundred and thirty souls held she,
 Good, bad, old, young, rich, poor ;
 Six hundred and thirty living souls—
 God knew them all.—Secure

He counted them in His right hand,
 That held the hungering seas ;
 And to four hundred came a voice—
 'The Master hath need of these.'

* * * * *

On, onward still the vessel went,
 Till, with a sudden shock,
 Like one that's clutched by unseen Death,
 She struck upon a rock.

She filled. Not hours, not minutes left ;
 Each second a life's gone :
 Drowned in their berths, washed overboard,
 Lost, swimming, one by one ;

Till, o'er this chaos of despair
 Rose, like celestial breath,
 The law of order, discipline,
 Obedience unto death.

The soldiers mustered upon deck,
 As mute as on parade ;
 'Women and children to the boats !'
 And not a man gainsayed.

Without a murmur or a moan
 They stood, formed rank and file,
 Between the dreadful crystal seas
 And the sky's dreadful smile.

In face of death they did their work
As they in life would do,
Embarking at a quiet quay—
A quiet, silent crew.

‘Now each man for himself. To the boats !
Arose a passing cry.

The soldier-captain answered, ‘Swamp
The women and babes?—No, die !’

And so they died. Each in his place,
Obedient to command,
They went down with the sinking ship,
Went down in sight of land.

The great sea oped her mouth, and closed
O’er them. Awhile they trod
The valley of the shadow of death,
And then were safe with God.

* * * * *

My little girlies— What ! your tears
Are dropping on the grass,
Over my more than ‘fairy’ tale,
A tale that ‘really was !’

Nay, dry them. If we could but see
The joy in angels’ eyes
O’er good lives, or heroic deaths,
Of pure self-sacrifice,—

We should not weep o’er these that sleep,—
Their short, sharp struggle o’er,—
Under the rolling waves that break
Upon the Afric shore.

God works not as man works, nor sees
As man sees : though we mark
Ofttimes the moving of His hands
Beneath the eternal Dark.

But yet we know that all is well :
That He, who loved all these,
Loves children laughing on the moor
Birds singing in the trees ;

That He, who made both life and death,
 He knoweth which is best :
 We live to Him, we die to Him,
 And leave Him all the rest.

The Author of 'John Halifax.'

A TRUE HERO.

JAMES BRAIDWOOD, OF THE LONDON FIRE BRIGADE.
 DIED JUNE 22, 1861.

NOT at the battle front,—writ of in story ;
 Not on the blazing wreck steering to glory ;
 Not while in martyr-pangs soul and flesh sever,
 Died he—this Hero new : hero for ever.
 No pomp poetic crowned, no forms enchain'd him,
 No friends applauding watched, no foes arraign'd him.
 Death found him there, without grandeur or beauty,
 Only an honest man doing his duty.
 Just a God-fearing man, simple and lowly,
 Constant at kirk and hearth, kindly as holy :
 Death found—and touched him with finger in flying :—
 Lo ! he rose up complete—hero undying.
 Now, all men mourn for him, lovingly raise him
 Up from his life obscure, chronicle, praise him ;
 Tell his last act, done midst peril appalling,
 And the last word of cheer from his lips falling ;
 Follow in multitudes to his grave's portal ;
 Leave him there, buried in honour immortal.
 So many a Hero walks unseen beside us,
 Till comes the supreme stroke sent to divide us.
 Then the LORD calls His own,—like this man, even,
 Carried, Elijah-like, fire-winged, to Heaven.

The Author of 'John Halifax.'

THE CHILD-SOLDIER.

A LITTLE boy stood on the field,
A little English boy ;
It was a merry game, thought he,
And he was brisk with joy.
The battle seemed a sport to him,
And every ball a toy.

He was a British Grenadier,
And he was ten years old ;
And therefore what had he to fear,
A soldier brisk and bold ?
The little lad was bravely clad
In English red and gold.

Undaunted when the iron balls
Were bowled along the ground,
He marched unhurt where six-foot men
Their graves of glory found ;
He marched along with a stalwart throng
To the cannon's awful sound.

But when the battle had been fought,
And on the field at night
Lay fifteen hundred Englishmen
In miserable plight,
The little lad would take no rest,
Though wearied with the fight.

But, stepping over many a corpse,
His comrades saw him go,
And risk his life by passing close
To many a wounded foe.
'What means the lad ? He must be mad
To court destruction so !'

They watched him. He was gathering wood.
It warmed their hearts to see
That fearless lad—of broken stocks
A heavy load had he.
He made a fire upon the field
And boiled a can of tea.

Cold, cold, and stiff the wounded lay ;
 Yet still one cheerful spot—
 One fire was blazing brightly near—
 One kind friend left them not ;
 And grateful were those pleasant draughts
 He brought them—steaming hot.

And so he passed the midnight hours
 With hell on every side ;
 And during that long dreadful night,
 In suffering hundreds died :
 But some were saved by the soldier-lad
 And the comforts he supplied.

At Balaklava, and the height
 Of Inkerman—the grave
 Of thousands—this heroic child
 Fought bravely with the brave.
 Hemmed round by Russian bayonets,
 He still survived to save

The lives of others afterwards ;
 And there are those who say,
 That, but for that good-hearted boy,
 They must have died that day,
 When on the field of Inkerman
 The helpless wounded lay.*

P. G. HAMERTON.

. A LEGEND OF BREGENZ.

GIRT round with rugged mountains
 The fair Lake Constance lies ;
 In her blue heart reflected
 Shine back the starry skies ;

* The hero of this little ballad (which is merely a plain statement of facts) is Thomas Keep, of the 3rd battalion of Grenadier Guards, under the command of Col. Thomas Wood. He saved the lives of Serjeant Russell and others, and has been recommended by Colonels Robinson and Wood. His personal bravery in the field might be in part the effect of example and excitement, but it is impossible to praise too highly his self-sacrificing devotion to the wounded, and his active exertions in their behalf. 1855.

And watching each white cloudlet
 Float silently and slow,
You think a piece of heaven
 Lies on our earth below !

Midnight is there : and Silence,
 Enthroned in heaven, looks down
Upon her own calm mirror,
 Upon a sleeping town :
For Bregenz, that quaint city
 Upon the Tyrol shore,
Has stood above Lake Constance
 A thousand years and more.

Her battlements and towers,
 From off their rocky steep,
Have cast their trembling shadow
 For ages on the deep :
Mountain, and lake, and valley,
 A sacred legend know,
Of how the town was saved, one night,
 Three hundred years ago.

Far from her home and kindred,
 A Tyrol maid had fled,
To serve in the Swiss valleys,
 And toil for daily bread ;
And every year that fleeted
 So silently and fast,
Seemed to bear farther from her
 The memory of the Past.

She served kind, gentle masters,
 Nor asked for rest or change ;
Her friends seemed no more new ones,
 Their speech seemed no more strange ;
And when she led her cattle
 To pasture every day
She ceased to look and wonder
 On which side Bregenz lay.

She spoke no more of Bregenz,
 With longing and with tears ;

Her Tyrol home seemed faded
 In a deep mist of years ;
 She heeded not the rumours
 Of Austrian war and strife ;
 Each day she rose contented,
 To the calm toils of life.

Yet, when her master's children
 Would clustering round her stand,
 She sang them ancient ballads
 Of her own native land ;
 And when at morn and evening
 She knelt before God's throne,
 The accents of her childhood
 Rose to her lips alone.

And so she dwelt : the valley
 More peaceful year by year ;
 When suddenly strange portents,
 Of some great deed seemed near.
 The golden corn was bending
 Upon its fragile stalk,
 While farmers, heedless of their fields,
 Paced up and down in talk.

The men seemed stern and altered,
 With looks cast on the ground ;
 With anxious faces, one by one,
 The women gathered round ;
 All talk of flax, or spinning,
 Or work, was put away ;
 The very children seemed afraid
 To go alone to play.

One day, out in the meadow
 With strangers from the town,
 Some secret plan discussing,
 The men walked up and down.
 Yet, now and then seemed watching
 A strange uncertain gleam,
 That looked like lances 'mid the trees
 That stood below the stream.

At eve they all assembled,
Then care and doubts were fled ;
With jovial laugh they feasted ;
The board was nobly spread.
The elder of the village
Rose up, his glass in hand,
And cried, 'We drink the downfall
Of an accursèd land !

' The night is growing darker
Ere one more day is flown,
Bregenz, our foemen's stronghold,
Bregenz shall be our own !'
The women shrank in terror,
(Yet Pride, too, had her part),
But one poor Tyrol maiden
Felt death within her heart.

Before her stood fair Bregenz ;
Once more her towers arose ;
What were the friends beside her ?
Only her country's foes !
The faces of her kinsfolk,
The days of childhood flown,
The echoes of her mountains,
Reclaimed her as their own !

Nothing she heard around her
(Though shouts rang forth again),
Gone were the green Swiss valleys,
The pasture and the plain ;
Before her eyes one vision,
And in her heart one cry,
That said, ' Go forth, save Bregenz,
And then, if need be, die ! '

With trembling haste, and breathless,
With noiseless step she sped ;
Horses and weary cattle
Were standing in the shed.
She loosed the strong white charger
That fed from out her hand ;
She mounted, and she turned his head
Towards her native land.

Out—out into the darkness—
 Faster, and still more fast ;
 The smooth grass flies behind her,
 The chestnut wood is past.
 She looks up ; clouds are heavy :
 Why is her steed so slow ?
 Scarcely the wind beside them
 Can pass them as they go.

‘Faster !’ she cries. ‘Oh, faster !’
 Eleven the church-bells chime :
 ‘Oh God,’ she cries, ‘help Bregenz,
 And bring me there in time !’
 But louder than bells’ ringing,
 Or lowing of the kine,
 Grows nearer in the midnight
 The rushing of the Rhine.

Shall not the roaring waters
 Their headlong gallop check ?
 The steed draws back in terror,
 She leans upon his neck
 To watch the flowing darkness ;
 The bank is high and steep ;
 One pause—he staggers forward,
 And plunges in the deep.

She strives to pierce the blackness,
 And looser throws the rein ;
 Her steed must breast the waters
 That dash above his mane.
 How gallantly, how nobly,
 He struggles through the foam,
 And see—in the far distance,
 Shine out the lights of home !

Up the steep banks he bears her,
 And now they rush again
 Towards the heights of Bregenz
 That tower above the plain.
 They reach the gate of Bregenz
 Just as the midnight rings,
 And out come serf and soldier
 To meet the news she brings.

Bregenz is saved ! Ere daylight
Her battlements are manned ;
Defiance greets the army
That marches on the land.
And if to deeds heroic
Should endless fame be paid,
Bregenz does well to honour
The noble Tyrol maid.

Three hundred years are vanished,
And yet upon the hill
An old stone gateway rises
To do her honour still.
And then, when Bregenz women
Sit spinning in the shade,
They see in quaint old carving
The charger and the maid.

And when, to guard old Bregenz,
By gateway, street, and tower,
The warder paces all night long,
And calls each passing hour ;
' Nine,' ' ten,' ' eleven,' he cries aloud,
And then (O crown of Fame !)
When midnight pauses in the skies,
He calls the maiden's name !

ADELAIDE PROCTER.

THE WIVES OF BRIXHAM.

YOU see the gentle water,
How silently it floats,
How cautiously, how steadily
It moves the sleepy boats ;
And all the little loops of pearl
It strews along the sand,
Steal out as leisurely as leaves
When summer is at hand.

But you know it can be angry,
And thunder from its rest,
When the stormy taunts of winter
Are flying at its breast ;

And if you like to listen,
 And draw your chairs around,
 I'll tell you what it did one night
 When you were sleeping sound.

The merry boats of Brixham
 Go out to search the seas ;
 A staunch and sturdy fleet are they,
 Who love a swinging breeze ;
 And along the woods of Devon,
 And the silver cliffs of Wales,
 You may see, when summer evenings fall,
 The light upon their sails.

But when the year grows darker,
 And grey winds hunt the foam,
 They go back to little Brixham
 And ply their toils at home ;
 And so it chanced, one winter's day,
 When the wind began to roar,
 That all the men were out at sea,
 And all the wives on shore.

Then as the storm grew fiercer
 The women's cheeks grew white ;—
 It was fiercer through the twilight,
 And fiercest in the night ;
 The stray clouds set themselves like ice,
 With not a star to melt,
 And the blackness of the darkness
 Was something to be felt.

The wind, like an assassin,
 Went on its secret way,
 And struck a hundred barks adrift
 To reel about the bay ;
 They meet, they crash—God keep the men !
 God give a moment's light !
 There is nothing but the tumult,
 And the tempest, and the night.

The men on shore were trembling,
 They grieved for what they knew ;

What do you think the women did ?
Love taught them what to do.
Up spoke a wife, 'We've beds at home—
We'll burn them for a light—
Give us the men and the bare ground—
We want no more to-night.'

They took the grandame's blanket,
Who shiver'd and bade them go ;
They took the baby's pillow,
Who could not say them no :
And they heap'd a great fire on the pier,
And knew not all the while
If they were heaping a bonfire,
Or only a funeral pile.

And fed with precious food, the flame
Shone bravely on the black,
Till a cry went through the people,
'A boat is coming back !'
Staggering dimly through the fog,
They see, and then they doubt—
But when the first prow strikes the pier,
Cannot you hear them shout ?

Then, all along the breadth of flame
Dark figures shriek'd and ran,
With 'Child, here comes your father !'
Or, 'Wife, is this your man ?'
And faint feet touch the welcome stone
And stay a little while,
And kisses drop from frozen lips
Too tired to speak or smile.

So one by one they struggled in,
All that the sea would spare—
We will not reckon through our tears
The names that were not there ;
But some went home, without a bed,
When all the tale was told,
Who were too cold with sorrow
To know the night was cold.

And this is what the men must do
 Who work in wind and foam,
 And this is what the women bear
 Who watch for them at home ;
 So when you see a Brixham boat
 Go out to meet the gales,
 Think of the love that travels
 Like light upon her sails !

M. B. S.

WE'LL GO TO SEA NO MORE.

OH ! blythely shines the bonnie sun
 Upon the Isle of May,
 And blythely comes the morning tide
 Into St. Andrew's Bay.
 Then up, gudeman, the breeze is fair ;
 And up my bra' bairns three,
 There's good in yonder bonnie boat
 That sails sae weel the sea !
 When haddocks leave the Frith o' Forth,
 An' mussels leave the shore,
 When oysters climb up Berwick Law,
 We'll go to sea no more,
 No more,
 We'll go to sea no more.

I've seen the waves as blue as air,
 I've seen them green as grass ;
 But I never feared their heaving yet
 From Grangemouth to the Bass.
 I've seen the sea as black as pitch,
 I've seen it white as snow ;
 But I never feared its foaming yet,
 Though the winds blew high or low.
 When squalls capsize our wooden walls,
 When the French ride at the Nore,
 When Leith meets Aberdeen half way,
 We'll go to sea no more,
 No more,
 We'll go to sea no more.

I never liked the landsman's life,
The earth is aye the same ;
Gi'e me the ocean for my dower,
My vessel for my hame.
Gi'e me the fields that no man ploughs,
The farm that pays no fee :
Gi'e me the bonny fish, that glance
So gladly through the sea.
When sails hang flapping on the masts,
While through the wave we snore ;
When in a calm we're tempest-tost,
We'll go to sea no more,
No more,
We'll go to sea no more.

The sun is up, and round Inchkeith
The breezes softly blaw ;
The gudeman has the lines on board :—
Awa', my bairns, awa'.
An' ye be back by gloamin' grey,
An' bright the fire will low,
An' in your tales and sangs we'll tell
How weel the boat ye row.
When life's last sun gaes feebly down,
An' death comes to our door,
When a' the world's a dream to us,
We'll go to sea no more,
No more,
We'll go to sea no more.

MISS CORBETT.

THE FISHER-LAD OF SCOTLAND.

OH ! am I not a fisher-lad,
So bonny, blithe, and free,
And mend my net upon the shore,
And haul it out at sea,
And eat my porridge with light heart,
Then with the briny blast
Sail ere from old Ben Bhraggie's top
The silver mists have passed !

The lazy seaweed shifts along
The rocky shallow shore,
And never comes more bitter sound
Than wave and wind at war;
No hideous laugh, no cursing word,
There ever passes by,
Only the curlews whistle low
And piping plovers cry.

And loving lips are not more red,
Nor loving eyes more blue,
Nor even in our nearest ones
Are loving hearts more true,
Than sunrise far upon the hills
Which bound the inland sea,
Than azure wave, or gallant boat,
So bonny, blithe, and free !

All out towards the freshening west
The open ocean lies,
To east on either side the sea
The heathery hills arise ;
In front at eve the woody point
Runs seaward dim and far,
Over the stern my cottage light
Shines like a tender star.

There lies the village by the burn
Wherein wee naked feet
Paddle along the rocky stream
Stained amber by the peat ;
The fir-woods run along the hills
And round the castle grow,
And from the craggy summits peep
The red stag and the doe.

And there's a comely buxom lass
I'd like to make my bride,
And when I sit down by the hearth
See her the other side ;
We have no thought of wealth or kin
Small talk of 'what is best,'
For when we love we take our love,
And leave to God the rest.

Just knowing this, that she seems fair
In spirit and in form,
We trust the love that lies beneath
The breast so soft and warm ;
Do we not trust the wealth that lies
Beneath the happy sea,
And find our life upon its wave
So bonny, blithe, and free ?

TOM.

MY MARY.

My Mary of the curling hair,
The laughing teeth and bashful air,
Our bridal morn is dawning fair
With blushes in the skies.
My love ! my pearl !
My own dear girl !
My mountain maid, arise !

Wake, linnet of the osier grove !
Wake, trembling, stainless virgin dove !
Wake, nestling of a parent's love !
Let Moran see thine eyes.

I am no stranger, proud and gay,
To win thee from thy home away,
And find thee for a distant day
A theme for wasting sighs.

But we were known from infancy,
Thy father's hearth was home to me
No selfish love was mine for thee,
Unholy and unwise.

And yet (to see what love can do),
Though calm my hope has burned and true,
My cheek is pale and worn for you,
And sunken are mine eyes !

But soon my love shall be my bride ;
And happy by our own fireside,
My veins shall feel the rosy tide
That lingering hope denies.

My Mary of the curling hair,
 The laughing teeth and bashful air,
 Our bridal morn is dawning fair,
 With blushes in the skies.
 My love! my pearl!
 My own dear girl!
 My mountain maid, arise!

GERALD GRIFFIN.

THE MILK-PAIL.

IT happened on a summer's day
 A country lass as fresh as May,
 Clad in a cleanly russet gown,
 Was going to the neighbouring town.
 So blithe her looks, so simply clean,
 You'd take her for a May-day queen,
 Save, stead of garland, says the tale,
 Her head bore Brindy's loaded pail.

As on her way she passed along,
 She hummed a cheerful, harmless song ;
 She did not hum for want of thought,
 Quite pleased with what for sale she brought,
 And reckoned, by her own account,
 When all was sold, the whole amount ;
 And brought at once in pleasing view
 The sum of what she wish'd to do.

Thus she, ' In time, this little ware
 Will turn to great account—with care.
 My milk being sold for so and so,
 I'll buy some eggs, as markets go.
 And set them at the time I fix,
 These eggs will bring as many chicks ;
 I'll spare no pains to feed them well,
 They'll bring vast profit when they sell.

With this I'll buy a little pig,
 And when 'tis grown up fat and big,
 I'll sell it to my neighbour Howe
 And with the money buy a cow.

This cow will surely have a calf
And there's the profit half and half.
Besides there's butter, milk and cheese,
To keep the markets when I please.

All this I'll sell and buy a farm ;
Then shall of sweethearts have a swarm.
Oh ! then for ribbons, gloves and rings,
Ay ! more than twenty pretty things,
One brings me this, another that,
And I shall have I scarce know what.
With every farmer's wife I'll vie,
For none shall be so fine as I.'

Pleased with the thought, she gave a bound,
And down came milk-pail to the ground !
Milk, eggs, fowl, pig, (ah ! well-a-day !)
Cow, calf, and farm, all swam away !
Be warned by this, ye maidens fair,
And build no castles in the air,
Lest your own vanity be found,
To bring your hopes unto the ground.

'Easy Poetry.'

THE FARMER'S BOY.

THE sun had set beneath the hill
And across the dreary moor,
When weary and lame a poor boy came
Up to a farmer's door :
Saying, 'Can you tell me if any there be
That can give me employ ?
For to plough and to sow and to reap and to mow
And to be a farmer's boy,
To be a farmer's boy.

My father's dead, my mother's left
With five children great and small :
And what's the worst for mother dear
I'm the largest of them all.

But though little I be, I'm willing to work
 If you will me employ,
 For to plough and to sow and to reap and to mow
 And to be a farmer's boy,
 To be a farmer's boy.

And if so be that you can't give me work
 One favour let me ask,
 To shelter me till break of day
 From this cold wintry blast,
 And at break of day I'll trudge away
 Elsewhere to seek employ,
 For to plough and to sow and to reap and to mow
 And to be a farmer's boy,
 To be a farmer's boy.'

'Oh ! try the lad,' said the farmer's wife,
 'No farther let him seek.'
 'Dear father do,' the daughter cried,
 While the tears rolled down her cheek.
 'It is hard for those that are willing to work
 To wander for employ,
 To plough and to sow and to reap and to mow
 And to be a farmer's boy,
 To be a farmer's boy.'

Now the farmer's boy grew up a man
 And the good old couple died,
 And left the lad with the farm that they had,
 And the daughter for his bride.
 So the boy that was, now the farmer is,
 And he oftentimes smiles with joy,
 At the lucky lucky day he came that way
 To be a farmer's boy,
 To be a farmer's boy.

THE BLINDMAN'S FIRESIDE.

TALK to me, oh ye eloquent flames,
 Gossips and comrades fine !
 Nobody knows me, poor and blind,
 That sit in your merry shine.

Nobody knows me but my dog ;
A friend I've never seen,
But that comes to my call, and loves me
For the sympathies between.

'Tis pleasant to hear in the cold, dark night,
Mounting higher and higher,
The crackling, chattering, sputtering, spattering,
Flames in the wintry fire.
Half asleep in the corner,
I hear you prattle and snap,
And talk to me and Tiny,
That dozes in my lap.

You laugh with the merriest laughter ;
You dance, you jest, you sing,
And suggest in the wintry midnight
The joy of the coming spring.
Not even the lark on the fringe of the cloud,
Nor the thrush on the hawthorn bough,
Singeth a song more pleasant to hear
Than the song you're singing now.

Your voices are all of gladness :
Ever they seem to say,
After the evening—morning !
After the night—the day !
After this mortal blindness,
A heavenly vision clear,
The soul can see when the eyes are dark ;
Awake ! let the light appear !

CHARLES MACKAY.

AILEEN.

'TIS not for love of gold I go,
'Tis not for love of fame ;
Though fortune may her smile bestow,
And I may win a name,
Aileen ;
And I may win a name.

And yet it is for gold I go,
 And yet it is for fame ;
 That they may deck another brow,
 And bless another naine,
 Aileen,
 And bless another name.

For this, but this, I go—for this
 I leave thy love awhile,
 And all the soft and quiet bliss
 Of thy young faithful smile,
 Aileen,
 Of thy young faithful smile.

And I go to brave a world I hate,
 And woo it o'er and o'er,
 And tempt a wave, and try a fate
 Upon a stranger shore,
 Aileen ;
 Upon a stranger shore.

Oh ! when the bays are all my own,
 I know a heart will care !
 Oh ! when the gold is sought and won,
 I know a brow will wear,
 Aileen ;
 I know a brow will wear !

And when with both returned again
 My native land I see,
 I know a smile will meet me then,
 And a hand will welcome me,
 Aileen,
 And a hand will welcome me.

JOHN BANIM.

'WE ARE SEVEN.'

— A SIMPLE child,
 That lightly draws its breath,
 And feels its life in every limb,
 What should it know of death ?

I met a little cottage girl :
She was eight years old she said ;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic woodland air,
And she was wildly clad :
Her eyes were fair, and very fair ;
—Her beauty made me glad.

‘Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be?’
‘How many? Seven in all,’ she said,
And wondering looked at me.

‘And where are they?—I pray you tell.’
She answered, ‘Seven are we ;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

Two of us in the churchyard lie,
My sister and my brother ;
And in the churchyard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother.’

‘You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet ye are seven!—I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this may be.’

Then did the little maid reply,
‘Seven boys and girls are we ;
Two of us in the churchyard lie,
Beneath the churchyard tree.’

‘You run about, my little maid,
Your limbs they are alive ;
If two are in the churchyard laid,
Then ye are only five.’

‘Their graves are green, they may be seen,’
The little maid replied,
‘Twelve steps or more from my mother’s door,
And they are side by side.

My stockings there I often knit,
 My kerchief there I hem ;
 And there upon the ground I sit
 And sing a song to them.

And often after sunset, Sir,
 When it is light and fair,
 I take my little porringer,
 And eat my supper there.

The first that died was sister Jane ;
 In bed she moaning lay,
 Till God released her of her pain ;
 And then she went away.

So in the churchyard she was laid ;
 And, when the grass was dry,
 Together round her grave we played,
 My brother John and I.

And when the ground was white with snow,
 And I could run and slide,
 My brother John was forced to go,
 And he lies by her side.'

'How many are you, then,' said I,
 'If they two are in heaven ?'
 Quick was the little maid's reply,
 'O master ! we are seven.'

'But they are dead ; those two are dead !
 Their spirits are in heaven !'
 'Twas throwing words away ; for still
 The little maid would have her will,
 And said, 'Nay, we are seven !'

WORDSWORTH.

THE OLD CHURCH BY THE SEA.

WHEN the joy of a Sabbath morning
 On earth and ocean lay,
 And the waves laughed in the sunshine
 Like children at their play,

We found an old church nestling
Betwixt the cliff and the shore,
Where the chime of the rolling billows
Rang out for evermore.

So we entered there—and twofold
That service seemed to me,
For the prayer and praise of the people
Were answer'd from the sea.
And with each glad thanksgiving
From the assembled throng,
Mingled the glorious hymn-notes
Of an eternal song.

It sang of truth and judgment,
Of mercy, full and free,
That cast all our transgressions
Into love's boundless sea ;
It told how the proud oppressors
Perished in waters deep,
But as for the chosen people
He led them forth like sheep.

The sea is His, and He made it,
Stayed by His Master Hand,
We heard the proud waves humbly
Roll backward from the strand ;
And as we knelt to worship
The sound of their deep rich tone
Floated around us, breathing
A meaning all its own.

Then as the tide receded,
In tones so full and clear
The words of the Holy Gospel
Fell on my listening ear ;
And the waves rolled landward singing
Each in a softer key,
Till they bore me in my dreaming
To the shores of Galilee.

There I saw the Master standing
Beside the fair blue lake,
Bidding the toiling fishers
Leave all things for His sake.

And the voice of the Preacher sounding
 Like echoes from that sea—
 Said ‘Take thy Cross up *daily*
 And follow thou after ME.’

Then gladly the burdened spirit,
 Storm-bound and sore distrest,
 Answered the call of mercy
 ‘Come unto Me and rest.’
 And He whose word of power
 Bids winds and waters cease,
 Sends as a parting message
 The blessings of His peace.

And when with lingering footsteps
 We turned from the open door,
 As loth to leave Heaven’s portal
 And pass to earth once more,
 Those white foam-crested billows,
 With their wild, solemn chant,
 Imaged the toils and troubles
 Of the Church Militant.

While little barks so fearless
 Came bounding o’er each wave,
 Like hearts who trust that Pilot
 Whose arm is strong to save.
 And as each reached its moorings,
 Safe from the troublous sea,
 Came the thought ‘Even so He bringeth us
 To the haven where we would be.’

And the sound of many waters,
 Breaking along the shore,
 Seemed an earnest of that anthem
 Which shall rise for evermore—
 When with the Church triumphant
 Upon the crystal sea,
 We praise Him who hath brought us
 To the haven where we would be.

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